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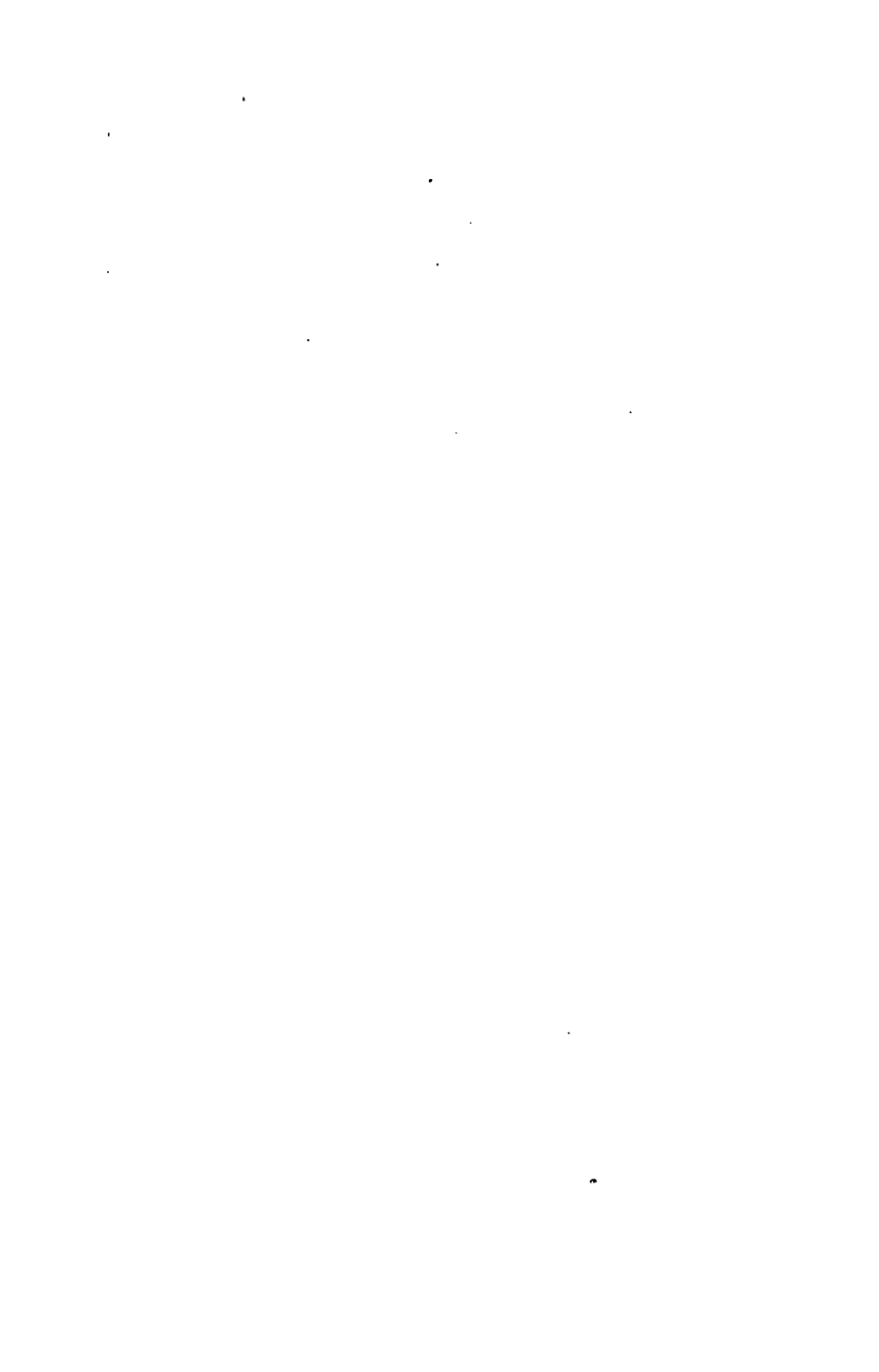
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THE
LONE DOVE:

A LEGEND

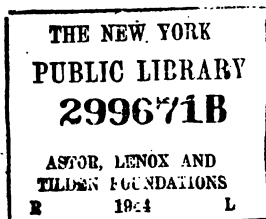
OF

REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

BY A LADY.

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THE LONE DOVE.

CHAPTER I.

THE CONVERSE OF NATURE.

NIGHT reigned—no busy hum of stirring life, nor sound, broke on the solemn converse which Nature held of that Omnipotence who spoke her into being.

Her soft accents in the dewy night-wind, that murmured in the foliage of the shadowy trees, and poured upon the parched fields its soothing breath, raising the heads of the drooping flowrets to its fond caress, whispered His Mercy.

The joyous moonbeams, dancing upon ocean's breast, playing around the mountain's summits, smiling upon the peaceful valleys, sparkling amid the spray of the waterfall, and lighting up all with a flood of effulgent beauty, spoke His Love.

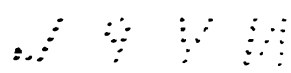
The tumbling waves, that roared along the coast, echoing and re-echoing through the caverns of the cragged rocks, mingling their notes with the distant thunder of the rushing cataract, as it boldly plunged from its dizzy height into the dark chasm below, told His Power, His Majesty.

The overarching, never-ending expanse above, with its immensity, eternity of worlds, wheeling on, and on, and on, through never-ending, never-ceasing time and space, uttered forth His Wisdom, His Infinitude, His Incomprehensibility: A Being without beginning, and without an end!

For hours had she thus held converse undisturbed, when suddenly, upon the distant horizon, rose the dark form of the raging *Spirit-storm*. Onward he came, sweeping his ebon robe of clouds before the face of the fair moon; hiding

the bright stars; deepening darkness upon darkness, till all nature was shrouded in impenetrable gloom. Onward, still onward he came, darting his forked glare of wrath upon the trembling earth; louder and louder pealed the muttering thunder, until at last his pent-up rage burst forth in all its terrific grandeur; uprooting the ancient oak, whirling it amid the boiling floods, mingling his hoarse war-notes with the awful roar of the maddened waters, as, lashed to fury by his howling wrath, they rose in mountain billows, dashing their crested heads against the impending cliffs, until they appeared like demons of the deep, battling with the powers of darkness!

Amid the pauses of their horrid wrath, is heard, the mournful boom of the minute-gun. Again, boo-o-m-e, yet naught can be distinguished save the roar of the dashing waters. Again 'tis borne upon the blast, then lost in the din of contending elements. Louder howls the storm; the rolling thunder reverberates along the vaulted skies; the heavens seem one sheet of liquid flame! A noble ship is driven before the gale, her shattered sails streaming upon the blast; then all is dark. Again that mournful minute-gun, but no human sound reaches the doomed and helpless crew. All is black and awful darkness. Again the lightnings glare, the rains descend, and the deafening thunder shakes the solid earth to its foundation. Light bursts upon the horrid gloom. The ship's on fire! Onward she came, the flames bursting upward and out upon the inky blackness; as, flying before the storm, she seemed like some spectre-ship pursued by the furies of the winds! Onward she sped towards an outer ledge, over whose craggy points the angry billows broke in awful strife. The shrieks of the wretched crew now mingled with the fury of the storm. Rushing from the bursting flames, they gazed in chilling horror upon the boiling deep, ready to engulf them in its foaming rage. Some in despair clung to the vessel's sides—others hastily lashed themselves to the broken spars, and other fragments of the wreck; while others still, on bended knees, awaited their inevitable doom. On, on she rushed. The fierce Spirit-storm lowered his notes, and paused, as if to feast in exultation over the scene of agony, ere completing his work of death.



"Halloo!" shouted a voice from an impending cliff. The shout was heard: a wild cry burst from the hopeless crew.

The Storm-spirit howled his horrid dirge. The proud ship struggled with her doom. A giant billow raised her high in air. A crash, and the shrieks and groans of the dying mingle with the roar of the waters. A heavy sea breaks over her; another, and another; and all again is pitchy darkness. No sound is heard but the raging elements.

Another shout from the cliffs. But no answering sound meets the ear. Clambering from cliff to cliff, the Lone Man carefully approached the breakers. Again he shouted, and placing his ear against the rock, listened—but no answer came, save from the "world of waters."

A spar struck heavily against the rock over which he leaned. Raising his lantern, he perceived it bore a human form. He endeavored to seize it, but the receding wave bore it from his grasp. Hastily making a noose of the rope which he carried in his hand, and slipping it around his waist, he fastened the other end around a point of rock; and descending the cliff as far as practicable, awaited its next approach. Again it came forward; but the receding swell from the rocks once more engulfed it in the boiling surge. A heavy sea now rushing in, raised the spar upon its breast, and dashing it forward over the rocks, left it high among the ragged cliffs. The stranger staggered and fell—another, and another sea rolled over him; and but for his timely precaution, another victim had been sacrificed to the fury of contending elements. Muttering a deep oath, he rose, and shaking from his shaggy coat the briny waters, proceeded to the spot, where lay the body of a female. Hastily seizing his knife, he severed the cords that bound it, and taking the body in his arms, bore it beyond reach of the billows. Finding there still lingered a warmth around the heart, he proceeded onward with rapid strides, until he entered the low door of a log-cabin. Depositing his burden upon a rude pallet in a side room, he raised the heavy masses of streaming hair, which until now had hidden her beautiful but death-like features. Gazing intently upon the pale broad brow, the Lone Man started; and hastily tearing

from her arm the slight fabric which covered it, a smile of demoniac triumph lit up his dark eyes!

Rousing a woman who sat in a corner of the broad fireplace, dozing over the smouldering embers, they proceeded to apply the proper restoratives to recall to consciousness the unfortunate stranger. Hour after hour rolled on, and still their efforts seemed ineffectual. There she lay in her calm, death-like beauty.

It was not until late on the following day that she gave any signs of consciousness. At length her lids slowly raised, and fixing her eyes for a moment wildly upon the dark being before her, she closed them again, as if to shut out some fearful vision. Hastily rising from his seat, he seized his rude hat, and crushing it over his eyes, rushed from the cabin.

Night again reigned. The storm had passed in all its fearful fury; and Nature once more held converse undisturbed.

* * * * *

The agonizing prayer of a dying mother broke on the stillness of night. The deep voice of nature echoed, in sympathy, the supplication which pitying angels upward bore.

Within the lowly dwelling of the dark stranger lay the shipwrecked woman, her dying eyes fixed in speechless agony upon her new-born babe—her hands clasped in prayer. The stranger, too, was there; and the invisible Guardian, hovering over its unconscious charge.



CHAPTER II.

HEELEHDEE.—THE INDIAN PRINCESS.

LIKE a cloud before the winds, when they spring from their chambers in the west, so fled the dark form of winter before the brightening glance of spring! The sweet spirits of beauty, that had shrunk in trembling from his icy breath, now won by her soft accents, forth floated on the balmy air, scattering soft verdure over mountain, vale, wood and glen;

unlocking the babbling brooks and laughing rivulets, sparkling in the dew-drops, joining their harmonious voices with the carolling of the birds, and the choirs of flower-spirits; filling the earth with that delicious, incomprehensible melody, which steals over the soul, wrapping the senses in tender enchantment.

'Twas thus when earth was clothed in her primeval loveliness, that the morning sun poured its rays upon a point of land, shooting far into the sea like a cloud across the blue firmament when the storm is passed. Bounded on one side by towering cliffs, which stood like giant guardians between earth and water; the other, a sweeping beach, spread with silvery sand, upon which the lone sea-fowl built her nest, and the gambolling waves left their shadowy foot-prints. Far, far over the heaving expanse, blended the dim outlines of sky and ocean; while in the rear, towards the mainland, were wooded hill and vale, rising hill above hill, until their dark heads pierced the sailing clouds.

Amid this lone, wild spot no human habitation reared its head, save an humble fisher's cot, which now basked in the effulgent beams of morn. The door opened, from which emerged an individual, apparently about forty years of age. His erect, proud figure contrasted strangely with the rough fisher's garb in which he was clad. His eyes were bent to the ground, as with slow and measured steps he approached the shore: but, as turning a point, the ocean suddenly burst upon his view in all its grandeur, he paused, and raising his rude hat, as if to catch the cooling breeze, displayed a countenance whose noble but irregular lineaments bore the indelible impress wrought by fierce passion, and contending feeling. Neglected masses of jetty hair fell loosely over his shoulders, and clustered round the broad brow whose cold immovable expression might lead to the conclusion, that all was, now at least, calm, were it not for the restless glance of his dark eye, as he gazed out upon the broad expanse. At length he turned, and replacing his hat, continued on in the same slow measured tread.

Now, upon the threshold stood a little child of scarce two summers. Its large bright eyes danced with pleasure as it spied the dew-drops sparkling in the flowers; and tottling forward, it seized within its tiny hand a bright sweet wild-

flower. A harsh voice was heard, and the head of a woman, of some fifty years, peered from the cottage, whose hard features emitted no ray of sympathy or kindness; if, indeed, aught so lovely had ever found a dwelling there! Seizing the child with no very gentle hand, she jerked it into the house, and flung it rudely upon the hard floor. The little innocent shrieked with pain, and raised its little hand to ward off the expected blow; but still it grasped the flower!

"Wife, don't treat the child so badly!" said a voice; and a man, dressed in the domestic garb of a New England farmer, such as worn by the early settlers, entered from an opposite door. Irritation for a moment flashed from his good-natured countenance; but his eyes fell as they met the infuriated glance of his *better-half*, and his whole appearance relapsed into that of a man who has become suddenly aware of the egregious folly of, even for one moment, forgetting his true position!"

"I do wish you would mind your own business, Mr. Higgins"—burst from her lips. "You are always meddling with what don't concern you!"

"It is my business," he said, (once more venturing to raise his eyes, and speaking as though he had determined to risk one desperate effort,) "to see that that little orphan isn't treated with such outrageous cruelty. If you're tired of it, why keep it? wouldn't it be better that one of the Indian squaws should have it? they'd gladly take it off your hands!"

"How like a *fool* you talk, Mr. Higgins! Don't the odd creature who took it into his odd head, to adopt the little troublesome thing the night its mother died—don't he, I say, *pay* well for it, as well as for himself! And you don't make *so much* money, that you need to be so fast to give it up. Besides, Bryce himself don't treat her so wonderfully well, that you need make such a fuss. I'm sure he never speaks to her, nor notices her, any more than he does the cat! I wonder what he keeps her for."

"I wish she had died with her mother," muttered the man to himself.

"You needn't wish any such thing—she's old enough to be less trouble—here, almost three years old!" "Almost three years old!" said the husband, now looking her full in the face; "why, she's not yet *two*!"

"And how do you know?" retorted his affectionate wife. "You were away, as you always are, when you should be at home; had you been looking after your own business then, you might have saved something valuable from the wreck! You were away, I say, when Bryce came lugging her mother in, streaming with water, and made such a fuss in order to bring her back to life. Heaven knows it gave us both trouble enough all that night and the next day, to have us remember it well!"

"Well, good woman, and don't you think I have cause to remember the summer in which we had so much fuss about the *Stamp Act*, and hung the effigy of old Oliver! And at that very time, had I not taken the journey clear to Boston, on foot, that I might be sure to get the right end of the story! Now that, for sartain, was the summer of 1766, and it is now only the spring of 1768."

And thus, having settled the matter conclusively, as much to his own as his wife's amazement, the old man thought it wiser to take himself out of the way as quietly as possible, rather than hazard a defeat from the flood of overwhelming eloquence, which he saw was struggling for utterance.

During the above conversation, the little one had ceased its cries, and sat gazing upon the crushed and drooping flower. The little Flower-spirit, won by the gentle Guardian, whispered its sweet mysterious words of love; kissed the big tear-drops from its cheeks, and dimpled them again with smiles, as it played with the brilliant petals that lay scattered on its lap. The bright spirits of light, sporting in sunbeams, saw that the Guardian of the angry woman looked sad and sorrowful. It raised to them its soft beseeching eyes; forth they floated, but could not approach her: for, rising from her heart, and encircling her form, was an atmosphere of dark and loathsome beings. Some met in fiendish strife; others wove chains around the struggling soul; while others pierced it with their barbed darts, and danced in elfish glee to see it writhe. One form of hideous mould, to which the rest paid reverence low, half hid its black deformity within a cloud of glittering dust, with which, from time to time, it fed the hungry soul; but still unsatisfied, it turned for more and more!

The spirit of the flower asked of the sorrowing Guardian, what those *things* meant.

"That hideous monster," it replied, "enrobed in glittering dust, is sordid Avarice. The soul, attracted by its dazzling garb, has left all other shrines, and worships there with all its powers : partaking of a food that never satisfies ; but which, driving far from it every kindly feeling, engenders envy, discontent, jealousy, malice, hatred, and all the degrading powers of earth. While these possess the soul, the spirits of Nature cannot approach, and all the beauty, wisdom, grandeur, sublimity and love of the Creator are hidden from its view."

"Canst thou not banish those dark beings?" asked the spirit.

"No," was the sad reply. "That soul's agony is self-created. Through the *will* have they gained admittance there, and without it nought can banish them."

The woman left the room. The little child held converse sweet with the spirits of beauty ; while the unseen angel guided its tottering steps. The form of a young Indian girl darkened the door. She wore a short gown, girded at the waist with a belt of wampum. Her neck and arms were bare, over which fell her long black hair, extending far below the waist. Upon her head she wore a turban of yellow cloth ornamented with feathers, which gave a picturesque appearance to her dress, heightening the brilliancy of her large dark eyes and beautiful features. Her foot, of remarkable symmetry, was covered with a moccason of moose-skin. In her hand she bore a bright coloured mat. She looked cautiously around ; then raising the child caressingly in her arms, and pressing it to her heart, she said, the moisture gathering in her dark eyes, "White woman no love the Lone Dove ; Heelehdee (the pure fountain) loves it. White woman makes the Lone Dove weep ; Heelehdee will dry the eyes of the Lone Dove ; Heelehdee will nestle the Lone Dove in her bosom when it storms ; will clear the briars from its path. Heelehdee loves the Lone Dove very much !" Hearing footsteps, she darted with it from the cottage, and was soon lost in the woods. Continuing on for a short distance, she threw the mat on the grass, and, seating the child upon it, commenced around it a leaping kind of dance ; returning at intervals, pressing it to her

heart and covering it with kisses, until, clapping its little hands in glee, it tottled forward to meet her, when seizing and placing it upon her shoulder, she bounded through the woods to the sea-shore, and springing from crag to crag with the grace of a young fawn, she reached one of the highest points that overlooks the swelling ocean. Crossing her legs under her, with a grace and agility peculiar to the Indian youth, and taking the child in her arms, she commenced the soft wild music of her race—now gushing forth like the mountain stream; now swelling into rich wild strains; now sinking into a low warbling chant; now swelling louder and louder, awakening the slumbering echoes, until all nature seemed mingling its voice in that burst of wild impassioned melody. Rocking to and fro, the child clasped to her heart, its little head nestled upon her bosom, her large dark eyes fixed dreamily upon the heaving deep, she continued that deep, soul-thrilling melody,—and the sweet spirits of music, as they rose upon the air, saw encircling her brow choirs of pure bright beings. Some shone with the tints of the blushing flowers; some with the beams of the morning sun; some with the lucid rays of distant stars; while from her heart there floated those of dewy light which hovered o'er the sleeping innocent, and when they gazed enquiringly, her Guardian whispered the reply: "The beings clustering around her brow are the spirits of Nature, holding converse with the soul. Those of dewy light, called in worldly language sympathy, kindness, are messengers of love, which the heart distils from Nature's fragrant breath."

Her wild music had sunk into a low harmony, when footsteps approached, and before her stood, with folded arms, the dark stranger. Waving her hand, she chanted in a murmuring tone, like distant waters: "The spirits of her own people whisper in the dreams of the Lone Dove; their bones whiten beneath the blue waters; the Great Spirit sends them from their distant hunting-grounds to talk to the Lone Dove, for she is very lone. White woman hates the Lone Dove; white man afraid of his squaw; and white chief, who saved her mother from the waters, turns from the path of the Lone Dove." Then folding the child closer to her heart, she continued, in mournful melody—"The

Dove of the Storm is very lone. Heelehdee loves the Lone Dove very much. Heelehdee bore it in her arms when it was very little. Heelehdee dried its eyes, and gave it milk when it was very hungry, and the white woman turned from its cries. Heelehdee lay the Lone Dove upon the grave of its mother, that her spirit might talk to the Lone Dove in its dreams. When the summer is gone, and Heelehdee goes to her home in the far west, where the white man has driven her tribe from the graves of their fathers, Heelehdee is very sad, and her spirit comes in her dreams and talks with the Lone Dove, and takes it in her arms to the grave of its mother."

A deep groan startled her. She sprang to her feet, clasping the little one still tighter to her heart, and an angry flash gleamed from her dark eye as she turned to the stranger; but it passed away when she saw, one by one, the big tears silently coursing down his cheeks, as he leant against a projecting rock. In the same murmuring tone she continued: "Has the Great Spirit unlocked the heart of the white chief that he weeps for the Lone Dove? Have the spirits of her own people whispered in his ears? Has the spirit of her mother come from the far-off prairies to bid him *love* the Lone Dove."

The dark man groaned aloud. The wild untutored Indian girl had burst asunder the proud flood-gates of his heart, and the pent up tears of years rushed forth in trembling agony.

Silent and wonderingly she gazed, unheeding the caresses of the innocent, awakened from its slumbers. At length, his grief somewhat abating, she said: "White chief has the heart of a woman. Indian warrior never weeps. Will the white chief give Heelehdee the Lone Dove? Heelehdee will nestle the Lone Dove at night upon her bosom. She will clear the briars from its path. She will teach it to swim, and to guide the canoe. She will shelter it from the storm in the wigwam of her father."

"Does Heelehdee love the Lone Dove very much?" asked the stranger.

"More than Heelehdee loves herself," she answered, again pressing it to her heart.

"The white chief loves it too, very much," he replied.

"He will no more turn from its path. He will shelter it from the storm. He will not let the white woman make it weep any more. The white chief, too, is very lone. He cannot *give* Heelehdee his Dove. But if Heelehdee loves it very much she may take it to her wigwam; but bring it back to the white chief when the sun sinks behind the hills."

"Heelehdee will tell the white chief no lie. She will bring it back;" and again placing the child upon her shoulder, away she bounded, and was soon lost to view in the distant woods.

CHAPTER III.

THE TAKING OF THE BRITISH TRANSPORT.—TAWAHQUENAH, CHIEF OF THE MASSACHUSETTS.

SEVEN years had passed. The flame kindled by British tyranny, and which had so long burned in the hearts of the American Colonists, had burst forth in all its fury. The massacre at Lexington had burst forever the band of allegiance; and from the blood of her murdered sons, had sprung the Spirit of Liberty; and as she flapped her broad pinions along the Atlantic coast, the cry of freedom echoed from shore to shore. Genius came forth from her retirement, and mounting the rostrum, while with one hand she hurled defiance at the oppressor, with the other she raised the drooping spirit of her bleeding country.

The mother forgot her tenderness,—the wife her fears, and woman her helplessness; and while she buckled the knapsack, and girded on the rusty-sword, and with one fond embrace, and a "God bless you!" heard perhaps, the last farewell, turned with unwavering fortitude to the support and protection of her helpless infants.

Two men were standing upon a ledge of rocks, from which the tide had ebbed, attentively watching a vessel, whose full-set canvas seemed anxiously courting a breeze, but in vain; not a breath was stirring, and her sails hung idly against the masts.

"That's a pretty snug craft, Higgins," said the taller of the two men, "what do you think of her?"

"Why, I think it's one of those d——d British transports, by her looks. But there's not a breath of wind, and she'll not be able to reach Boston this night. How I wish some of our Privateersmen would just come across and overhaul her! Her ammunition and provisions would be such a nice lift to the army at Cambridge; they're pretty hard run, I guess!"

"The red-coats have no easy time of it, either;" replied his companion; "they may have enough of ammunition, but Washington has cut off nearly all supplies, and they can't swallow balls and powder! or, if they could, I think they would taste too much of Bunker's Hill, to set very well!"

"*That* battle made the rooster's lower their feathers! they found the Yankee rebels made of a little different stuff from what they calculated, I guess! They don't seem in any hurry to try it again!"

"Was you at the battle, Higgins?"

"Why, yes, you see, I had come round here in the boat, to sell my fish, and get a few things for the old woman, when I heard they expected to have a breeze with the British; so I started off, and walked all night without stopping, and got there just in time to see the battle. Oh! 'twas an awful sight! to see all them red-coats, with their bayonets glistening, making for us, as if they was all one man! We waited 'till they got pretty near; but didn't we mow 'em down, then! You ought to 'ov seen how the rest ran away! They didn't want to come again, but their officers drove them back. At the same time, they set fire to Charlestown, in hopes to frighten us, I suppose; but it put the spirit right into me!—I hadn't no musket before, (because, you see, I hadn't gone up there to fight!) but I got one from a poor fellow that had been killed; and I went into 'em then, as well as if I'd been regularly trained to killing! It makes my blood bile, when I think of all them poor people burned out of their houses; but it makes it bile higher, when I think of the cold-blooded murder of our brave General! Bryce levelled his musket at the rascal who shot him down, but it wouldn't go off—there wasn't powder enough in the pan!"

"That Bryce is a strange sort of a man, Higgins; do you know much about him?"

"No, I can't say I do. He never says anything about himself—or any body else, for that matter; and did I not know him to be a pretty clever chap, take him all in all, I might have my doubts of where he came from! He seems to be in all places at the same time. I left him at home, I thought, when I came up here; and when I saw him at Charlestown he was in the thickest of the fight! And, I'll be swamped! if there he isn't, right before us now, standing on that ledge of rocks, examining yonder craft!"

"I guess you're mistaken, Higgins! That's not him—It's not tall enough for him!"

"Then it's his ghost!" said Higgins. "I'll hail it, and see! Hal-loo, comrade!"

The figure turned. It was the Lone Man. Time had wrought but little change, save that it had sprinkled his jetty locks with grey, and converted the cold stern expression into one of deep sadness. The same proud, erect form; the same measured tread, as he approached the two men.

"Mr. Bryce," said Jones, "what think you of yonder craft? I saw you examining her."

"She belongs to the British," he replied, "and seems to be a Transport Ship; but it is a dead calm, and she must lay there some time, if it continues."

"I was wishing, that one of our Yankee Privateersmen could fall afoul of her," said Higgins.

"Why not take her yourself?" asked the stranger.

"Take her myself?"

"Yes, it could be done, I think. They appear to be pretty quiet on board; which shows that they have no fear from this quarter. Indeed, the village is so completely hidden by the rocks and woods, that it must appear, from where they are, an uninhabited wilderness; and consequently, they would fear no molestation, unless from the Indians, and they will hardly fear them, knowing that so few inhabit these regions now!"

"But how can we take them?" interrupted Jones.

"Why, if we could get some of the men from the village to join us, and man the whale-boats, and muffle our oars;

especially as there is no moon, I think we might surprise and take her, without much trouble."

"A capital thought!" exclaimed Higgins, "I promised the old woman to be home to-night; but that's ten miles off, and I couldn't get there till morning, anyhow; so I'll jine! I owe them ere red-coats a bit of a whipping, on my own account: they came ashore there this spring, caught all the old woman's hens and chickens, and drove the old cow off, and the house has been in hot water ever since!"

"Mr. Bryce," said Jones, "will you head us?"

"I will," answered he; "but there's no time to loose; we must to work."

"That's a fact," exclaimed the two, "for it's near sun-set now!" and starting for the village, they were soon lost behind the cliffs.

The sun sank in the west, and darkness came down upon the scene. The trembling stars struggled through the gathering mist; and nought broke upon the stillness of night, save the cry of the lone screech-owl, and the murmur of the waves as they washed the pebbly beach. Thus it wore on towards midnight, when a shadowy outline of moving forms shot from behind a bold promontory. 'Twas the whale-boats of the villagers. Onward they moved, like ghosts over the waters. Not a word was spoken. Nearer, and nearer they approach the vessel; all is silent. Dropping under her bows, Bryce soon sprang upon deck, followed by his companions; and ere the drowsy sentinel was fully aroused to a sense of danger, he was gagged and pinioned. The noise brought some of the officers and crew on deck, but they were met by their sturdy foes, and a severe struggle ensued. The commander ascending from the cabin, met Bryce, and as the light fell full upon them, they both started, and gazed upon each other for a moment in silent surprise. "Villain! murderer!" shouted the captain, springing towards him with his drawn sword. With a strong arm the other wrenched it from his grasp, and flung it far into the sea.

"I guess them names belong to your side of the house," exclaimed Higgins, now coming to the assistance of his leader. "I wonder who commits murders, but you devilish

red-coats!" After a short struggle, the captain was secured, which was soon followed by the surrender of the vessel.

"By Georges! Jones, wasn't that done well!" exclaimed Higgins, rubbing his hands delightedly. "Not a man of us killed! and only a few slight scratches! I had a great mind to run that d—d Captain through, for calling us villains and murderers; but then it's better for him to feel the *mortification* of being captured! He wouldn't feel that, perhaps, if he was dead!"

"What a fellow that Bryce is," said a companion; "one would think that he'd been bred to fighting, he takes it so coolly."

"He did seem a little frustrated, though, when that rascally Captain (what do they call him, Dunmore!) called us all thieves and murderers!" said another. "I wonder he didn't run him through, instead of throwing his sword overboard!"

"What is she loaded with, captain?" asked Jones, addressing Mr. Bryce, who had just returned from the cabin.

"Stores for Boston!"

"That's first-rate! What shall we do? Wait for the wind, or tow her in, captain?"

"Tow her in; and that as soon as possible, before the tide ebbs. But stop! there's a breeze stirring now!"

In a few moments all hands were at work; and before the dawn she was safely moored in their snug harbor.

"Where's our captain?" asked several voices soon after landing."

"He's gone," answered Jones.

"Gone! what, before the prisoners are landed!"

"He has left Jones captain in his place," said Higgins.

"It's strange! His face looked more like a defeat than a victory!" said one."

"He's a strange fellow!" remarked another. "Who is he, Higgins?" demanded a third.

"A pretty clever fellow, but a little odd! is the most I know of him. I suppose he's a Philosopher!"

"How long has he been with you?"

"It's about ten or twelve years since he first came to these parts. I didn't like his company much when he first stopped with us; he looked so kind o' queer, and strolled

about alone so much. But the old woman said he should stay, 'though she was a little afraid of him herself sometimes; but I always let her have her way in house-matters. And then he seemed to take so little notice of the shipwrecked woman's baby, although he had adopted it, that it made me mad. The old woman don't like *girls*, because she says they can't do nothing to make money; and I, for the sake of a quiet house, didn't like to say much to the child, though I did sometimes speak my mind pretty freely about it. I often wished it was in heaven with its mother! I don't know what the poor thing would ov done for a kind word, if it hadn't been for the Indians who spend the summer our way fishing and clamming. But then that was when she was a baby, and I suppose it was because she was a baby; for he's fond enough of her now! And I think if it wasn't for little Mary, (or the *Lone Dove*, as the Indian squaws call her,) he'd jine the army. Since he took a liking to the child, he hasn't been so odd, and sometimes he'll set down and tell us of distant parts that he's seen. But he's true steel in fighting the red-coats; and I'd like him for that if he was the *devil* himself!"

Here the congratulations of friends interrupted the conversation, during which the Lone Man had pursued his way along a winding path which led through the forest, now clothed in all the variegated hues of autumn, and upon which the rising sun poured his cheering beams, lighting up a scene of gorgeous beauty. Not a sound broke upon the death-like stillness, save here and there the carol of some lone bird, that still lingered to bid farewell to its summer home, and the chirp of the nimble squirrel as it leaped from tree to tree in busy harvest.

Still the Lone Man continued on his solitary way, unheeding the solemn grandeur which surrounded him; now, with slow and heavy tread, eyes bent to the ground, contracted brow and firm-pressed lips, then stopping suddenly, a demoniac expression gleaming from his dark eyes, rigid muscles and clenched hand, he seemed determined on some dark resolve; then, starting forward, his countenance relaxing, his eyes lit up with a wild fire, he hurried on and on, as if to outspeed the wing of thought. Thus he continued in

fitful mood through the unbroken wilderness till the sun had mounted far up its meridian height, when ascending a lofty eminence the sea burst upon his view in all its calm sublimity. Not a speck moved upon the broad expanse; no boundary save where sky and water met in harmonious blending. Beneath, far o'er hill and dale, shone the gorgeous foliage of expiring autumn, brightest in its hectic rays ere it sunk into the arms of death. Far in the distance rose the habitations of man; but oh! how inferior contrasted with the scenes of nature, spread out before him in all their solemn dignity. Seating himself upon a fallen trunk, he gazed long and thoughtfully. The cloud upon his brow gradually dispersed, leaving it calm but sad.

The sweet spirits of beauty, cradled in the bright leaves that clustered above his head, heard the gentle Guardian whispering his high and holy destiny, while around his brow gathered the spirits of nature; holding sweet converse of the love, beauty, wisdom, power and infinity of their great Author. Retiring, was a cloud of beings of inky blackness, bearing torches of liquid fire, while round his heart there seemed to hang a shadowy mist.

The gentle Guardian raising its sad sweet face to the enquiring spirits said, that retiring cloud of beings is hatred, revenge and crime. When these are suffered to approach the soul, they feed it with the liquid fire from their flaming torches, banishing thence every kindly and noble impulse, and drying up the fount of tenderness and tears, thus rendering it like to themselves, demoniac. But when the *will* listens to the sweet voice of nature, they are forced to retire. They retire—yet nought but the spirit of *love* can banish them forever. That mist around the heart is *remorse*, shadowed from wings of memory.

The sun had passed its meridian when the Lone Man rose from his rude resting-place, and descending the hill, walked thoughtfully on until approaching a deep ravine near the sea-shore, the wreathing smoke was seen above the trees, and soon an Indian village, consisting of about twenty wigwams, broke upon the view. These were formed of poles driven into the ground and covered with bark. Here and there was seen a patch of corn. At a little distance was a party of youths engaged in archery. Their tunics of

skins, ornamented with shells and beads, and their long black hair streaming over their shoulders, gave to their appearance a wildness and grace, as with bended bows and animated countenances they strove for the prize. Farther on were children gambolling with the waves.

Under a wide-spreading tree, was seated a circle of Indian warriors, apparently in council. In the centre was their chief. His tunic of goat's skin, ornamented with shells and beads, was fastened with a belt of wampum. Necklaces and bracelets of beads, ornamented with flat pieces of silver, covered his broad chest and arms. His blanket hung gracefully from his left shoulder, leaving the right bare; and the whole was surmounted by a head-dress of eagles' feathers, heightening the dignity of his noble and lofty figure. All eyes were bent upon the ground in silent deliberation. At length the chief slowly raised himself and spoke.

"Will the braves of the Massachusetts listen to the talk of the white-chief across the big Salt Lake? Will the red-man again listen to the deceitful tongue of the pale-face, who has taken his lands, and driven him far from the graves of his fathers, where he can no more come and talk to their spirits in his sorrow? Will the red-man trust to the pale-face, whose hands are red with the blood of his women and children? Will the red-man join the quarrel of the pale-face, who burned his wigwam, and took from him his hunting grounds? Will the descendants of mighty warriors go on the war-path with the pale-face, whose tomahawk is dyed in the blood of their people? Will he listen to the talk of the pale-face who has poisoned his brother with fire-water? Will he listen to the pale-face, who has hunted his mighty chiefs like bears, and destroyed his nation, till they are but a handful of braves? Will my red brother dig up the bloody-hatchet, when he has no home, no lands to fight for? Will he dig it up to join the quarrels of his enemy the pale-face?" Here he paused and looked around upon his warriors. "What! will the warriors of the Massachusetts go on the war-path with the white-chief of the Father across the great Salt Lake?"

An old warrior rose.—"The chief of the great White Father, across the big Salt Lake, tells Tawahquenah, (the

mountain of rocks,) that he will give him the palm of peace, that he will fight the enemy of Tawahquenah, and the red-man shall be a great warrior!"

A smile of contempt played around the mouth of the haughty chief. "Have not my red brothers listened enough to the lies of the pale-face? Are they not all brothers, all English, from across the big Salt Lake? Did not Massasoit, the great chief of the Wamponoags, brighten the chain of peace? Did he not call them brothers? Give them a place for their wigwams, that they might worship the Great Spirit? Then, they were very small and weak, and the red-man could have torn them from his soil, like a young tree, when the roots are tender; before it grew strong and large, and spread its branches over his country! Did not the white-man cheat the Indian when he called him brother? Did he not take his skins and land from him? Did he not, in cold-blood, kill his traders? And when the red-man asked for the murderers of his brothers, to punish them after the laws of his nation, and avenge the death of his brothers, did not the pale-face keep the murderers, and call the red man liar? And, when the red-man killed some of the pale-faces, to appease the angry ghosts of his dead brothers, did not the white-chief make war upon the red-man, burn his fields and wigwams, butcher his women and children, and drive him into the swamps to die of cold and hunger?"

A deep groan burst from the assembly. "Will the red-man still listen to the lies of the pale-face? He promises blankets. He will deceive the red-man! When the red warrior fights with the white-man, and gains a victory, the white-man writes in his books that the white-chief gained the victory! and that the red-man is cruel and blood-thirsty! The red-man has no book to tell his wrongs when he is gone! The Great Spirit knows of the red-man's wrongs!"

He paused, and stood in his lofty sorrow, gazing upon his grim warriors. A long fearful howl burst upon the air, and their dusky forms were bowed in agony.

"Tawahquenah cannot dig up the bloody hatchet and join the quarrel of the whites. He will live in peace with

the pale-face. He will go far from his war-path, to the prairies where the sun sets. He has come for the last time to fish and sail his canoe near the graves of his fathers. The last of the Massachusetts will go from the graves of their fathers, to return no more! Tawahquenah has spoken," and slowly he seated himself.

A pause, and the old warrior again rose. "The warriors of the Massachusetts will listen to the voice of their chief. They will hold no talk with the chief of the White-Father across the big Salt Lake. They will live in peace with the pale-face. They will follow their chief, far from the war-path of the white-man, to the great prairies where the sun sets. The last of the Massachusetts will turn their heads, no more to look upon the graves of their fathers." He sat down, and all was again silent.

At length the chief arose, and waving his hand as a signal for them to disperse, turned to depart, when full in his path stood the Lone Man. Fixing upon him his black piercing eyes, he said, "Has my white brother heard the talk of the chief to his braves?"

"He has," was the reply; "And when the winter is gone, and summer again returns, will my red brother no more return to look upon the graves of his fathers?"

"Tawahquenah must take the last of the Massachusetts far from the war-path of the whites! But my brother is hungry, will he go to the wigwam of the chief? My white brother has been far away!"

"The Lone Dove has sought her white father in the wigwam of the red-man, and she has turned on her path sorrowing. My white brother has been upon the war-track?"

The Lone Man assented. "My white brother is very brave!" murmured the chief, as they entered one of the largest wigwams; the interior of which was very neatly and tastefully arranged, with mats, sea-shells, and wild-flowers. It consisted of two apartments; the one separated from the other by a curtain of skins.

"Heelehdee has followed the path of the Lone Dove. The daughter of Tawahquenah loves the Lone Dove!" said the chief, as he placed before his guest a frugal meal of parched corn and dried fish. "Where has the Lone Dove

gone?" asked the latter, an anxious expression lighting up his dark eyes.

"To the sea-shore, to wait the return of her white father?" A smile for a moment passed over his sad countenance, and a mist gathered in his eye.

CHAPTER IV.

HEELEHDEE AND THE LONE DOVE.

UPON a rising hill that overlooked the swelling sea, was a beautiful child, seated upon a bed of downy moss. Her large dark eyes, which caught their hue from her feelings, were fixed dreamily upon the water. Her silky hair fell in luxuriant masses upon her tiny neck and shoulders, after the custom of the natives. The spreading branches interlaced above her head, formed a kind of rude arbor. Near by reclined the graceful figure of an Indian female—her large dark eyes bent fondly on the child. At length, springing from her recumbent position, she seated herself by its side, and said, placing her arms affectionately round it, "Is the Spirit of the Lone Dove with her own people?"

Turning and laying her head confidently upon the shoulder of the Indian, and raising her full eyes inquiringly to her face, she said, in reply; "Where is the Great Spirit, Heelehdee? Where does he live?"

The Indian paused, and looking reverently around, answered, "The Great Spirit lives all above the Lone Dove!"

"Will the Great Spirit care for the Lone Dove, and talk to her, when the summer is over, and Heelehdee is gone to her home in the West?"

"Heelehdee will go to her home in the west, but she will return no more to the Lone Dove. And the Lone Dove will have none to talk to her, when her white father is on the war-track, but the Great Spirit, and the spirits of her people!"

The child twined her arms around the neck of the In-

dian, and gazed wonderingly in her face, as if apprehensive of some danger that she could not understand.

The Indian pressed her fondly to her heart, and continued in the same solemn tone. "The chief of the Massachusetts will take his warriors far from the war-path of the white men, to the prairies where the sun sets, no more to return to fish near the graves of his fathers!"

Still the child gazed wonderingly; but as if a feeling of approaching loneliness came over her, she clung closer to the neck of the savage, murmuring,—“No, no, Heelehdee will not leave her Dove, no more to return!”

She pressed her lips in silence to the forehead of the lovely child, and as she raised her head, the tears sparkling in her dark eyes, she said: “Will the Lone Dove listen to the voice of Heelehdee? When the Lone Dove was very little, Heelehdee went to the wigwam of the white man. Heelehdee saw the Lone Dove, and that it was very lone! She heard the Lone Dove cry. The white woman turned from its cries. Heelehdee took it in her arms. She gave it milk, and when it grew bigger, she took it in her arms, out of the sight of the white woman. Heelehdee spread this bed of moss for the Lone Dove, beside the grave of its mother. Heelehdee nestled the Dove upon her bosom. She lay it to sleep upon the moss, and wove the branches above its head, that the sun might not burn the Lone Dove, while the spirit of its mother talked to it, in its dreams! The white father turned from the path of the Lone Dove, when it was very little; but the Great Spirit spoke to the heart of the white father, and made him love the Lone Dove very much! The white father knew that Heelehdee loved the Lone Dove, and he let Heelehdee bring it to the wigwam of her father, the chief of the Massachusetts: but Heelehdee brought back the Dove to the cabin of its white father, when the sun had sunk behind the hills! The *people* of Heelehdee love the Lone Dove.”

“When summer was gone, and the people of Heelehdee went to their hunting-grounds in the West, Heelehdee asked the Great Spirit to take her to the Lone Dove in her dreams, that she might talk to her. The Great Spirit listened to the voice of Heelehdee, and let her follow the path of the Lone Dove in her dreams. When the summer came back,

and the people of Heelehdee once more took up their march for the sea-shore, the heart of Heelehdee was very glad. And when she came to the Lone Dove, Heelehdee was no stranger. The Lone Dove had not forgotten her; and Heelehdee was very happy, till her people again took up their march, and the Dove was left so lone! But now Heelehdee will no more come back to see the Lone Dove grow bigger and bigger: to pull the wild berries for her: to seat her upon her bed of moss: to put the eagles' feathers in her hair, like the daughter of a great chief. Heelehdee will no more take the Lone Dove to the wigwam of her father. Heelehdee will no more nestle the Lone Dove upon her bosom."

She paused—and gazed upon the child in mournful sadness. Its little hands relaxed their grasp, and the child sank by her side with them crossed upon her breast, her eyes bent to the ground in utter hopelessness. At length, in a tone of deep dejection, she said: "Then the Lone Dove must die!"

Taking her in her arms, and kissing her fondly, the Indian said, "No, no, the Lone Dove must not die! Heelehdee would die for her Dove!"

"Then Heelehdee must not leave her Dove with the white woman," said the child mournfully, unheeding the caresses of her companion. "The Lone Dove loves her white father very much. Her white father never lets the white woman speak cross to her, or call her ugly names, or beat her, when he is near. But the Lone Dove is afraid to tell her white father, and lay her head upon his shoulder, and weep, as she does with Heelehdee, because when the Lone Dove sits beside her white father, he looks very sad; and he looks at the Lone Dove as if it was she that made him sad! And the white woman tells her that her white father is sorry that he took her mother from the water, and that he is sorry that he saved the life of the Lone Dove, because she is so much trouble! And that the Lone Dove is a beggar! When Heelehdee is here, the Lone Dove comes and lays her head upon the bosom of Heelehdee and weeps. She never told Heelehdee what made her weep, because Heelehdee would feel angry against the white woman, and would tell her white father, and he would wish that the Lone Dove was laid beside her dead mother, as the husband of

the white woman did, when she was angry with him for bringing cake to the Lone Dove from the great village!"—An angry flash gleamed from the proud eye of the Indian. "When Heelehdee is gone to her winter home, the Lone Dove, when her heart is sad, leaves the cabin of the white woman, and goes to look upon the deep waters, where lay the bones of her own people. And the spirits of her own people talk with her of Heelehdee. And she comes to the grave of her mother. The deep snow covers it, but the spirit of her mother talks to the heart of the Lone Dove, that it may give up the tears that are choking it. And the Great Spirit talks to the Lone Dove, and tells her, in the beams of the sun, 'Heelehdee will soon return!' But now, they will all say, Heelehdee will return no more! The Lone Dove will never see Heelehdee more; and she will weep till she dies!"

Here the child clasped her little arms convulsively around the neck of the Indian, while her young heart seemed that it would burst with its struggling grief. The Indian strained the child more closely to her heart, while one by one, the big tears dropped from her long lashes upon its sweet face.

At length the flood-gates of her heart were loosed, and the little sufferer found relief in tears.

Thus she lay, locked in the fond arms of the Indian maiden, who, rocking to and fro, her large eyes fixed on vacancy, commenced those soft melodious strains, which louder and louder grew until the wild-woods echoed back her mournful melody. Suddenly it changed into wild, soul-stirring accents, as she chanted forth the deeds of her people.

She paused, and gazed upon the child, who had ceased to weep, and lay quietly upon her breast.

"Can the sore heart of the Lone Dove listen to the voice of Heelehdee?" she said, fondly kissing her fair brow.

The child raised its head, and gazed sadly into her face.

"Heelehdee is the daughter of Tawahquenah, the last of the Massachusetts, descendant of the great Sachems. She cannot be a cheat; she cannot deceive the white father of the Lone Dove; or, she would say to the Lone Dove, 'Come! go with Heelehdee to her home where the sun sets far from

the path of the white woman! Heelehdee would die for the Lone Dove; but she cannot make her a cheat! The white father of the Lone Dove took her mother from the water, he carried her to the wigwam of the white woman, and watched her till she opened her eyes; and when her mother died, he gave the white woman money, that she might make the Lone Dove live. He let Heelehdee take the Lone-Dove to the wigwam of her father. He knew that the daughter of Tawahquenah would not cheat! When the white father comes back from the war-path, he will have no one to smile upon him if the Dove is flown! No one to sing to him, no one to wash and sew for him, when he is old. He will be very lone, if his Dove flies away! And the spirits of the great warriors would be angry with Heelehdee, and the Great Spirit would not let her come to their hunting-grounds when she dies."

The child gazed into the face of the Indian: one intense thought lighting up her dark eyes, she said, "Would her white father be sorry, if the Lone Dove was gone? Does he love the Lone Dove very much? Does he not wish her laid beside her dead mother? Does he not think her a great trouble? Is the Lone Dove a beggar?"

"White woman tells lies!" said the Indian indignantly, her black eyes flashing fire. "The white chief loves the Lone Dove very much! He will not part from the Lone Dove. He would weep if his Dove should die!"

"Then the Lone Dove must not leave her white father," said the child, a mournful smile lighting up her beautiful eyes; "because he would be very lone!" Here she again relapsed into a thoughtful mood, until at length shaking her head, she murmured: "No, no, the heart of the Lone Dove will be very sad for her Heelehdee, but she will stay with her white father. She will sing to him. She will sew for him. She will be no cheat;" (she said, twining her arms lovingly around the neck of the Indian girl,) "she will be great and good, like Heelehdee, the daughter of a great chief."

The Indian clasped her silently to her heart; and, while locked in that fond embrace, the bright beings of beauty that danced in the beams of the setting sun, saw encircling their forms, a halo of pure and holy light, while a delicious fragrance filled the atmosphere. The smiling Guardian, sur-

rounded by the spirits of nature, thus explained the scene: That halo of holy lights is a reflection from the pinions of Love; itself invisible. The fragrance is its breath!

The Indian raised her eyes; before her stood the Lone Man! She started; the child looked up, and seeing him, uttered a cry of joy, then hesitated and hung her head.

"Mary," he said, extending his arms to her. In a moment she was clasped to his heart. "Did Mary think," he said, the tears gathering in his eyes, "that because her white father was sad, he did not love her? Did she fear to come to his heart, when he longed to press her there, but dared not?" The child clung in silence to his neck, while the warm tears coursed each other down her cheeks.

"It will not do," he said, as if speaking to himself. "It will drive me mad!" and unclasping her arms, he returned her to the Indian. Then, as if recalled by her wondering look, he again took her, saying "The white father loves the Lone Dove very much, but he feels sad, and cannot always smile upon her, as Heelehdee does. Heelehdee is always happy. The white father of the Lone Dove would be very sorry if his Dove should die. She is no beggar, as long as her white father lives! Her white father loves his Dove so much, that it makes him a coward! He fears to go on the war-path, and leave his Dove so lone! But he must stay no longer! The white father must leave his Dove!"

"Oh! take the Dove with you," cried the child, gazing imploringly in his face. She will be no trouble. She will sing to her white father when he is sad. She will sew for him, she will wash and work for him when she grows bigger."

The Lone Man shuddered as he caught the expression of her beautiful eyes, raised beseechingly to his face. For a while he stood absorbed in thought, then turning to the Indian, he said:

"Heelehdee has been a mother to the Lone Dove. Will she now take the Lone Dove to her home where the sun sets, till the white father of the Lone Dove returns from the war-track to claim his Dove?"

The Indian laid her hand upon the head of the child, and drawing her proud figure to its full height, she said: "The daughter of Tawahquenah never lies! She would die for the Lone Dove!"

"The white father of the Lone Dove will be so lone; oh! take Mary with him!" plead the child.

Straining her convulsively to his heart, he placed her in the arms of the Indian, and instantly disappeared among the trees.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. HIGGINS' RECEPTION OF HER HUSBAND.

"WELL, and so you've arrived at last!" said the affectionate Mrs. Higgins, as the beloved partner of her joys and sorrows entered the door. He looked anxiously at the clouded brow of his better-half, and held towards her a bundle as if to appease her wrath.

"I'm glad one knows when to expect you! Come to a pretty pass, indeed! Not satisfied with leaving me at home digging and delving from morning till night, without decent clothes to my back, but you must stay away all night! I might 'ov known better than to 'ov married you! I might 'ov known you'd never had a cent ahead! The British wouldn't 'ov got all my hens and chickens and carried away the cow, if you'd been minding your own business and not running after politics!" (Here poor Higgins strove to speak, but in vain.) "And here you're not satisfied with neglecting your poor wife, who's been the making of you, (and that's the Lord's truth,) and who you couldn't get along without anyway, but you must *feigne* round that likely man, Mr. Bryce (who always minds his own business and *pays* his board regularly), and get him off too, leaving me a poor, weak, timid woman all-soul-alone, away in this awful place that I never liked."

"I've often wished to move you to the village, but you wouldn't go," burst in Higgins, as she paused to take breath.

"How like a fool you talk, Mr. Higgins," said his loving wife, "I wonder what would become of you? You would spend all your time and money at the tavern; and I, poor woman, be left at home more lonesome than ever. Besides,

you know that *I* own this place. It was left me by my poor father."

"And haven't *I* a place of my own near the village that you can go to!" persisted Higgins.

"Yes, and have my house filled with gossiping neighbors, eating me out of house and home. To have a gossiping husband is enough for one poor woman."

At this juncture, Mr. Higgins finding it useless to make another attempt to speak, threw the bundle on the table before her, saying, "There, old woman, there's a new dress for you."

"Humph! a new dress. Some more of your good sense, squandering your money when you know that I have dresses enough bought by your foolishness."

Seeing Mr. Bryce approaching the door, her voice suddenly changed to one of such blandness, that had not poor Higgins been accustomed to the metamorphosis, he must have been more dumbfounded than if the ghosts of all the British killed at Bunker's Hill had stood before him. "There, Mr. Higgins, say nothing more about it, it was rather lonesome; but then I got along very well with the company of little Mary."

Bryce entered, and with some slight remark to Mr. Higgins, and a cold salute to his lady, passed on to an inner apartment. When the door had closed behind him, Mrs. Higgins commenced untying her bundle.

"What a gaudy thing for a woman of my age!" But poor Higgins had decamped.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. HIGGINS IN TROUBLE.

"What *prisoners* did I hear you and Bryce talking about this morning?" said Mrs. Higgins, as her husband entered the next day about noon.

"The prisoners from the British Transport," he replied.

"What British Transport?" ejaculated she in surprise.

"Why, the one we took night before last!"

"A British Transport you took night before last!" cried his astonished wife. "How many of you was there, and how much is she worth?"

"There was about twenty of us."

"Only twenty! Why didn't you tell me of this before? How much will your share of the prize be worth?"

"Why as to that, I never thought anything about it. She was loaded with military stores for Boston; but we shall send them to Washington for the army."

"You will get paid well for them, won't you?"

"Why no, said Mr. Higgins," his patriotism causing him for a moment to forget the presence of his better half. 'Twas but a few hours work, and we had no one killed and no very hard fighting. And then it was such fun to capture those d—d red-coats, though I'm sorry the captain has escaped, and we thought it a pity if we couldn't let Congress have them gratis."

"Why, hear the fool! exclaimed Mrs. Higgins, raising both hands. I hope there's no more in the gang like you?"

"All agreed to it but Bryce, and he wasn't there. Any how, he says he's going to jine the army at Cambridge."

At this climax to her troubles, poor Mrs. Higgins was perfectly thunderstruck.

"I do believe that everybody is going stark mad," she exclaimed, as soon as she could command sufficient breath.

"Bryce going to jine the army! And what is to become of his Indian brat?"

"He has given her away, I believe."

"Given her away! He shan't do any such a thing. After I've had all the trouble of bringing her up so far, he shan't take her away. If he is determined to go away himself, she shall stay, and he shall pay good board for her, too. I'll see if I'm going to be treated like that. But, recollect Mr. Higgins, I won't consent to your giving up any part of your right to the prize."

Here, almost exhausted, she sat down. Higgins attempted to escape, as was his usual custom at the first pause, but seeing his eye directed towards the door, she cried, "You needn't think of leaving me, Higgins, after bringing all this trouble on my shoulders. You'll be the death of me

yet! and it's the Lord's truth. Now, answer me, what did I marry you for?"

"I thought it was for *love*, at the time," he replied.

"Love!" ejaculated she, "I really believe, the man thinks I'm as big a fool as himself! Love, indeed! I'll have you know that I had too much sense for that. I thought you was a good, honest, industrious man! and with some one to save and take care of your earnings, you might make a fortune—and here, jest as one is put right into your fingers, you must throw it away! Do you think I'd ov taken you, if I'd thought you such a fool! And do you think a girl brought up as I was, with a rich father, would ov married a *poor* man for love! A woman of my sense to believe in such nonsense! I suppose you think, squandering all your time, and then giving up a fortune to government, is love; don't you?"

"Yes, it is," answered Higgins, now aggravated beyond endurance; "and if you say much more, old woman, I'll go and jine the army myself! If I'm going to have no peace, I might as well fight for my country, and have the satisfaction of it, as to fight and quarrel at home with my wife!"

"Lord! do you hear the man! jest because I advise him for his good, when he isn't able to take care of himself, and it's the Lord's truth! he calls it fighting and quarreling! I wonder you don't say on Sundays, that the Parson is quarreling with you from the pulpit!"

But Mr. Higgins was gone, and in his stead, her eye fell upon little Mary, who had just entered with a bundle of sticks. Glad to have something on which to vent her rage, she sprang towards her, and giving her a blow that would have felled her to the floor, had she not caught hold of a chair for support, exclaimed, "There, take that, you little vagabond! always strolling off among the Indians when you should be at home!"

Fixing her large eyes proudly on the infuriated woman, she said: "You shan't strike me so any more, I will tell my father!"

"Your father! and how much does he care for you, you little beggar!"

"I am no beggar!" said the child, gazing unshrinkingly

upon her. "My father does love me. He is not sorry that he took my mother from the water. You have told me lies!"

This unexpected resistance from one, who had hitherto borne every blow, every burst of ill humor, so uncomplainingly, suddenly calmed Mrs. Higgins. Still the injured child stood before her unflinchingly, until the woman's eyes shrank beneath her gaze. Then stooping and picking up the sticks that were scattered on the floor, she passed on to her father's room, and seating herself upon the hearth, commenced kindling a fire.

CHAPTER VII.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

A WEEK had passed, and Mrs. Higgins sat ruminating on the interesting and all absorbing subject of her imagination—wealth, when a rap upon the door roused her. Upon opening it, a man presented himself, dressed in the garb of a common sailor. His ruddy complexion, black bushy whiskers, and a profusion of hair of the same hue, falling from beneath his tarpaulin hat, gave him the appearance of being about thirty years of age; but the settled expression of his small gray eye, and the deep lines which marked his contracted brow, bespoke him a much older man.

"Good morning, Madam!" he said, in a husky voice, as Mrs. Higgins scanned him with no very flattering marks of approbation. "Will you give a poor fellow, almost dead with thirst, a drink of water?"

"There's the well and bucket; you could have helped yourself!"

"Rather short, ma'm!" said the sailor, as the lady was about to shut the door in his face.

"Well, I don't like the British, any how! They killed all my hens and chickens, and took away my cow, jest for nothing at all! And you look jest like one ov 'em."

"Well, my looks may be against me, m'am; but I should be sorry to be one of those red coats, alone, and unarmed as I am, especially in these parts, where only a handful of your men took a whole transport of them the other night, ammunition and all."

"Yes, and more fools they, for their pains."

"Why, ma'm, if it wasn't for what you had just said, that last speech would lead me to think you a Tory!"

"I'm for people's minding their own business!" she said, in an irritated tone. "I don't like the British for putting duties on tea, that one can't never get a cup if they was dying, and going about stealing the property of honest people! And I don't like the Provincials making such a fuss, and spending so much time and money for nothing!"

Mrs. Higgins having thus disposed of the surplus electricity, called forth by the appearance of the supposed British sailor, stepped back to hand him some water. The stranger scanned narrowly the apartment; and as he returned to her the tin-cup, she observed that the delicacy of his hands contrasted strangely with his rough garb.

"Not been a sailor long, by the looks of your hands, sir!"

The stranger started—a flush passed over his face—but, as if recollecting himself, said carelessly—"No, only since the war broke out!"

"A young gentleman," she continued, "trying your fortune at privateering!"

"Why, yes, I thought I would try a hand at it. You see, I knew the government would expect me to fight,—so I thought I would fight on my own hook, and try to make a fortune!"

"There, that's the spirit I do like to see! won't you walk in, and take a seat, sir!" said Mrs. Higgins, her whole manner bearing a marked change.

"Well, I don't know as I have any objection, ma'm, as I'm a little tired!" he answered, taking the proffered chair.

"I wish my husband had some of the same spirit for making money!" continued she, as if unconsciously speaking her thoughts.

Apparently, without noticing her remark, the sailor asked, "Do you know, ma'm, any of the lucky fellows who took that transport?"

"Lucky!" said Mrs. Higgins, expressing the word with great contempt. "To be sure, I know 'em, wasn't my husband one! (a gleam of satisfaction lit up the sailor's eye) but little better off is he for it!"

"Why, how happens that!" said her visitor; "I understand she was a fine vessel, and well stored with provisions and ammunition! I should suppose he might make quite a little job of it!"

"And so he might, if it hadn't been for his politics! They're given all up to Congress; and I don't believe they'll ever get a cent for their trouble!"

"Congress is rather poor pay I believe, but the British are better, they have more money!" said he, eyeing her attentively. Then, as if fearful he had gone too far, continued carelessly, looking out the window, "You have quite a pretty place here, ma'm, but rather lonesome, I should think!"

"Why, as to that, when we came here first, which was twenty years ago, there wasn't a house within twenty miles of us, and there's plenty of 'em now within ten!"

"I suppose you don't go very often to the village, do you?" he inquired.

"I don't, but my husband does, now he's got so crazy after politics."

"You must be very lonesome, ma'm."

"Not so very,—he generally comes home nights. But I wouldn't mind his being away if he made anything by it."

After a pause the stranger said, "I believe the man who headed the gang that took the Transport is a pretty bold fellow. Bryce, I think, they call his name."

"I don't know about his boldness—he's odd enough for anything."

"Then you know him," said the stranger, a snake-like expression lurking in his eye.

"Yes, I know him, though I don't know much about him," added she.

"I think, from what I hear," continued the stranger, watching attentively the countenance of his companion, "one might make quite a speck on his head."

"On Mr. Bryce's head!" interrupted Mrs. Higgins. "How?"

"Why, you see," (said the man, endeavoring in vain to assume an indifferent air,) "that some years ago he committed murder in England, and fled from justice; and if he could be caught and delivered up to the British, alive, I think there would be a pretty good price paid for him."

Mrs. Higgins paused—a thought seemed to dart across her mind. "If one could be sure of the money," she said, musingly.

"Why, as to that," said the stranger, (a smile of demoniac triumph settling on his features,) "I would give a hundred dollars myself to see him strung up."

"But who are you? How is a person to know what to depend upon?"

"Why, you need have no fears on that head. I would pay you half the money now, and the remainder as soon as he is in my power."

Mrs. Higgins again mused. "There," said she at length, "there's no use in thinking about it. Higgins would never hear a word to it, he's such a fool."

"Why, if you can only tell me where to find him, so he can be taken alive, it could be done without the knowledge of your husband."

"I could do that, though I wouldn't like to have Higgins know."

"You needn't fear me," answered the stranger; "I am too anxious to catch the villain."

"Have you got the money with you, sir?" she said, again eyeing him suspiciously.

The sailor drew from an inner pocket a well-filled purse, and held it temptingly before her.

At sight of the gold her eyes glistened with satisfaction. "Will you leave half the money," she asked, "if I will promise to put him in your power?"

The man assented, and counting out fifty dollars, pushed it towards her.

After satisfying herself that all was right, she said: "If you will come here to-night you will find him in that room," pointing towards an inner door. "To-morrow he was going to join the army, so if you don't come to-night you'll lose him. But it won't be my fault if you do, and you musn't expect the money back again."

"Never fear! I'll be sure to be here! But mind you, ma'm," said he, now standing erect, and displaying a fine military figure notwithstanding his slouchy dress, "mind you, if you deceive me, I'll send my men ashore, burn your house, destroy everything you have, and hang you and your husband for rebels! I am Captain John Dunmore, of His Majesty's Service!"

Mrs. Higgins looked surprised. "Then you're the prisoner that got off!" said she.

"I am! But remember, woman!"—and he strode from the door.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. HIGGINS' SOLILOQUY.

"BRYCE a murderer!" soliloquised Mrs. Higgins, as soon as she felt sure her strange visitor was out of hearing; "I don't believe a word of it! He acts very much like a murderer, indeed! except his going strolling about, living with poor people when he might live with rich ones, such as he's been used to. But then, he's so odd! Looks very much like a murderer—risking his life for people that he never knew, (and don't care nothing about,) and then adopting their troublesome children, instead of sending 'em on the town. I wonder if he thought I believed him! I wonder I didn't think to ask who he'd murdered! but I suppose it was koz I didn't believe him. I knew he belonged to the British when he begun to talk about Bryce. He looked so devilish! though I didn't think he was the captain that got away from 'em! No wonder he was dressed so! Besides, his hair and whiskers was false! I suppose he wants to get hold of Bryce, koz he headed them that took his vessel. He didn't want to tell me so, koz he was afraid I wouldn't give him up—though he needn't ov been any such thing. A hundred dollars isn't to be picked up every day—nor fifty neither! So he thought he'd make me believe he was a murderer! Fool! to think to deceive a woman of my age, that knows so much about human

natur! But wasn't I up to him? I wouldn't tell him Bryce boarded with me, koz he might ov come and taken him and no thanks to me; though he'd have more trouble if he'd have Higgins to deal with. And then hear him say he'd hang me! me, a woman, for a rebel! He might hang Higgins, though, if he could ketch him. He says they're going to hang Bryce; I don't quite like that. But then he's going to jine the army, and he'd get killed anyhow. Where's the difference? I shouldn't ov had him any longer for a boarder, and he's given away his troublesome little brat, and I shouldn't had her board, neither. But how shall I manage to get Higgins out of the way? He's such a fool, and hates them red-coats so, he'd fight a whole houseful; he's such an awful temper when he's roused. I couldn't make him believe Bryce was a murderer; and if I did, he wouldn't let the British have him, if he was the divel himself! I have it! I'll send him away! He hasn't been to the village since they took the Transport, and stayed away all night,—I gave it to him so when he came home he hasn't felt like trying it since. Now, this afternoon I'll tell him I want some tobacco, and he'll be glad enough to go after it, to hear the news."

At this juncture she was interrupted in her cogitations by the entrance of her lord and master. "How many fish have you caught to-day, Mr. Higgins?" she said, (in her blindest voice,) looking at him with the ghost of a smile.

Poor Higgins was for a moment perfectly dumbfounded, and stared round the room for a cause; but finding none, he thought he must be dreaming.

"What are you standing there for, looking like a fool? How many fish have you caught?" said his wife, with a little of her usual asperity.

This loosened his tongue. "Not many," he answered, "it's so rough."

"Perhaps you'll do better to-morrow," said she, in the same bland tone. Again Higgins looked at his wife, and pinched himself, as if to feel perfectly assured that he was awake.

"How like a fool the man always acts!" screamed she, in her usual key.

This restored him, and he stammered forth; "Yes, a *bad day's work*."

"I said you might do better to-morrow," she repeated, lowering her tone.

He made no reply, but seated himself in the first chair that offered.

"Mr. Higgins," she continued, "when do you think you shall go to the village?"

"I don't know," was the laconic reply.

"How stupid the man is! I wish you'd go there this afternoon; I want some tobacco."

"I couldn't go and get back to-night," he answered somewhat doggedly.

"Well, then, stay till morning."

Still more confounded, he said, "Bryce is going away in the morning, and I would like to be here."

"There, that's jest the way you always are, Higgins! That's jest the way you always do! You can run to the village at any time, and neglect your business; but if I want you to go, it's quite another thing!"

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTURE OF THE LONE MAN.

NIGHT had closed in, and nought was heard in the solitary cabin of Mrs. Higgins save her heavy tread as she walked to and fro, first to the door, then to the narrow window, as if in anxious expectation of some one from without. At length a step approached, the door opened, and the Lone Man entered.

"Oh! Mr. Bryce, how glad I am that you've come! I was so afraid you was going to stay away all night, and I should be left all alone again. Higgins is gone to the village, and I don't believe he'll get back."

With some slight remark he passed on to his own apartment. No light was there, but a few embers threw a flickering glare across the room. He seated himself, and gazed thoughtfully upon the fitful blaze. Something approached, and the hand of little Mary was laid gently upon his arm.

"Mary, my child, you up still?" said he, taking her in his arms. "It is time you were in bed."

"Mary couldn't go to bed till her white father come home. He is going on the war-path, and Mary will see him no more. Mary made a big fire for her father, but he didn't come to look on it. The white woman wouldn't let Mary get more wood. She said her father wouldn't come, and Mary must go to bed. Mary knew her father would come to her again before he went on the war-track, but he waited so long that sleep came upon Mary's eyes."

Here the voice of Mrs. Higgins was heard. "Come, Mary, it's time for you to go to bed. Don't keep me waiting any longer."

"Oh! let Mary stay with her white father to-night," plead the child, twining her arms around his neck. "Mary has made her bed in the corner," she said, pointing to a few rags, and something rolled up in the shape of a pillow.

Mrs. Higgins' voice was again heard. The child clung closer to his breast.

"You needn't wait for Mary, she will remain here, to-night!" answered Mr. Bryce.

Mrs. Higgins left the door, muttering a something that could not be understood.

"Will Mary never forget her white father?" he said after a pause.

"Mary can never forget how good her white father was to her when she was little! Mary didn't know it until Hee-lehdee told her! She didn't know that her white father loved her. Mary can never forget her white father!"

"Will Mary try to be a good child till her white father comes back to her?"

"Mary will be no cheat! She will be great and good, like Hee-lehdee, the daughter of a great chief!"

"Will Mary pray to the Great Spirit for her white father?"

Here a noise in the outer room attracted his attention, the next moment the door was burst open, and two armed men rushed into the apartment.

"Clinton Stonebridge, you are my prisoner!" said the foremost.

"Your prisoner!" exclaimed Bryce, springing to his feet.

"By what authority!"

"I arrest you in the name of his majesty, George the Third! for the crime of *murder*!"

But as the man attempted to approach, seizing his pistols, his eyes flashing fire, he cried :—"Stand back ! or you are a dead man !"

The man hesitated, when a voice from without cried, "Seize him, Fletcher !"

At the sound of the voice, Bryce started : "Then his blood be on your head, John Dunmore !" he said, snapping his pistol, as the man attempted to obey orders.

It flashed, but no report. "I'm betrayed !" he shouted ; and as the man attempted to lay hands on him, with a powerful blow from the butt-end of his pistol, he felled him to the floor ! another shared his fate ; but their comrades rushing in, he was overpowered.

The child who had clung to his side the while, now screamed :—"You shan't hurt Mary's father. You shan't take him away !"

"Kick the brat out of the way !" cried the voice of Dunmore, and the next moment she was flung rudely across the room.

With the struggle of desperation the prisoner broke from his assailants, and the next moment the offender was stretched senseless at his feet.

Again, with the aid of numbers, he was secured, and placed in irons. As they were about to lead him from the room, he turned to where lay the inanimate form of little Mary, and said calmly, "Will you raise the child, that I may look upon her face ?"

"Oh ! the Indian brat !" (said the man, pushing her with his foot,) "is dead !"

The Lone Man's head sank upon his breast.

CHAPTER X.

THE LONE DOVE'S INTERVIEW WITH GENERAL WASHINGTON.

ALL day the heavy autumn clouds had enveloped the earth, and a drizzly rain fell chillingly upon the weary pedestrian, awakening in his heart all the fond recollections of home, and its fire-side joys. But as evening

drew near, they increased in density, the rain descended faster and faster : all was gloomy and dark. Such was the evening when, with thoughtful brow and measured tread, Washington, the Commander-in-Chief of the Provincial Forces, paced to and fro his scantily furnished and cheerless apartment.

It had been a day of unusual perplexity. The term for which the Continental soldiers had been enlisted was drawing to a close. Many, who at the first sound of war, had rushed to the standard of their country, now that the excitement had passed, and in its stead, the cold realities of privation and suffering stared them in the face, their ardor flagged, and they turned with longing to their comfortable homes. Indecision and dissatisfaction among his officers, want of stores and ammunition, the disbanding of some troops, and the slow arrival of recruits, with the prospect of being left without sufficient force to protect his lines, in the face of an enemy of eight thousand well disciplined troops, weighed heavily upon his mind.

Still, notwithstanding all the difficulties and dangers of his untried and responsible situation, not a cloud, not a shadow of despondency, darkened that majestic brow ; but ever and anon, with eyes upturned to Heaven, he seemed in silent communion with the invisible world.

He was interrupted by a rap at the door, and a soldier entered, saying, "Sir, there's a woman with her child outside, who insists upon seeing you. It is raining so hard, I could not send her away!"

"Show her in," was the mild reply.

The female entered, and as the blanket which enveloped her figure, fell from her head, upon her shoulders, it displayed the countenance of the Indian Princess. By her side was the Lone Dove. A rude bonnet covered her head, from beneath which escaped her luxurient tresses, now saturated with the rain, and clinging heavily to a cloak of skins, which muffled her little figure. One bare red foot peeped from beneath its fold, upon the other was a coarse leather shoe.

The Commander-in-Chief gazed silently upon this apparition, when the Indian said : "The Lone Dove would speak with the Great Chief of her own people."

Dropping upon her knees, and clasping her little red hands together, while her beautiful innocent eyes were raised to his countenance, in trembling accents, she said :

"Will the Great Chief save the white father of the Lone Dove? Will he speak to his white brother, the Chief of the Great Father, across the big Salt-Lake, that he may spare the father of the Lone Dove?"

Raising the sweet suppliant, he asked, in gentle tones, while a teardimmed his mild eye, "Who is your father, my little one?"

Timidly she looked upon him for a moment, then, as if reassured by the kind expression of his benevolent countenance, she continued : "The enemy of the Great White Chief came and took away the father of the Lone Dove, when he was talking to her before he went on the war-track ! And when the Lone Dove cried that they should not hurt her white father ; they pulled her from him, and flung her on the floor ! She didn't know any more till Heelehdee came, and then it was morning, and they had taken away her white father ! The Lone Dove's head was hurt, why she didn't know any more !" (Here raising her little hand to her head, from which the bonnet had fallen, she lifted her heavy hair, showing a deep gash scarcely healed.) "Here's where they hurt the Lone Dove !"

The General looked towards the Indian, as if for explanation.

"The Lone Dove never lies ! The Lone Dove is no cheat !" said the Indian as she stood in her calm dignity ; her blanket drawn closely around her tall, proud figure ; her eyes fixed intently on the child, who continued :—

"Heelehdee took the Lone Dove to the wigwam of her father. She poured balsam in the hurt, and bound it up with leaves. She gave the Lone Dove tea of herbs to drink, and now that she is well, Heelehdee came with the Lone Dove that she might talk to the chief of the Father across the big Salt Lake, that he would save the life of her white father ! But the warriors of the chief wouldn't let the Lone Dove come into the big village, to the cabin of the chief. They drove Heelehdee away ; and when one pointed his gun at the Lone Dove, she was afraid ; and when she

ran away, she lost her shoe. But Heelehdee carried the Lone Dove in her arms, till she was tired, and sat down at the door of a big cabin. A white warrior came out of the cabin and told the Lone Dove to speak to the great American Chief. He would listen to the Lone Dove!"

"What is your name, my little one?" said the General, taking her upon his knee, and holding her little red feet towards the fire with all a mother's tenderness.

At this sight, the Indian relaxed from her haughty dignity; a smile lit up her beautiful countenance, as she murmured; "The White Chief is a great Brave. The Great Spirit has spoke to the White Chief!"

"The white father of the Lone Dove, calls her Mary," answered the child,—“But the people of Heelehdee call her the Lone Dove.”

"And how old are you?"

The child looked up inquiringly, then round upon the Indian.

"Nine summers," answered the latter, "since the mother of the Lone Dove went to the prairies of the Great Spirit, and left the Dove so lone!"

"Where are your friends, my little one?" asked the General, deeply interested in the little stranger.

"The bones of the people of the Lone Dove," she replied, "whiten beneath the dark waters! Her white father took the mother of the Lone Dove from the water, when the big canoe of her people was wrecked in the storm. And when the Lone Dove was born, and her mother went to the hunting grounds of the Great Spirit, her white father cared for her. Her white father loved the Lone Dove very much! He gave the white woman money to keep her alive. The white woman didn't love the Lone Dove, but Heelehdee did. Heelehdee brought the Lone Dove milk, from the wigwam of her father, the great chief of the Massachusetts! Heelehdee carried the Lone Dove in her arms, when she was very little, and she laid her beside the grave of her mother, that her spirit might talk to the Lone Dove in her dreams! And now they have taken away her white father, the Lone Dove has no one to care for her but Heelehdee and the Great Spirit!"

Here the child's head sank on her breast, and she gazed mournfully into the fire.

As the noble chief listened in sympathy to the tale of the lone child, a flood of holy light filled the apartment, so pure, so bright, it seemed that rays of distant worlds had met in glorious harmony! Exquisite notes of other spheres floated upon the fragrant air, filling the heart with rapt, painful, entrancing devotion. Above, floated a being of holy and mysterious brightness, before whose majesty the guardian angels bowed in awe. A golden chalice in its hand it bore, from which sweet odors flowed upon the noble head of the devoted chief, and which, caught by the sweet spirits of nature, was on wings of rapture borne to the thirsting soul, while the radiant guardian wreathed chaplets of immortal bloom round his majestic brow.

"This glorious vision," breathed the sweet Angel-guide, "is the spirit of love, the essence of Deity! Springing from the bosom of God, it came forth to light man's weary pilgrimage. It followed him from Eden, and hovered invisible over his darksome path, until from Calvary's height it burst in all the effulgence of its glory."

"The pure and glorious light is the reflection of its presence—the fragrance floating on the air, its breath! The exquisite notes of melody are from choirs of unseen angels, that hover ever round its path!"

A soul thus in communion with the spirit of love, draws to itself, with sweet attraction, all unpolluted souls approaching its holy atmosphere; while those fed by the powers of earth, shrink back in awe. See the lone child. See how confidently its pure sweet face upturns to that of Washington! And Nature's child, the untaught Indian girl—see, with unfaltering step, she comes; drawn by the influence of powers unseen! She speaks,—

"The Great Spirit has touched the heart of the white-chief. Will he speak to his brother that he may spare the white father of the Lone Dove?"

"The white-chief will speak to his brother," answered the General.

"The great white-chief is very good!" said the child, (clasping her little hands and gazing in his face). "The Lone Dove will love the great white-chief! and she will ask

the Great Spirit to go with him on the war-path, and make him a great warrior over his enemies!"

The General pressed his lips to the pure brow of the sweet child, and murmured as he raised his eyes above:—"The prayers of such innocence, must bring a blessing! But where will the Lone Dove stay, till the white-chief has spoken to his brother?"

She looked enquiringly towards Heelehdee.

"The wigwam of Tawahquenah is far from the cabin of the white-chief! - Heelehdee will take the Lone Dove under her blanket, that she may not be cold, and she will stay under the spreading branches till the sun comes up in the east. Heelehdee is the daughter of a brave!"

Washington gazed thoughtfully upon the noble being before him, then said: "The daughter of Tawahquenah will stay beneath the roof of the white-chief!"

Receiving no reply, he continued: "The Lone Dove will be sick, if she stays all night in the rain!"

Laying her hand upon the head of the child, who now stood by her side, she said,—“Heelehdee will listen to the voice of the white-chief. He is very brave! His hands are not red with the blood of women and children!"



CHAPTER XI.

GENERAL HOWE, GENERAL BURGOTNE, AND CAPTAIN DUNMORE.

"Good morning! general. What news from the rebels, this morning?" said General Burgoyne, addressing the commander of the British forces, who lounged carelessly upon an elegant couch, holding in his hand an open letter, while his fine features darkened with a frown.

"Why, their upstart general, is actually proposing *terms* to us! He complains of our treatment to American *prisoners* in general, and particularly in the case of one Bryce, forcibly abducted while in peaceable enjoyment of his family!"

"Bryce!" exclaimed Burgoyne. "Why, that is the assumed name of Clinton Stonebridge, (who has for so many years eluded justice,) and whom Captain Dunmore caught lurking in one of the Yankee towns! Dunmore gave me the whole story!"

"Why, Washington seems to think he is held as prisoner of war!"

"Not at all, general. If all the rebels were of the same caste with that fellow, I'd take it upon myself to string them up, without judge or jury! It seems that he committed murder, and fled from England many years since, and was supposed to be dead, until Dunmore recognized him as the leader of that gang of rebels who took the transport he commanded."

"How was he taken, Burgoyne? for he must be a pretty daring spirit to have headed such a hazardous enterprise!"

"Why, it seems that Dunmore thinking him too good game for anything but the gallows, and knowing him to be a desperado that would not allow himself to be taken alive, if he could help it, dressed himself in disguise, (even to painting his face and wearing false hair and whiskers, so that the devil himself, would scarcely have known him!) and went on shore, determined to ferret out his whereabouts; after which he could manage so as to get him in his power. Well, as luck would have it, he lit at once upon the very place in which he has been domiciled for years, living the life of a hermit, and doing penance for his sins, I suppose. He found the old woman (his hostess, it seems, would sell her soul for a crown!) alone; and by paying her a trifle, she promised to betray him. He's a most desperate fellow though; and one I would not feel very desirous to meet on a field of battle; although, had he not been taken, I should in all probability have had that distinguished honor, as he was to have joined Washington's army the next day, and that probably is the reason he makes a fuss about him! A proof of his desperation, is, that although the old woman had had wit enough to draw the charge from his pistols, he succeeded in knocking down with the butt end, two of the stout sailors who attempted to seize him; and after they thought him fairly secured, he burst from them and knocked the daylights out of a third! I saw him on board the ves-

sel before he was taken to jail. He looked as much like a chained lion as anything I can think of!"

"He seems to have so thoroughly impressed your mind, Burgoyne," said the General, smiling, "that I think he will make a fine character to figure in your next drama."

Captain Dunmore was announced.

"Ha! Captain," said Burgoyne, as a gentleman of about fifty years of age, dressed with the most scrupulous neatness, entered the apartment. His head, whose preponderance of phrenological development was at the occiput, was covered with a profusion of brown hair, upon which the snows of time were fast descending. A forehead of moderate height, but projecting over his small grey eyes. His features rather regular but contracted.

"I have just been relating to General Howe your adventure with your old enemy, Stonebridge. But, ha! what's happened? Have you had another brush with the rebels?" observing his clouded brow.

"Why, the villain has escaped!"

"Escaped!" ejaculated both his listeners. "How?"

"I don't know how, unless the devil helped him. They seem to be in pretty close league. This morning he is gone, nobody knows how."

"Was he closely confined?" asked General Howe.

"Yes, as close as irons could fasten him."

"Did the cell smell of brimstone?" asked Burgoyne, a mischievous smile lighting up his handsome features.

"The rebel commander has just sent me a letter requesting an exchange of prisoners. In this affair he complains particularly of the brutal treatment of a little child, the daughter of this Stonebridge, or Bryce, as he calls him, at the time you took the father away."

"A little child," mused Dunmore; "yes, I do recollect. She made so much noise one of the sailors pitched her out of the way. *His* child?" he continued, inquiringly.

"Yes," said General Howe; "his daughter, they say."

"*His* child," continued Dunmore, still musing. "That's why poor Wilson got the senses knocked out of him. That's why he became so passive when they told him she was dead. I have it! I'll catch the bird with its young yet."

"But I have something else for you to catch, just now,"

said General Howe. "The army is almost in a state of starvation, and you must collect provisions from the neighbouring towns, by *force*, if they don't give it willingly. You understand!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE PARTING.

It was late the following day when Washington requested the presence of the Indian princess and her interesting companion; and as the latter approached, patting her gently on the head, he asked: "And how fares the Lone Dove to-day?"

Shaking back the silky tresses that partly concealed her features, she gazed earnestly into his face, and noting a shade of sadness in his mild eye, said mournfully,—

"The Great White Chief has spoken to his brother, and his brother would not listen to the talk of the chief. He cannot save the father of the Lone Dove."

"The father of the Lone Dove has fled from his enemies. The father of the Lone Dove is free."

She seized his hand, and pressing it to her lips, murmured: "The Lone Dove will always love the Great White Chief."

"But my little one cannot see her white father," he said. "He will not return to his cabin; his enemies would be on his track;—and what will become of his Dove?"

She turned her deep thoughtful eyes upon him, as if at a loss to comprehend his meaning. He repeated—

"The chief of the Father across the big Salt Lake will not listen to the talk of the white chief. The father of the Lone Dove has fled from his enemies, but they will follow his track to the cabin where they left the Lone Dove. Her white father knows they will follow his track, and he must turn another way. Will the Dove return alone to the cabin of her white father?"

"No, the Lone Dove will go with Heelehdee to her home

in the west, where the sun sets, and there wait the coming of her white father."

"Will not the Lone Dove stay with the people of the white chief, to wait the coming of her white father? They will love the Lone Dove very much, and they will talk to the Lone Dove of the Great Spirit."

"Heelehdee talks to the Lone Dove of the Great Spirit that lives all above the Lone Dove. Heelehdee loves the Lone Dove very much; but Heelehdee will not let her Dove be a cheat. The Lone Dove loves Heelehdee, and when her heart is sore the Lone Dove lays her head upon the bosom of Heelehdee and weeps till it gets well. The Lone Dove loves the Great White Chief very much. She will ask the Great Spirit that he may go on the war-path with the white chief and his people, that they may be great warriors. But the Lone Dove would die if she was taken from Heelehdee," cried she, clasping her arms around the Indian maiden, and gazing fondly in her face.

"Will the Great White Chief listen to the voice of Heelehdee, the daughter of Tawahquenah?"

The chief assented.

Drawing up her proud figure, in a solemn voice she said; "Tawahquenah, the Chief of the Massachusetts, will not dig up the bloody hatchet and go on the war-path with the Chief of the White Father across the big Salt Lake. He will take his warriors far from the war-path of the pale face to the prairies where the sun sets. He will no more return to look upon the graves of his fathers.

"The white father of the Lone Dove, before the enemy found him, when he was going on the war-path with the great chief, gave to Heelehdee the Lone Dove, that she might take the Lone Dove to her home where the sun sets, that Heelehdee might watch the path of the Lone Dove till her white father returned from the war-track. The white father has spoken to Tawahquenah, and he will take the Lone Dove to his wigwam, and he will hunt for the Lone Dove, and she will be the daughter of a chief. Heelehdee cannot be a cheat; she would die for the Lone Dove." And, drawing her blanket around her, and taking the child by the hand, she said, "Heelehdee must take the Lone Dove to the wigwam of her father."

Lifting the child in his arms, and kissing her pure brow, while a tear dimmed his eye—"May the God of innocence bless the Lone Dove and her noble protector!" he murmured, and turned away.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAPTAIN DUNMORE'S SECOND VISIT TO MRS. HIGGINS.

"Good morning, madam!" said Captain Dunmore, entering the cabin of Mrs. Higgins.

"Ah! Captain Dunmore!" said the lady, advancing in her blandest manner, "I didn't think you'd come to see such poor people. Won't you take a chair, Captain Dunmore?"

"That d——d villain has escaped!" said he, without noticing her remark.

"Escaped!" almost screamed Mrs. Higgins. "That's not my fault, captain, and you can't expect me to give you back the money."

"No, madam, I know it's not your fault; and I don't want the money. And more, you will continue to find me good *pay* as long as you serve me well."

"Captain Dunmore will never find me wanting in obliging a *friend*. No one can say but what I'm very obliging. I hold it a Christian duty to do all the good I can in the world."

"I suppose, my good woman, you have Bryce's child," fixing his keen eyes upon her.

"No, indeed, not I! Do you think I would keep the child of a murderer in my house? Why, I would never expect to have any luck after it."

"Where is she?" he inquired, anxiously.

"Oh, the Indians have got her! Jest the place for her!"

"Where is her mother?" he continued.

"Oh, as to that, she's been dead ever since the little brat was born! You see, the child isn't his own. One night, about nine or ten years ago, it came up a dreadful squall

here. It blew down trees, thundered and lightened, and you would ov thought heaven and earth was coming together. Higgins was gone away, and I thought I'd set up till it was over. Bime-by in comes Bryce, who spent most of his time strolling about anyhow, but always when it stormed. Well, as I was saying, I'd jest got into a little nap in the corner, when in comes Bryce lugging a woman all streaming with water. A vessel had been driven on the ledges yonder and wrecked, (it's often so in a storm,) and this woman had been washed ashore. Nothing to do but she must be brought-to, though I thought she'd as well die, as I supposed she'd lost all she owned. So I (and another woman) stood all night and the next day over her, and towards night she opened her eyes, and two or three hours afterwards Mary, or the Lone Dove, as the Indians call her, was born. Her mother didn't live to see morning. I suppose she asked Bryce to take the child. He was with her when she died. I'd gone to bed, as I hadn't slept any the night before. Bryce took the child, and paid well for it, and seemed anxious to have it live, though he didn't take much notice of her at first; but, then, you *men* never do think much of babies. She was brought up jest in the same strolling kind of life he led himself. She wandered about with the Indians all summer when they came to the beach. Sometimes she would be gone whole weeks at a time with them, when Bryce went on one of his tramps, (which he used to do often,) but when he was at home they brought her home every night. I knew she'd never be fit for nothing, and I told Bryce so, but it wasn't no use; and now the Indians have got her altogether, and I'm glad of it. She looks and acts like an Indian more than anything else."

"What was the name of the vessel?" asked Dunmore, thoughtfully.

"Why, we never knew nothing about that. You see there's always a dreadful sea breaking over them ledges; and when it storms, why I wouldn't venture within half a mile of 'em. As I was saying, nobody never knew nothing at all about the vessel, for nobody else was saved; and the woman didn't say nothing, unless it was to Bryce, and I don't think that, for she never tried to speak while I was with her, she was too far gone. The wind changed before

morning and blew off from the shore, and so everything went to sea except a few boxes and planks that washed ashore; and the hulk, that I suppose lays under the water now."

"Does Bryce care much about this child?" asked Dunmore.

"La! yes, too much; he spiled her. You see in the winter when the Indians were gone, and it was too cold for her to stroll about, she was in the house more, and she'd set moping round, and if one offered to speak to her jest for her good, he'd look as if he was going to eat 'em up! And an old woman of my age too."

"Do you think he cares enough about her to try very hard to see her?"

"La! yes. I've no doubt of it; for towards the last he had her in his room most all the time, and she was going to sleep there the night you took him. I shouldn't wonder if he'd been to see her before now."

"Do you think I could hire the Indians to give her up?"

"Oh, no. I wouldn't think of such a thing. I believe they think more of her than if she was one of themselves, and have given her an Indian name and rigged her out in all kinds of finery. The old chief is a stubborn fellow and a great friend to Bryce. And the squaw, his daughter, I wish you could only see her. If she was the daughter of King George she couldn't be prouder. She walks into the house as if it belonged to her, and without noticing any body, picks up the Lone Dove, as she calls her, and stalks away. Her eyes almost flash fire when they look at you. I wish you could 'ov seen her the morning after you took Bryce away, when she came and found her laying on the floor. I thought she was dead, and hadn't given myself much trouble about it, being as how her father was a murderer. And then I wanted Higgins to see her, jest so he might feel that he'd been served in the same way if he'd been here, and glad he'd gone to the village for me. As I was saying, I wish you could 'ov seen her eyes. Why, the very divel was in 'em when she picked up the child and looked at me. It seemed as if she knew all about it. She fairly made me tremble; and I've expected every night since to wake up and hear the horrid yells of the whole

pack of 'em round the house. Don't say nothing to the Indians about it, if you want to get her. And besides, you'd jeopardize the lives of them that are willing to serve you."

"Is there no way you can think of to get hold of her? It is the only bait by which I can hope to catch him, as in all probability he'll join the rebel army, where he'll stand a chance to get shot; and nothing short of the *gallows* will satisfy me. Besides, old woman, as long as he runs at large you are in more danger from him than you would be from the Indians. Do you suppose he believed that we got in to take the charge from his pistols, or at least without your help? Can't we manage some way to steal her? You say she rambles about alone a great deal."

"Yes, but the squaw's always with her. You'd have to kill the squaw first, as she'd track her wherever you took her."

"That can very easily be done," said he, with a malignant smile.

"Then you'd have the Indians, who are peaceable now, all jine the rebels," she said, eyeing him closely.

"Oh! they're not many, it would make but little difference either way. But the child I must have, and you must try to help me."

After thinking awhile, she looked up with a snaky smile, and said, "What 'ill you give me, captain, if I'll tell you a plan to get her?"

"If it succeed I will pay you well; but I'll give you that in advance," throwing a guinea on the table.

She seized it with the avidity of a starving animal. The possession of gold, instead of satisfying, gave her a keener relish. Then looking up, a smile of satisfaction lighting up her hard features, she said, "If you will set some of your men to watch the child till they find her alone, then go to her and say that her white father is waiting at the sea-shore to see the Lone Dove, and that he has sent them to bring her, she'll believe 'em and go without a word; and get her there it 'ill be easy enough to get her on board the vessel."

"Excellent, Mrs. Higgins; you'd make quite a general! I'll attend to it immediately. Now, can you tell me where I'll find eatables? Our army is in a pretty bad state. I've

been cruising about for a fortnight, but have got very little so far. I don't see how they can have contrived to hide everything so effectually."

"Why, as to that, I heard Higgins say that the folks had drove all their cattle back into the woods. But I think if you drop down about ten miles below here, and after dark round that great point of land there, and cross the marsh behind the village, you'll find plenty in the woods."

Luckily for the Lone Dove the Indians were at this time far on their march to the West.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HOME OF THE MASSACHUSETTS DISCOVERED BY THE SPIES OF DUNMORE.

AMID the bold and picturesque scenery of the State of New York, not far from the bright waters of Lake Ontario, rose an Indian village.

The commodious wigwams, the order and regularity of their arrangement, the cultivation of their narrow fields,—all bespoke more acquaintance with civilization, than was indicated by the interminable wilderness by which they were surrounded.

At the foot of the sunny slope, upon which the village rested, wound a sparkling stream, into whose waters dipped the graceful festoons of rich, variegated moss, pending from the branches which overshadowed its banks.

The woods which covered the rising hills, and through which the bounding deer fearlessly roamed, were clothed with the same shadowy drapery, sweeping beneath the projecting cliffs upon whose ragged summits rested the mountain goat, presenting a scene of wild magnificence.

Upon the margin of that stream were gathered groups of Indian maidens. Some had been joining in the wild dance—others bathing in the limped water, but now, all attention seemed directed to two bark canoes, that glided over

the glassy surface. In each was seated a small figure, as with a light paddle she guided on her fairy skiff. Side by side they kept, until, suddenly rounding a point, one darted ahead, and entered a little cove. A cry of joy burst from the attentive spectators. Leaping upon the shore, and springing up the bank with the swiftness of a young deer, turned and stood the graceful figure of the Lone Dove. Another shout—"The Lone Dove is victor!"

Apart, leaning against a tree, stood the tall proud form of Heelehdee. Her eyes were fixed intently upon the little girl as she stood triumphant, upon the opposite bank, now joined by her companion. No smile lit up her beautiful features, but an anxious sadness darkened her brow. Suddenly she started forward, seized a canoe and darted like an arrow across the stream. The amazed group followed her course, until raising their eyes, they saw a man approaching the children from an opposite wood. But ere he could reach the spot, Heelehdee had gained the shore, and bounding forward, caught the Lone Dove in her arms, and hurrying her bewildered companion to the canoe, they were soon far out in the stream. The maidens, at sight of the stranger, had disappeared.

The Lone Dove gazed inquiringly into the face of Heelehdee, but no reply, till, at the wigwam of her father, seating her upon a mat in the inner apartment, she said—

"The Lone Dove must no more leave the wigwam, to sport with the maidens. The pale face is on her track. The Great Spirit has spoken to Heelehdee in her dreams. He said, that the pale face is on the track of the Lone Dove. That he has been skulking, like a wolf, to seize the Lone Dove, and bear her from Heelehdee. He said, that the pale face would deceive the Lone Dove; would tell her that her white father waited for her, and would take her away among the enemies of her white father!"

A feeling of awe crept over the child, as she gazed upon the Indian, who stood, her arms folded upon her breast, in solemn dignity.

"The Great Spirit has spoken to Heelehdee three nights in her dreams!" she continued, the solemn tone blending with that of tenderness.

"The Lone Dove will listen to Heelehdee. She will no

more leave the wigwam without her. But will not Heeleh-dee smile on her Dove again? Is it the talk of the Great Spirit that has made Heelehdee turn sorrowful from her Dove?" said the child, now rising and twining her arms around the Indian, and gazing fondly in her face.

"It is the talk of the Great Spirit that makes the heart of Heelehdee sad. Heelehdee loves the Lone Dove, more than she loves herself!—but it makes her heart sore when she looks on the Lone Dove. The Lone Dove has enemies on her track, and her white father is far away on the war-path!"

"When will the white father come to look upon his Lone Dove?" asked the child, sorrowfully. It is so many moons since he came to see Mary, far off by the seashore, after he had escaped from his enemies! Can he trace the path of Tawahquenah through the dark woods!"

"The white father cannot leave the war-path of the great white chief!" was her reply. "When they bury the red tomahawk, then will the white father come to see his Dove."

"The Lone Dove asks the Great Spirit to follow the war-path of her white father; and the path of the great white chief! Will the Great Spirit listen to the Lone Dove, Heelehdee?"

"He will listen!" said the Indian.

"Then, will Heelehdee smile on her Dove, and teach her the dance, as when the flowers first bloomed upon the prairies?"

Heelehdee's heart is so full of love for her Dove, that she can no more smile while the enemy skulks in her path," said the Indian, shaking her head, sorrowfully.

"Would the Good Spirit make the heart of Heelehdee so sore?" asked the child, as she still stood with her arms clasped around the waist of the Indian, gazing fondly in her face. "It might be the wicked Spirit!" added she, thoughtfully.

"Oh! no," said the Indian, hastily. "Heelehdee is no cheat! Heelehdee never listens to the voice of the evil Spirit! He never talks to Heelehdee in her dreams! Oh, no!" she added, resuming her sorrowful tone. "Heelehdee knows the voice of the Good Spirit. The Good Spirit would have Heelehdee watch the path of the Lone Dove!"

The entrance of the chief, in the outer apartment, interrupted the conversation. Heelehdee started to meet and prepare for him his evening meal. But the child clung closer to her waist, as she attempted to leave her, and putting up her little face, said: "Won't Heelehdee kiss the Lone Dove once more, as when she smiled on her?"

The Indian turned away her head, saying, "Heelehdee can't kiss her Dove. Her heart is too sore; it would break!" And gently untwining her arms, she darted through the curtain, into the outer apartment. When she was gone, the child stood for a-while gazing on the spot where she had disappeared. "Yes, yes," she said, "Heelehdee does love her Dove, but Heelehdee won't kiss her—won't smile on her!" Then sinking upon the mat, her little head sank on her breast; and she remained some time in thought. At length, raising her beautiful eyes above, her little hands clasped, she murmured: "Will the great and good Spirit, who lives all above the Lone Dove, listen to her voice? She is very little, but she will be great and good, like Heelehdee! Will the Great Spirit care for the Lone Dove? Will he drive the enemy from her path? Will he make well the sore heart of Heelehdee, that she may smile on her Dove? Will he follow the war-path of her white father, and the path of the good white chief, that they may be great warriors?" She ceased, but still her hands were clasped, her eyes raised to Heaven.

"Tawahquenah asks for the Lone Dove!" whispered the low voice of Heelehdee. In a moment she was seated at the feet of the chief.

"Why has the Lone Dove delayed to meet her red father?" asked the chief, as he bent his proud figure kindly towards the child.

"The Lone Dove has been talking with the Great Spirit!" answered the child, meekly.

"Was the Lone Dove talking of her white father?"

"She was talking of her white father and Heelehdee," answered the child.

"The white father has sent his runner for the Lone Dove! will she go with the runner of her white father?"

"Where is the runner?" inquired the child, gazing round, while she clung the closer to the side of the chief.

"He has gone to his people, but will return with the rising sun," answered the chief.

The child turned towards Heelehdee, who, sinking before her father, said: "Will Tawahquenah listen to the voice of his daughter?"

"Heelehdee can speak!" said the chief.

"The Great Spirit," she began, in a solemn tone, "has spoken to Heelehdee, three nights in her dreams. He told Heelehdee that the enemy was on the track of the Lone Dove! That her white father did *not* send runners for the Lone Dove! That the runners were sent to cheat the Lone Dove!"

The chief gazed a-while upon his daughter in silence, then said: "Heelehdee is the daughter of Tawahquenah! Heelehdee is no cheat!"

"Heelehdee is no cheat!" she repeated solemnly: her arms folded on her breast.

"Will the Lone Dove go with the white runner?" he again asked.

"The Great Spirit has spoken to Heelehdee," answered the child. "The Lone Dove will stay in the wigwam of Tawahquenah, till her white father comes for her."

"Tawahquenah loves the Lone Dove," said the chief. "Tawahquenah cannot cheat the white father! He will talk to the runner!"

He sat for some time lost in thought, till, apparently satisfied with his reflections, he drew his blanket around him, and lay himself back upon his mat.

This was the signal for Heelehdee to retire. She rose, and leading the child into their own apartment, lay her gently on her mat, and seated herself beside her.

Soon the child fell asleep, but the Indian continued her watch beside her. With the rising of the sun, Heelehdee had set before her father his morning meal of parched corn and dried meat, after which she returned to the Lone Dove. Still she slept. Presently she was startled by the voice of a stranger.

"Good morning!" said the man, as his eye encountered that of the chief.

"Will the runner of my white brother take a seat?" said the Chief, pointing to a mat.—"He must have started

early on the trail. My brother is hungry ;" placing before him a part of his own meal.

"The runner is in a hurry to take the Lone Dove to her white father," answered the stranger.

"Is the white father far from the wigwam of Tawahquenah?" asked the Chief, without raising his eyes, which were fixed upon the mat, on which he had seated himself in compliment to his guest.

"Many miles!" was answered by the stranger, as he glanced at his immovable companion.

After a pause, during which the stranger was busy with the dried meat. "The Great White Chief of the Americans is a great warrior! Has he scattered his enemies in many battles?" asked the Chief.

"Are you a friend to the rebels?" asked the stranger with vehemence. Then, as if suddenly recollecting himself—"as the British call them!" he added, in a careless tone.

"Has the Great White Chief scattered his enemies in many battles?" asked the Chief, in the same cold tone; without apparently noticing the stranger's remark.

"No; he has fled before his enemies, and they will soon enter the large town where the white man holds his council!"—The stranger gazed at the Chief; not a muscle moved. "Is Tawaquenah a friend of the White Chief?" again he asked.

"The Great White Chief is a great brave, and a great warrior! His hands are not red with the blood of women and children! He listens to their cries. Tawahquenah is a friend to the White Chief. But he has come far from the war-path of the pale-face, that his braves may not dig up the bloody hatchet, and join the quarrel of the pale-face!"

"Will Tawahquenah take some fire-water?" said the stranger, pulling a flask and tin cup from his pocket,—and pouring some whisky into the cup, he handed it to the Chief.

"Tawahquenah never drinks fire-water!" said the Chief; "it has poisoned his people."

"That's because they liked it too well!" said the stranger, taking a long draught from his flask. (The Indian eyed him keenly.) "Why, the Indians in the British camp can't get too much of fire-water," said the stranger.

"Then their people will be poisoned!" said the Chief solemnly. "Tawahquenah is far from the pale-face. He can no more poison his braves!" he continued, as if forgetful of the stranger's presence. "Their sons will be great braves."

"Most of your red brothers have listened to the voice of the Father across the salt lake;" said the stranger, evidently warmed by his potation. "He gives them blankets, and powder, and fire-arms to fight their enemies!"

"Tawahquenah will use the bow and arrow, which the Great Spirit gave to his fathers!" said the Chief.

"The Father across the salt lake will avenge the wrongs of the red-man," said the stranger.

The Indian made no reply.

"The white father will drive the pale-face from the hunting grounds of the Indian."

Still the Chief made no reply; not a muscle of his face moved.

Apparently gaining confidence by the silence of the Chief, the stranger continued:—"The Indian will be a great warrior! His enemies will be afraid of him!" Still the Indian sat wrapped in his gloomy silence, which the stranger mistaking for acquiescence, thus continued:—"The Chief of the Great Father has sent the great Tawahquenah presents;" taking from his pocket some beads, a gilt chain, and other trinkets of the same order.

A smile of contempt cradled around the mouth of the haughty chief, as, slowly raising his figure to its full height, he said sternly:—"My white brother has two faces! He is no runner of the father of the Lone Dove! The white father of the Lone Dove has one face! My brother may go, but he cannot take the Lone Dove! She will stay in the wigwam of Tawahquena, till her white father comes from the war-path!" He was silent.

For a moment the stranger was thunderstruck, and his eye quailed beneath the stern, piercing glance of the proud Chief. Finding that he had unmasked himself, he assumed a menacing tone.

"Take care, haughty chief!" he said, "you may repent your words!"

"Tawahquenah wears but one face!" said the Chief in

the same haughty tone, the same glance. "Tawahquenah never takes back his words."

"Where is the Lone Dove?" said the stranger. "Give her to me, or you'll repent it!"

"Tawahquenah has given the palm of peace to the runner of the enemy of the white father. He has eaten beneath his roof. He may go. But Tawahquenah will never give up the Lone Dove to the enemy!"

"Then the enemy will come upon your trail; and cut your braves to pieces, and take away the Lone Dove."

"Then Tawahquenah will die like a warrior, and go to the hunting grounds of the Great Spirit, where there will be no white man to cheat or deceive him!" And, wrapping himself in his blanket, he stood in gloomy silence, pointing to the door for the stranger to retire.

Muttering imprecations, he departed.

The chief still stood gazing in silence on the floor, when he felt the soft cheek of the Lone Dove pressed against his hand.

"Will the Lone Dove speak?" he said, turning kindly to the child.

Sinking at his feet, she cried:—"Send the Lone Dove away; she will bring the enemy upon Tawahquenah, and they will destroy his braves. Oh! send the Lone Dove away to her white father!"

"Tawahquenah knows not the trail. He is no coward. He cannot give the Lone Dove to her enemy."

She gazed imploringly at Heelehdee, saying: "Will not Heelehdee speak to the chief for the Lone Dove, that he may send her away, and save his nation. Oh! send her away," she cried, clasping his knees. "The Lone Dove will die if the braves of Tawahquenah are cut off, and the heart of Heelehdee is made sore any longer!"

The Indian Princess stood immovable. Her lofty soul drawn up to bear, unflinchingly, the stroke of fate.

Raising the Lone Dove with tenderness, the chief said: "Will the Lone Dove make a cheat and a liar of Tawahquenah, the Chief of the Massachusetts? Will she make a liar of Heelehdee, the daughter of Tawahquenah, who carried her in her arms when the Lone Dove was very little? Have not Tawahquenah and his daughter promised the

white father of the Lone Dove, that they would watch his path? And shall Tawahquenah be, like to the pale-face, a liar? Will she have the Great Spirit to drive Tawahquenah and his daughter from the hunting grounds? No; the Lone Dove will not make Tawahquenah and his daughter liars!" He wrapped his blanket around him, and strode from the room, leaving the bewildered child gazing after him. At last, she murmured in a desponding tone: "The Great Spirit don't love the Lone Dove."

Taking her by the hand, Heelehdee led her to the inner apartment; and placing before her some dried fruit, said: "The Lone Dove must eat. The Great Spirit does love the Lone Dove. He will care for her. When the Lone Dove has eaten, Heelehdee will take her Dove in her arms! Her heart will no longer burst. The Great Spirit has spoken to the heart of Heelehdee!"

The child grasped the fruit, and swallowing two or three mouthfuls, flung her arms around the neck of the Indian, murmuring:—"Heelehdee, the Lone Dove must die!"

"The Lone Dove must not die! She must not weep; for she will make Heelehdee weep; and the Great Spirit would be angry with Heelehdee. Will the Lone Dove listen to Heelehdee?" she continued, pressing her to her heart.

"Last night, when Heelehdee watched beside her Dove, her heart was so sore, that Heelehdee thought she must die! Heelehdee called to the Great Spirit; and he laid his hand upon her heart, and made it well, The Great Spirit talked to Heelehdee, and said, he would take Heelehdee to the great Prairies; but that Heelehdee might follow the path of the Lone Dove among her own people; and whisper to the Lone Dove in her dreams! Heelehdee must not be sad any more. The Great Spirit would be angry with Heelehdee."

A holy light seemed to play around the brow of the savage, and as the child gazed upon her beautiful countenance, the lofty sublimity of her manner inspired her with a feeling of awe. Long did they sit clasped in each other's arms. The child gazing upon the countenance of the Indian, who, with upturned face, seemed communing with invisible beings.

At length the entrance of the chief roused her. Imprint-

ing a kiss upon the forehead of the child, she left the room, and stood before her father.

"Heelehdee can speak," said the chief solemnly.

"Has Tawahquenah called his warriors?" asked she.

"The braves have been in council, and they have listened to the voice of Tawahquenah. They will meet the enemy. They are but a handful!" he continued, mournfully.

"They are very brave!" she answered.

"The enemy are many," he continued, in the same mournful tone; "and there will be none left to bear the name of the Massachusetts!" He paused, "Will Heelehdee be the daughter of a chief?"

"Heelehdee is Tawahquenah's daughter!" she replied.

And as the proud chief looked upon her as she stood before him, her lofty soul swelling with firm resolve, a sad smile lit up his eye as he murmured:—

"Heelehdee is the daughter of Tawahquenah! Will Heelehdee listen to the voice of her father?"

"Heelehdee will listen," she said.

"Tawahquenah promised the white father to watch the path of the Lone Dove. The white father of the Lone Dove never deceived Tawahquenah. He has hunted with Tawahquenah. He has eaten in his wigwam. He was the friend of Tawahquenah. Tawahquenah *must* save the Lone Dove of the white father. Tawahquenah has spread fresh leaves in the wolf's den. He will take dried meat, and fruit, and parched corn, there. The wolf will no more come to her den. Tawahquenah has killed the wolf. Will Heelehdee take the Lone Dove to the wolf's den, when it grows dark? And if Tawahquenah comes not, when it is morning, then Heelehdee may know that Tawahquenah and his braves have fallen. Will Heelehdee stay seven suns and not come forth? Then will the enemy be gone on the war-track. Then will Heelehdee come forth, and take the Lone Dove through the deep forests, to the Great White Chief, that he may give the Lone Dove to her white father!" He paused for a reply.

"Must Heelehdee leave her father in the hour of battle? Cannot the braves defend the cabin of their chief?" she asked.

"They are many, who go on the war-path of the Father

across the big Salt-Lake. And they have many red men. The braves will be cut down. They cannot defend the wigwam. And they will take the Lone Dove as a snare for her white father. A runner has told Tawahquenah."

"Heelehdee will listen to the voice of Tawahquenah," she said.

"The warriors wait for Tawahquenah." He turned to leave her.

"Will Tawahquenah listen to the voice of his daughter? The Great Spirit has spoken with Heelehdee. She will meet her father no more, until they meet on the prairies of the Great Spirit! Heelehdee must die; but the Lone Dove will go to her own people!"

The Chief gazed silently on his daughter: so young, so beautiful! Then, burying his face in his blanket, he strode from the cabin.

Night came down. Heelehdee had sought the wolf's den. The warriors of Tawahquenah lay in ambush. Midnight drew near; and silently came on the dusky foe, like a moving cloud! Nearer they approached. A shower of well directed arrows, from the braves of Tawahquenah. Many groaned upon the earth; the rest fled back appalled. Rallied by their leader, they again returned to the charge. Another shower of arrows from the unseen foe; and again they fled. A wigwam on fire now discovered the warriors of Tawahquenah. Again the enemy returned to the attack. Long and bloody was the conflict. The Braves of Tawahquenah fell around their Chief. The enemy were at last repulsed; but Tawahquenah slumbered with the dead!

CHAPTER XV.

A LETTER FROM A BRITISH OFFICER TO HIS WIFE IN NEW YORK.

In an elegantly furnished apartment in the city of New Yory, was an invalid, bolstered in an easy-chair, her head resting upon snowy pillows, gazing silently into the fire. She might have seen perhaps thirty summers; but an ex-

pression of deep mental suffering upon her interesting, though not beautiful features, might lead a casual observer to suppose her much older.

The door opened, and a gentleman of a fine manly figure, though somewhat inclined to corpulency, a good-humored countenance, and high benevolent brow, entered. A smile lit up his speaking features, as he said, "Good morning, Mrs. Maitland. How do you find yourself, this morning?"

"Thank you, Doctor, not a great deal better;" she replied.

"Well, I think I have found a medicine at last, that will effect a cure!"

She smiled sadly, as if to say, "It will be difficult, Doctor, to heal the broken heart!"

"Well, my dear madam, I have some news for you, if you will promise to be calm, and try to command your feelings!"

"Oh! Doctor, I know that you would not wilfully trifle with my feelings. Tell me quickly. I will try to command myself. It cannot be worse than my fears."

"You must cheer up, my dear lady. Captain Maitland is not only alive, but he will be with you soon."

His listener had fainted. At length, opening her eyes, and fixing them languidly on the Doctor, she said:—"Is it true, Doctor? did you tell me that James lives? or did I dream?"

"It is true, my dear madam. I have a letter written by himself. But you must cheer up, or I won't tell you all the good news. He will not only be here soon, but he will bring you a daughter! The letter reached here by private conveyance, early this morning; and (knowing the delicacy of your nerves,) although we instantly recognised the captain's superscription, we took the liberty of getting the first peep at its contents!"

Mrs. Maitland took the letter, but after glancing over the first page, she said, handing it back again, "I must get you to read it for me, Doctor; I am too weak!"

Oak Hill, October 28, 1777.

MY DEAREST AMELIA :—

Twice have I written to you since the first of September,

though from the state of the country, I fear they may not have reached their destination !

Having at present the opportunity of a good private conveyance, I hasten to relieve your anxiety on my account, which I know must be great.

Before entering into particulars, I will state, that I have been wounded ; but that I am now, thank God ! convalescent, and hope soon to see you.

My regiment was detached, as you have already learned through the press, under Breyman, on the fifteenth of August, to the assistance of Lieutenant-Colonel Baum, in his attack on Bennington. The unfortunate result of that expedition you already know, as also the final defeat of all the brilliant hopes which shone so brightly at the commencement of the campaign. I was wounded in the heat of the engagement, by a ball entering my leg, just above the knee, though at the time, the excitement was so great I scarcely knew it ; when, overpowered by numbers, and having expended all our ammunition, our brave commander ordered a retreat, which was favored by the obscurity of night. Had it been otherwise, God only knows what the consequences would have been ; though bad enough as it was.

After wandering about all night, weak and faint from the loss of blood, and the excruciating pain of my wound, exhausted, I sat down against a stone wall. I suppose I must have fainted, as I knew no more, until I found myself in a comfortable room with a motherly old lady standing over me, bathing my temples. And here have I been ever since, tenderly nursed, and well cared for by this noble and generous hearted family ; the particulars of which, I will postpone until we meet. Suffice it to say, that they are firm to the republican cause, although in their humanity, they have buried all feeling of party animosity ! I can never forget their kindness, and I am sure you never will.

And now, my dear Amelia, although I hope to return very soon, it will not be alone. I shall bring you a daughter ! Nay, start not, dearest. She is the most beautiful and interesting creature you ever beheld ! I think I hear you say,—“ Where did you get her, James ? ” “ Who, and what is she ? ” and in order to satisfy all your curiosity, I suppose I must go back to the beginning.

Well, in the first place, Oak Hall, as they term the old mansion, is situated in a very woody district; just on the borders of civilization. When I first got able to ride out, I amused myself frequently in exploring its wild haunts; and as I grew stronger I would sometimes, with my rifle on my shoulder, and a noble Newfoundland by my side, penetrate its depths for a mile or two.

One day, having ridden farther than usual, the strange manner of the dog induced me to turn and follow him. After retracing our steps some half mile, he struck through a side path, leading to a brook. I followed with difficulty, by lying down on my horse's neck. On reaching the spot, beneath the spreading branches of an oak, a sight struck my view which never can be effaced from the tablets of memory.

Lying upon the ground, apparently in the last agonies of death, was the form of a young Indian female. The long black hair was thrown back from a countenance of the most lofty beauty, while her dark full eyes were fixed in mournful sadness upon the face of a little girl, (who, though wearing the Indian dress, was evidently of European origin,) who knelt at her side, endeavoring to force some berries between her clenched teeth. As the child's eyes fell upon me, she uttered a cry of joy, and flinging herself at my feet, she clasped my knees crying: "Oh! wont the white chief save Heelehdee! Heelehdee can't eat! Heelehdee will die, and leave her Dove all alone! Oh! wont the white chief save Heelehdee! She is very sick!"

Unclasping her little arms, and raising her from her kneeling posture, while the tears blinded my eyes and choked my utterance, I seated myself beside the Indian, and taking from my pocket some cordial, I forced a little into her mouth, which seeming to revive her, I gave her more. In a short time, fixing her beautiful eyes upon me, and raising her emaciated hand, she pointed to the child and endeavored to speak. The little girl flung her arms around the Indian's neck, and kissing her fondly, said: "The good white chief will save Heelehdee! She wont die and leave her Dove all alone! The Great Spirit wont take Heelehdee from her Dove!"

Seeing that the Indian girl was sinking fast from ex-

haustion, and that there was no time to lose, I arranged the position of the sufferer as comfortably as I could, and telling the child I would return very soon with something to make Heelehdee live, I hastened on to Mrs. Graham's.

On my return, I found the child seated beside the Indian, holding her head upon her lap, and gazing fixedly upon her marble features. As I approached she raised her head, and in a voice of utter loneliness, while not a tear dimmed her eye, she said :

"The white chief was too slow—Heelehdee will never more speak to her Dove—she has gone to the Great Spirit." Then, as if talking to herself, she continued in the same mournful accents. "Heelehdee has died for the Lone Dove ! See how the briers have torn Heelehdee's feet : (pointing to the deep gashes in the Indian's feet,) Heelehdee would not let the Lone Dove walk through the briers ; Heelehdee carried the Lone Dove in her arms ; Heelehdee wrapped her blanket round the Lone Dove at night that she might not be sick. But Heelehdee was sick and she kept it hid from her Dove ; Heelehdee has died for her Dove ! Tawahquenah and his braves have fallen for the Lone Dove ! They have all gone to the hunting grounds of the Great Spirit !"

I endeavored to raise the head of the corpse from the child's lap ; but as if fearful of separation, she clasped her arms tightly round its neck, and pressing her cheek to its marble brow, she cried : "No, no, you must not take Heelehdee from her Dove ! The Lone Dove will lie down and die !"

After much persuasion, and telling the child she should take Heelehdee with her, she at last consented that we should place the body on a litter, which by Mrs. Graham's directions had been brought for the purpose, and was borne upon the shoulders of two stout men. Closely behind the litter, her little blanket drawn tightly around her slight figure, her beautiful hair falling over her pale features, her eyes bent on the ground, the child followed, refusing the assistance of all, every now and then murmuring to herself, "Heelehdee's gone ! The Lone Dove must die !"

After arriving at Mrs. Graham's we found it impossible to separate her from the corpse, and she refused all nourishment. It was heart-rending to look upon her grief. Her

arms folded upon her breast, her feet crossed under her after the fashion of the Indians, her large eyes fixed tearlessly upon the beautiful features of the dead. Not a motion; scarcely the appearance of life, save now and then, "Heelehdee's gone!"

Thus she continued her mournful vigils all the night; but as morning approached her little head drooped and her eyes closed in sleep. Taking her in my arms (for my feelings had become so powerfully interested I had seemed bound to the spot) I carried her into another room and lay her upon a couch. Meanwhile we made all necessary arrangements for the interment of the body.

That Indian maiden had evidently been a being of superior order. I don't think I ever saw, not even in painting, such noble and beautiful features! A heavenly smile seemed to play about her countenance even in death. Mrs. Graham had had a grave dug beneath the branches of a wide spreading oak not far from the family burying ground.

Towards noon the child awoke; raising herself upon her elbow and gazing round the room with a bewildered stare, she pronounced the name of Heelehdee! then, as the truth flashed upon her mind, she said: "No, Heelehdee is with the Great Spirit, and the Lone Dove is all alone!" Mrs. Graham presented her a glass of milk; at first she refused it, saying, "The Dove can't swallow, her heart is too sore." Then, as if recollecting herself, she continued, "The Lone Dove will try to eat. The spirit of Heelehdee will be sad if her Dove don't eat!" Forcing herself to swallow a few mouthfuls, she begged to be taken to the body of Heelehdee. All day she sat by the corpse in the same mournful silence; until towards night, telling her that the body of Heelehdee must be put under the ground, I tried to persuade her to leave it. Fixing her large full eyes upon me, she said: "The white chief need not fear the Lone Dove. She will not weep at the grave of Heelehdee! The Great Spirit has taken away all her tears! The Lone Dove's heart is dry!"

When all was ready, refusing aid and wrapping herself in her blanket, she followed after the corpse in the same slow, silent manner, she had followed it to the house. After the body was lowered into the grave, and the earth thrown

upon it, she said, mournfully shaking her head: "Heelehdee was the daughter of a great chief. Her bones lie among strangers! Heelehdee has none to mourn for her but the Lone Dove!" Then turning to me, she said: "Will the white chief let the Lone Dove take the bones of Heelehdee to bury them among her own people, when she has found her white father?"

I assented, and she returned to the house in the same solemn manner. The child has excited the liveliest sympathies in the hearts of all; and everything is done to soothe and lessen her grief: but to little purpose. She will sit for hours beside the grave of Heelehdee, her hands clasped upon her breast, her eyes bent upon the ground in that same deep, tearless sorrow.

The account which this lone one gives of herself is deeply interesting and affecting. I will not attempt to write it. I prefer you should hear it in her own simple language.

Heelehdee must have been a superior being! The child's mind seems imbued with deep religious feelings, as taught her by this child of nature. So simple, so touching, so sublime, that she inspires me at times with feelings almost of awe! Sometimes she will sit with her little hands clasped, and her eyes raised above, when the deep dejection of her countenance will soften in its expression. One day, when she had been sitting in that position for some minutes, I asked her what she was thinking of? She replied, "The Great Spirit is talking with the Lone Dove!"

I asked her where the Great Spirit lives?

She replied: "Heelehdee said the Great Spirit lives all above the Lone Dove! And the Lone Dove," she added, "feels him there. He whispers to her heart!"

Seeing her another day in the same position, I asked her what the Great Spirit was saying to the Lone Dove?

"The Lone Dove is asking the Great Spirit to watch the path of the great white chief and the white father of the Lone Dove, and make them great warriors."

I thought to myself, if all the American generals had such prayers offered from such hearts in their behalf, I should be sorry to battle against them in a righteous cause.

To sum up the latter part of this child's history in a few words: It seems that her ~~white~~ father, as she calls him, left

her in the care of Heelehdee and her father, a chief every way worthy of such a daughter. Some person or persons wished to gain possession of the child as a snare for her father. The chief discovered the cheat, and ere he would break his faith with the father, risked an unequal contest, in which he was slain. His noble daughter at his request, had hid with the child during the battle, and remained in this concealment several days. When finding that her father had fallen, the noble creature travelled through a trackless wilderness, a distance of over two hundred miles, to place the child in safety with her own people.

The cause of her death is very evident; her devotion to the child was such, that all the food she could collect, a few berries gathered in their path, was saved for her. Fearful of her enemies, she dared not kindle a fire, and even stripped herself of her blanket to cover the child; and fearful of the savage beasts, she dared not close her eyes, lest harm might happen to her charge.

I never pass the resting place of this noble, devoted being, but a feeling of religious awe creeps over me! And, as her Lone Dove says: "Her spirit seems hovering near!"

The child seems very anxious to find her "white father!" He, too, is "very lone," she says. I will endeavour to do my best, on my return to New York; but should I not succeed, Amelia, we must cherish this orphan as our own. My heart is deeply interested in her! I fear I shall be obliged to bring her in her Indian dress; as the idea of changing it seems to break her heart. "Because," she says, "Heelehdee's hands made it, and put it on her Dove, to keep her warm!" At night she will have nothing round her but the blanket of Heelehdee. And she refuses every offer so gently, yet in a tone of such utter loneliness, that no one can find it in their heart to oppose her.

And now, dearest, I fear you have come to the conclusion that your husband's heart is so entirely engrossed by the Lone Dove, that he has almost forgotten his Lone Wife! But I was anxious to give you some idea of the being, who is, I feel confident, to occupy no small share in both our hearts. And now, dearest, till we meet, adieu.

Yours devotedly,

JAMES —.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. AND MRS. JONES.—A VISIT FROM MRS. HIGGINS.

"THOMAS, do you really think you will join the volunteers, who are going to meet General Washington at New York?" said Mrs. Jones, laying her hand affectionately on her husband's arm, as he sat gazing thoughtfully into the fire.

"Yes, Jane, I feel it my duty. My only regret is to leave you and our little boy unprotected. I must confess, it unnerves me, when I think of this. But my country calls. And to deserve your love, as well as the approbation of my conscience, that call must not be disregarded. I am not as sanguine as some. I think the Provincials will have a hard time of it to protect New York from the British. There are so many Tories there. Besides, the English forces are so superior. All well disciplined men! And this is why I feel it more my duty to go."

Mrs. Jones paused. The moment was a trying one. At length, looking up, the firm resolve pictured on her countenance, though her lip quivered as she met the anxious gaze of her husband, she said: "My affections, Thomas, you cannot doubt; but I too feel that it is your duty to go, though it is painful for me to acknowledge it, when I think of the privations and sufferings to which you may be subjected."

"God bless you! my wife," cried he, clasping her to his heart. "This is what I have been wanting to hear from your lips. I can now leave with a lighter heart. But tell me, how will you manage?"

"Why, I shall try to take care of your business in the store. To have my mind employed will be much better for me. And then our little Tommy will fill up all my leisure moments. But who else is going from the village?"

"There are several—Lincoln, Howard, Jenks, Morse, and Higgins from the Point."

"I expect Higgins has a very superior woman for a wife;

She is always so mild and affable; and she seems to have a very strong mind! That Transport affair turned out badly for poor Bryce. I saw Mrs. Higgins soon after they took him away; she seemed to feel so much for him!"

"I'm glad you like her Jane; I never took a very great fancy to her myself. I don't like the expression of her eyes; and then she is entirely too nice; too bland. It's not in human nature to be always so amiable and sweet. Indeed, Jane," (said he, in answer to her look of astonishment,) "I'm wicked enough to doubt such characters. But I as heartily admire the honest sincerity of the husband, as I despise the studied amiability of the wife."

"Oh! Thomas, you are unjust. But, look. You remember the old saying, 'His majesty is always near, when we're talking about him!' There is Mrs. Higgins coming in the gate. Surely, something is going to happen!"

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Jones," said the visitor, as she entered, with one of her blindest smiles.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Higgins. Take a seat. You're quite a stranger."

"Yes, I don't go out much. Tommy, dear, come to me!" said Mrs. Higgins, turning to the little boy. The child shrank back. "What a fine little fellow he is, Mrs. Jones. I almost envy you such a treasure. I'm so fond of children!"

"Where's the little orphan that Mr. Bryce adopted? They say she's a beautiful child:" said Mr. Jones.

"Yes," said Mrs. Higgins, shaking her head, "she was a darling! Though she used to run out and get tanned a good deal in the summer. But then, I think it's so much better to let children run in the open air; they're so much stronger and healthier when they grow up. And you know we can enjoy nothing without health. I often think, Mrs. Jones, that we ain't half thankful enough for the blessing of health!"

"We're not half thankful enough for any of our blessings!" rejoined Mrs. Jones. "But where did you say the child is, Mrs. Higgins?"

"Why, Mr. Bryce gave her to the Indians."

"That's very strange, Mrs. Higgins."

"But, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Bryce you know, was a very strange man! I wanted him to give the child to me, kos,

I knew I could make something likely of it, you know, if I'd had it ever since it was a baby; and if it had been my own I could'nt 'ov been fonder of it! And then the little creter was always after me. Higgins said, he knew I'd spile her!"

"You must have missed her very much! Mrs. Higgins."

"Very much," answered she, in a doleful voice. "I never can look at any of her little things, without the tears coming to my eyes; though it's going on a year, since they took her away!"

"Excuse me, Mrs. Higgins, perhaps I aggravate your feelings, by bringing to your mind the child you loved so well!"

Here Mrs. Higgins wiped her eyes, but continued in a very sanctimonious whine: "Mrs. Jones, though it makes me feel very bad to speak of the dear creter, I took her, koz she was a poor little orphan, and I have the satisfaction to know I have done my duty. But (lowering her voice) there's one thing, Mrs. Jones, I'll tell you, though I wouldn't have it go no farther—Bryce himself wasn't very good to the child! and I don't know what the poor little thing would ov done, if it hadn't been for me. I tell you this, Mrs. Jones, koz I know you're a woman of sense. But it's the Lord's truth, what I say. He treated her very bad! And I think he'd got tired of her, and gave her to the Indians to get rid of her!"

"Oh! the cruel wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones.

Here Mr. Jones, who, upon the arrival of Mrs. Higgins, had left the room, entered.

"Good day! Mrs. Higgins."

"Good day! sir. So then, Mr. Jones, you're really going to jine the army?"

"Yes, Mrs. Higgins, if Jane will let me!" he said, looking playfully at his wife.

Higgins is going to jine, too, and he feels bad enough about going from his home, poor man. The Lord knows I love my husband, but I do all I can to encourage him to go. I think every woman ought to encourage her husband to do his duty. I don't believe Higgins would go a step, if it wasn't for me."

"Why, he's merry enough when he's in the village, and seems anxious enough to go!" replied Jones.

"La! poor man, that's the way he always takes to hide his feelings. Like most men, he's afraid people'll think he's foolish, if he lets 'em see how he hates to leave his wife. But it's the Lord's truth! He feels bad enough. He hardly knows what he's about."

"I think the women are more honor to this country than the men!" said Jones, smiling. "Here is Jane, just been telling me, that she thinks it my duty to protect my country, and she will attend to my business while I'm gone! And you, Mrs. Higgins, another affectionate wife, encouraging *your* husband, whom we'd all thought one of the greatest patriots in the village!"

"Mr. Jones, I wouldn't have you think my husband isn't a great patriot! But you know it's very natural he should feel bad about leaving his wife, who has always looked so after his interests. And I'm glad you've as good a wife, to see to your business; and I don't doubt she'll make jest as much money tending the store, as you would. But how much pay will you get in the army?"

"Why, I've not thought of that!" said Jones.

"Not thought of it! Mr. Jones. Don't you think you ought to? You must think of the family you leave behind you, as I tell Higgins."

"It's not necessary for Higgins and myself to think of our families," said Jones, smiling, "our wives will do it for us!"

"Well, I jest thought I'd speak about it, not so much on our own account, as for the example on poor foolish men, that 'ill go away, and leave their families with nothing to live on!"

"The pay should be but a secondary consideration, when we think that we are defending our homes from such wretches as came ashore here last Fall, and not satisfied with getting all our cattle, out of pure devilishness, they must set fire to the woods, and endanger so many lives!"

"It was awful!" responded Mrs. Higgins.

"I wondered how they could have found the cattle!" said Mrs. Jones.

"It seemed very strange," replied her husband. "We thought we had got such an out-of-the-way-place! But I suppose, as long as they get the chance, they'll ferret out any place!"

"Nobody wasn't suspected of telling, I suppose," said Mrs. Higgins, with a studied indifference of manner.

"Telling!" exclaimed Jones, almost fiercely. "We have no Tories here; and the Provincial that would be bad enough for such an act, the old devil himself would run from, and hide his tail for shame, to be so far out-done in wickedness!"

"That was what made me think it was my duty to advise Higgins to jine the army. One never knows when they're safe. You know they came on shore, and carried off all my hens and chickens, and carried off my old cow."

"You're not going to remain on that Point, all alone, when Mr. Higgins is gone, will you?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Why, as to that, I don't know yet; I don't mind being alone. But I may come and live in the village."

"What's your hurry?" asked Mrs. Jones, as her visitor rose to go.

"Oh! I ain't in a hurry at all. Higgins brought me round in the boat. I wanted to get a few things for him before he goes away; and men are so unfaculized about buying what is best for 'em. And then, knowing that Jones was going away, and Mrs. Jones being a young woman, I thought as how a little advice from an old experienced person like myself wouldn't come amiss. But I see it isn't needed. Mrs. Jones is a woman of sense; and though she's young, she has as much thought as if she was old!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Higgins; you are very kind," said Mrs. Jones.

"Why, here's little Tommy again!" said the visitor, patting the child on the head. "How much he looks like his father, Mrs. Jones."

"Do you think so?" asked Mrs. Jones, in surprise. "His father is dark complexion, with large prominent features. The child has small features, and very fair! I wish I could think that he resembles his father; but you are the only one that ever said so, Mrs. Higgins."

"You may rely on it, Mrs. Jones. He's the very picter of his father; and a bright boy, too. I was always said to have a remarkable eye for seeing likenesses. But I must be going, or I shall keep Mrs. Higgins waiting, and I don't

like to do that! I hope you'll be neighborly, and come and see me, Mrs. Jones."

"Thank you, Mrs. Higgins, I'm afraid I shall hardly find time, as my husband goes away so soon!"

"He goes very soon!" said Mrs. Higgins, between an inquiry and a remark.

"By day after to-morrow!"

"Good evening!"

"Good evening! You must call again, Mrs. Higgins."

CHAPTER XVII.

A CHANGE OF SCENE.

"WELL, and haven't I found you out, Higgins! You thought to deceive me, did you? Going to jine the army day after to-morrow! And get no pay for it, neither!" screamed Mrs. Higgins, as she approached the boat, where patiently waited her fortunate partner. Her face blooming with rage—stubbing up the pebble stones, as it oozed from the ends of her toes.

"You thought to hide it from me! you ungrateful man, you!"

At this juncture, a neighbor approached, saying: "I'd like to go to the Point, Higgins. There's a fishing smack, laying off there, I'd like to get aboard on. Can you give me room?"

Higgins gladly assented.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SCENES AT VALLEY FORGE.

SLOWLY gathered the stormy clouds above the bleak desolate hills at Valley Forge. Dismally moaned the squally winds among the naked branches of the tall trees. Chillingly and gloomily approached the dark shades of night. Ice-bound was every stream and brook. Deep frozen snow covered the barren earth. When, descending from an eminence, were seen different groups of human figures, yoked together like beasts of burden, drawing rude vehicles, laden with logs and brush. Some, the crownless hats covering their matted locks which straggled over their haggard features; pieces of blanket fastened over their shoulders to protect them from the piercing blasts; and shoes, from whose sides peered the naked feet! Others, whose ragged coats and well patched small clothes seemed their only garments; without stockings, having pieces of leather fastened on their feet, in the shape of rude moccasins. Others, with head uncovered, breast and shoulders upon which was many a scar, bared to the biting blasts of the freezing storm winds, without shoes or stockings, the blood from their lacerated feet marking their track. On still they toiled, unmurmuringly—nay, almost cheerfully!

A little in the rear were two figures, staggering under the bundle of poles which each bore on his back. One was the Lone Man. His noble form was covered with the tattered remnant of his once comfortable, though coarse clothing. But still the same proud, sad expression beamed from his dark eye.

His companion was considerably shorter; and as he rested his load upon the snow, and raised his head, shaking back the uncombed locks from his face, displayed the good-humored countenance of Higgins, now distorted with pain.

"There, take that, Higgins," said the Lone Man, tearing from beneath his rugged coat the remnant of a shirt, as his eye fell on the raw flesh, upon the naked shoulders of his

companion, from which the skin had been rubbed by his rough and heavy load.

Higgins drew it across his shoulders, when both resumed their burdens and strove onward. At length, seeing his companion to reel beneath his load, the Lone Man said :— "Cheer up, Higgins! we will soon be there. We are going to have a stormy night; and if the poor fellows have no fire, they must perish."

"Oh! I'd rather lug wood all night," said Higgins, "than hear them poor fellows groan, and see 'em die, right before one's face and eyes, for the want of a little fire. It's very different, seeing people fall in battle, when the enemy is right before you, ready to shoot you down, or run you through. I can see people die then, as well as anybody. But to see 'em die by piecemeal, of cold and hunger; and that when they aint with the enemy, either, is more than I can stand! I'd rather lug wood all night; though I hardly think I could stand another load;" murmured he to himself, as he again staggered under its weight. Thus he staggered on, until ascending the rising ground upon which was built part of the village of Log-huts, exhausted from fasting and suffering, he sank lifeless under his load. Seeing which, the commander-in-chief, who had stood conversing with their comrades in advance, hastily approached, and assisted the Lone Man to remove his burden from him. When, seeing the blood streaming from his mangled shoulders, he turned in agony to his Aide, exclaiming :—"Colonel! must this be? Must our brave fellows suffer and die thus? Oh! could the people but see one picture like this, which daily wrings my heart!"

The Lone Man, with the assistance of one of his comrades, had now raised the inanimate form of Higgins, and conveyed it towards one of the cabins, followed by the General and his Aide.

In the corner of the large fire-place, shivering over the smouldering embers, crouched the half-naked figure of Jones. He raised his sunken eyes, as the General entered, and attempted to rise, but his benumbed limbs refused their office. He staggered, and fell at the feet of a bald-headed old man, bowed with age, who knelt beside the form of a dying youth. The fall roused the old man. Looking up

bewilderingly at the group who stood within the door, and throwing his arms wildly around the youth, he cried; "Oh! do not take away my boy! He is all I have. I gave him my blessing; and sent him to fight for his country, because I was too old. Had he fallen on the field of battle, I could have borne it, without a murmur. But, oh, my God, to see him die so young, of want and suffering!" He bowed his head upon his knees, and groaned aloud.

The General brushed the tears from his eyes as he turned to the old man, saying, in that kind, soothing manner, peculiarly his own: "We feel your loss, and deeply sympathize with you. He was, indeed, a noble youth. But he has died equally for his country, as if he had fallen on the field of battle. It requires far more courage in her sons to be faithful thus, in her darkest hour of adversity, than to die for her at the cannon's mouth."

"True, true," said the old man, mournfully; then, as if speaking to himself, continued:—"They were but babes when their father died. How often have their bright smiles gladdened the heart of their poor old grandfather! I have dragged my weary limbs many a long mile, through cold and storm, to look once more upon his face, and find him dying of cold and want." (He rocked himself to and fro in the agony of his grief.) "I gave my country my boy—my all! She has thrown him away. And his poor old grandfather will follow him soon:—but what will become of poor Lizzy!"

To all the kind words of consolation from the General, he mournfully shook his head, murmuring:—"He was all to his poor old grandfather."

"This poor fellow had better be taken to the hospital," said the Aid, pointing to Higgins.

"Your Excellency will please let me stay here;" answered the latter, who, now partially recovered, raised himself upon his elbow, and looked beseechingly at the General. "I should die to be with them poor sick fellows. You see, my bundle was a little too heavy for me. It looked like a real north-wester, Cooper," (looking toward the Lone Man, who, having built a fire, was endeavoring by friction to restore circulation to the benumbed limbs of poor

Jones,) "and I thought we would try to lay in wood enough to keep the sick ones warm through it."

The General smiled as he said:—"I'm glad to see you better, my friend." And, with a few more words of consolation to the bereaved old man, he left in company with his Aid.

They had walked some time in silence, when General Washington, turning to his companion, said:—"Colonel Hamilton, the resting-place of how many a hero, will this spot prove! How many a noble heart will slumber here, unhonored and forgotten. How many a strong arm and powerful intellect will here be sacrificed, while our bleeding country must for ever rest unconscious of her loss!"

"That Cooper," said Hamilton, "is no common character."

"No;" answered the General, "he is evidently different from what he seems; for, though among the bravest in the field, he steadily refuses promotion. Nothing seems too daring; nothing too hazardous for him to undertake. At the battle of Long Island, he, with a few brave comrades, was seen to cut a passage through the enemy's ranks. And on many other occasions he has distinguished himself in like manner.

"He is, likewise, a man possessing no ordinary share of knowledge. Military knowledge, too. But it is seldom he will converse with any one; and were it not for his humanity, I should believe him a misanthrope."

Night approached. The fierce storm-wind swept along the vale, howled fitfully around the corners of the rude dwellings, rattled the loose casements, and thundered in the broad chimneys; quivering the heart with its dismal notes, as they seemed to vibrate in the inmost recesses of the soul.

Thus raged the storm without, while the Lone Man sat holding the head and soothing the agonies of the dying youth. He gazed upon the bowed form of the heart-broken grandfather, and then upon the unconscious object of his love and pride, cut down thus in the early spring of life! Darker and deeper grew the shade of sadness on his brow.

A roaring fire burned brightly on the hearth. Another

form had been added to the group. 'Twas Morse ; and now his hands were busy making bread, which he baked on bits of board, before the fire. The other two had drawn their stiffened limbs near to the fire, and watched with eager eyes the process of the bread.

"How the wind blows !" said Higgins, as a sudden gust blew out the flames. "When it's so cold and stormy, I can't help thinking of them poor prisoners, huddled up together in them prisons and prison-ships ; like so many sheep, without fire, half the time nothing to eat, and scarcely a breath of air !"

"Yes," answered Morse, raising his bony form to its full height, "That's a specimen of English tyranny. That's the way, if they should conquer, we might all expect to fare. I'll fight for liberty as long as there's anything left of me !" Here his eye happening to fall on the youth, he continued in a lower tone, "Then, if my children are slaves, I won't live to see it !"

Still onward rushed the Storm-spirit, and as he whistled through the crevices of another cabin, there sat huddled together a shivering half naked group. Some in the early bloom of youth, others in the prime of manhood ; while others still, whose heads were silvered with the frosts of age. Upon the broad hearth, were a few roasted potatoes ; which, upon being divided, were eagerly seized and eaten, the group drawing nearer to the fire.

"How awfully it storms !" said one, as the snow and hail beat against the sides of the cabin. "We musn't lie down this night, if we want ever to rise again ! It's sure death to the one that sleeps to-night."

"How can one keep awake, when the cold is numbing their limbs so ?" asked another.

"Oh ! get up and walk about !"

"One could do that, if they had any covering for their feet and back ! or, if the feet were not so sore !"

"Here," said a third, "I'll plan it for you. We'll take turns in walking about. Let them that have shoes lend to them that haven't none, till it comes their turns, while the rest set round the fire. We'll try to dance a little too, and when we get tired of that, we'll tell long yarns. No matter how horrible. Let them be ghost stories ; they'll stir

up the blood. If we can weather it this night, I think we can live through 'most anything."

"I'm determined to live," cried a white headed old man, "to drive the British from Philadelphia. So here's for *Yankee Doodle*. Come youngsters, jump up, while I whistle. Improve the time. I'm not very long winded to-night. When our country is free, we'll forget all these hardships."

"We'll only tell 'em, then, to our sweethearts and wives," said one. "They'll love us the better for it; women always like brave men."

"Or we'll tell 'em to our grand-children, when we get old," said another.

"If we could only be sure of getting our liberty," said a third.

The door opened, and muffled in a stout great-coat, entered the noble figure of the Commander-in-Chief. All rose, and a gleam of joy illuminated their haggard features.

"I stopped, my brave fellows, to see how you think you will be able to get through this cold night?"

"Thank your Excellency; I think we'll make out to weather it pretty well," said the white-haired speaker. "We are trying to make ourselves a little merry, to help us on."

"That's right, my brave fellows," said the General, with a sad smile, as his eye rested upon the half-naked figures. "No sick among you?"

"No, thank God!" was the reply. A few words of encouragement, and he turned to depart.

"God bless our noble Washington," cried several voices, as the door closed after him.

"It takes away half the suffering," said one, "to have him feel so for us. He couldn't have helped us any, if our condition had been much worse than it is, though, God knows, it's bad enough. If he could have made us more comfortable, he would have done it long ago."

"He came in just to look upon us and encourage us," said another. "My old grandmother used to say that few knew the strength of a few kind words and a little encouragement; and her saying is verified here, for I don't know who could have kept an army together under such trying circumstances but himself."

"Now, Jenks," said one of the party, "tell us that story about the *ghost* that lived on board with you so long, and used to roll fire-balls across the deck for the sailors' amusement, and at last, in a storm, disappeared over the stern, dragging the poor captain along with him."

And thus wore on the night. Now and then would some head fall heavily upon the breast, but he was immediately roused by his companions.

On flew the Spirit-storm, through the valley and along the highway, pelting the weary traveller with its missiles of wrath. A little muffled figure, bearing a large bundle, approached the valley, turning from side to side to break the rude blast. Still the winds blew, and the snow and hail beat furiously against him. But on he bravely struggled, passed the sentinel, and soon stopped at the door of a low cabin. Raising the latch, he entered. All was cold and dark.

"Father, oh, father! where are you?" cried the child. But no reply.

Groping about the room in the dark, he felt near the fire-place a human form. "Oh! father, wake!" cried he. "Oh! see what the kind Mrs. Grant has sent you to keep you warm and make you well!" Still no reply. And as he hastily built a fire, the light discovered a boy of some twelve years muffled in a large horse-blanket, a fur tippet bound round his neck and ears, over which was drawn a close cap.

Upon the cold earth floor lay a man probably past the meridian of life. His long hair fell in matted locks over his broad brow and manly features, now distorted with disease.

"Oh! father dear, do wake!" cried the child in tones of agony, as he knelt and shook the lifeless form. "See, father, what good Mrs. Grant has sent you," taking from his shoulders the heavy blanket; "and some wine, and something to eat, too," said he, hastily untying the bundle. "She says she will send and have you taken to her house to-morrow. Oh! dear father, do wake! You will get well, and go home with me to dear mother! Oh! father, wont you wake?" laying his cheek upon the cold face. Then, as

if the horrid truth flashed upon his mind, with the cry of despair he flung himself upon the breast of his father.

Muffled in the heavy great coat, now entered the form of Washington.

Raising the child in his arms, he asked in tones of sympathy, "What is the matter, my boy?"

"Father's dead! father's dead!" sobbed the child, pointing to the lifeless form. "He took the hospital-fever while tending the man that died here the other day. And this morning, when he was so sick, and had nothing to eat, and nothing to cover him, I thought I would go to good Mrs. Grant, who made me stay there all night, when mother sent me to bring father some things. It was so slippery and stormed so I couldn't get back sooner. See what the lady has sent; and she said she would send to-morrow to bring him to her own house. But it's no use now—he's dead! And he died all alone, and in the dark!" and he again burst into tears.

"He is not quite dead," said the General, who had knelt to examine the body. "There is still a slight pulsation in the heart."

Wrapping the body in the blanket, he forced some wine between his lips, and commenced rubbing the stiffened limbs; while the poor boy, encouraged to find that his father yet lived, soon had built a comfortable fire.

The untiring exertions of the General restored the suspended circulation; and finding that the poor man was sufficiently recovered to swallow a little of the cordial, he left the cabin, telling the child he would, in a few minutes, send a person to remain with his father.

Still, on raged the Spirit-storm, and entered another cabin. All was still and dark, save a faint glimmer from the dying embers.

Crouched together were several forms, now cold and motionless. Long had they striven to drive sleep from their weary eye-lids. Long did they struggle with the death-sleep, as they felt it must prove. Long did they struggle when they thought of their helpless little ones, their grey-haired sires, their suffering country. But the chilling cold

crept stealthily on, until, one by one, they sank into that dreamless slumber from which they should wake no more.

On, then, it sped, whistling and moaning around the corners and through the crevices of a cabin of larger dimensions. Several forms might there be seen, all in the bloom of early manhood. Upon a heap of straw lay one of nature's noblest stamp, supported in the arms of a twin brother. His black glossy hair was combed from a brow of lofty mould. His deep blue eye, now glassy from the touch of death, fixed on the friends who gathered round him there, while a smile of lofty resignation shone from his pallid features.

"Raise me a little higher, my brother." Then turning to the sorrowing group, he said: "I am dying for my country, though not on the field of battle. No wreath of fame encircles my brow to cheat death of its pangs, or render the grief less poignant in the hearts of those I love. Neither is my spirit cheered by the glory of my country's freedom. No! I die in early manhood, of want and suffering, when everything is fair, and bright, and beautiful; when hopes are high, and not a cloud has shadowed the brilliant future. I die in obscurity. Not even a stone will mark my resting-place, and my name will soon be forgotten, save by the few devoted hearts. But still, I die for my country! My last breath, my last prayer, ascends for her! For her I die without a murmur.

"But, oh! my companions, my boyhood's playmates, listen to the last feeble words of one whose happiest hours have been spent with you, and whose voice will soon be hushed forever! Oh! forsake not your bleeding country now! 'Tis now she needs your strength, when the hope of freedom has scarce begun to dawn!"

Overcome by weakness, his head sank on the breast of his heart-stricken brother. For a few moments it seemed that the soul had winged its flight. But at length raising his eyes to the face of that brother, with an expression of intensest affection, he said; "Alfred, a few words and we must part, but not forever. Tell our mother that her boy has died for his country. I felt my health failing, but I

could not come to her, though my heart yearned once more to pillow my aching head upon her breast. I could not desert my country's banner while life remained. Take her a piece of my hair; 'tis all I have. And, oh! my brother, my twin brother, forget not our mother! Forget not our country!"

His head fell back upon the breast of that only brother; a smile passed over his pure and noble countenance. The soul had fled.

Still sat the brother, holding in his arms the lifeless form; his eyes fixed upon the marble features of one so loved. Not a tear dimmed his eye.

On rushed the Spirit-storm through that city of death; through the hospital of the sick and dying! There he witnessed sufferings and death robbed of their fangs by the noble love of country. There, too, he witnessed every tender cord that binds heart to heart rudely torn asunder.

Stranger, if you wish to hear of the few who battled at the heads of armies in that great struggle for liberty, turn to the pages of history; although upon the brows of *some* of even that devoted band the love of *personal glory* shone but too brightly.

But, would you hear of self-sacrifice, of devotion, of fortitude, of courage: would you hear of the death-scene of the Christian, the hero, the patriot; ask it of the spirit winds that rushed through the cabins of the suffering soldiers at Valley Forge! It alone can tell.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FORAGING PARTIES.—THE LONE MAN AGAIN ENCOUNTERS
DUNMORE.

WHEN morn broke upon the cabin of the Lone Man, there lay the corpse of the youth. The old man still bowed beside him. Not a moan, not a sigh escaped him. 'Twas the grief of a broken heart. Another day and another night

followed with all their want and suffering. The third day, and the old man was laid beside his boy.

The fourth day was milder. The Commander-in-Chief, driven to the last resource, ordered a general forage. 'Twas toward the close of the second day after their departure that, not far from the sea-coast in New Jersey, stood a beautiful girl of perhaps seventeen summers looking out the window of an old-fashioned gable-roofed house. Long and wistfully she gazed up the road.

"Come, Lizzie," said an old lady of a kind, benevolent countenance, who had just entered the room; "come, Lizzie, and eat some supper. Your grandfather will not be here to-night. Come, that's a good girl! Sit down and eat something—you will starve. You have scarcely tasted a mouthful since he went away." She allowed herself to be led to the table.

"Come, cheer up!" said the old lady; "my good man promised himself so much pleasure from your sunny face, when Mr. Ingols said he should leave you with us while he was gone to see Henry; and I don't know as I've hardly seen you smile once since he went away. Cheer up! There, eat a little of the cold chicken; it will do you good! Here comes the good man! Now try and be a little cheerful!"

"Aunt, I would smile if I could," replied she, "but I have felt so badly ever since grand-pa left. He is so old, and the weather has been so cold ever since he went away; I am afraid something has happened to him."

"He's entirely too old to have attempted to go so far, this time o'year!" responded the old lady. "I tried to persuade him from it, but to no purpose."

"He seemed to think if he did not go then, he never should see brother again!"

"I saw the old gentleman was very set upon the point: but you know, my dear, we old folks get a little notional sometimes; and it's always best to let us have our way! So don't worry, dear! I make no doubt you'll see him by the last of this week. His constitution is excellent, for one of his age: and then, he's used to taking exercise."

The good man now entered; a white-haired, staunch looking farmer.

"Well, my bird!" said he, "not a smile yet! I shall

soon begin to think that some one beside grand-pa, has something to do with that long face!"

"Oh! uncle, I wish they had!" said she, with a heavy sigh.

"Well, I don't then!" said the old gentleman, with a smile. "Because you wouldn't get over it as easily! You are a good girl, though, to think so much of your grand-pa. Some young people are too ready to forget the old, especially their grand-parents!"

"Oh! uncle, how could I forget! I have never known any other parent. And then, you know, how kind and indulgent he has always been to brother Henry and myself! And oh! could I only see him at home, once more, and know that Henry is well, I would be the happiest creature in existence! I believe I should be sick for very joy!"

"Well, you see that I have brought the paper home. Now, you sit down and read the news to me, without letting your mind wander once, and I will tell you something pleasant!"

"Oh! uncle, do tell me before! Have you heard from grand-pa?" a ray of hope lighting up her delicate features. "Oh! do uncle, tell me. Don't make me wait. Have you heard from him?"

"Well, I suppose I shall be obliged to tell you: for if I keep you waiting much longer, you will imagine that I actually have him here, hid under the table! I hear that the army at Valley Forge, are on pretty short allowance for 'most everything. So I thought if I could borrow neighbor Doane's horse and wagon, I would go up there, and take what few things we can spare. Take the boy a blanket, some stockings, and a few more comforts. If he don't want them, some one else will. And then, you see, I can bring grand-pa home with me!"

"Oh! you are a dear good uncle!" said Lizzie, throwing her arms playfully around his neck.

"Just as if you didn't know that before!" said he, pushing her away in affected anger.

"Where is the paper, uncle? I'll read it through; I'll not skip a word; not even one of those hard Dutch names, that give me the tooth-ache to pronounce them!"

"Eat something, first;" said her aunt. "You have not

even tasted that nice bit of chicken, I put by on purpose for you! There now, you eat like yourself! But it makes me angry," she continued, addressing her husband, "when I think of your having to borrow a horse and wagon, when you'd had your own nice one, if it hadn't been for the British and Tories. I should have thought they might have been satisfied, taking all the produce and live stock, without breaking and destroying what they couldn't carry away!"

"Well, we won't think of that," said her husband, soothingly;—"we must expect to suffer with the rest. I'm glad we escaped with our lives and a house over our heads! It was more than I expected at the time. I am only sorry I couldn't get it when the old gentleman went; but it being the only horse and wagon that the British have spared for miles around, it is lent nearly all the time!"

"I suppose," said his wife, "Neighbor Doane wouldn't have had his, if he hadn't been a Tory?"

"As to that, I don't know. Some of the British have as little regard for the Tories, as they have for the Rebels. Or, those Hessian soldiers, I might say. I would rather see the whole tribe of Mohawk Indians let loose upon a community of unprotected females! The most the savage would do, would be to murder, scalp, and plunder. But to think of the worse than savage barbarity of those soldiers! It makes no difference whether they are friends or foes; sufficient that they are unprotected. I care not for what they have taken from us; but when I think of the outrages they have perpetrated in this very place, against every spark of honor and humanity, it makes the blood turn to fire in my veins! But I will not think of it. Doane is a Christian, if he is a Tory! He seems to try to make amends, as far as in his power, for the inhumanity of his party. I don't think his horse and wagon have been at home a day scarcely, for two months."

"Do you think you shall be able to get it, uncle?" asked Lizzie.

"Oh! yes. I went over and spoke about it this afternoon; and it is pretty certain that I shall have it. But now, my good child, for the newspaper!"

Night had closed in. The old gentleman was seated

comfortably in his arm-chair in the corner. The fire on the hearth threw out a cheerful glow. The old lady sat knitting by the stand. Lizzie continued to read, and seemed evidently bent on fulfilling her promise, not to skip a word.

Thus were they seated in cheerful comfort, when the door suddenly burst open, and a servant with distended eye-balls rushed into the room: "Oh, master! the British are here. They are coming now into the gate!"

"Lizzie," cried the old man, "what can I do with you! Quick, you must hide!"

"Oh! don't send me from you, uncle!" cried she, clinging to his side.

"I cannot protect you against numbers! Quick. This way!"

The terrified girl followed.

Knocking was now heard at the outer door, and deep oaths.

"They are all around the house!" said the old man, stopping. "We cannot escape through the back door. Oh, my God, what shall I do with this child! Just Heaven, protect her!" (The front door now yielded to repeated blows.) "This way, my child!" cried he, descending the cellar. In a moment she was concealed behind some rubbish under the steps, and the old man, hastily retracing his steps, entered the room just as half a dozen men, dressed in the uniform of the British Navy, forced their way through an opposite door.

"You d—d rebel, why in the devil didn't you open the door?" roared the voice of Dunmore, pointing his pistol at the head of Mr. Mathews.

The old lady, with a scream, threw herself before her husband.

"Well, old woman, if you're afraid of losing him, tell me what he was hiding?"

Before she had time to reply, her husband answered: "I have nothing to hide. You British took from me all I owned, not two months ago!"

"Take him and bind him, boys; we'll see if he hasn't something to hide! Stand back, old woman! if you don't want me to put a bullet through his head!" cried he, kicking her, as she knelt to beg he would not hurt her husband.

"Now, old woman, tell me what the d—d rebel was hiding, or I'll blow out his brains!"

"We have nothing," answered she, as she met the stern glance of her husband. "You may go to the granary. You may look for yourself!"

"Go, my brave boys! and if you find nothing, I'll blow this old dotard's brains out for deceiving me; and his wife's, to keep him company!"

They left the room. Their steps were heard above: but soon they descended. The cellar door opened. The old man shuddered.

"Ha! are they approaching your treasure?" said Dunmore, with a malignant smile, who had watched narrowly the old man's countenance.

A scream. "Ha!" said Dunmore, "a woman! You needn't have hidden her. *They* are plenty enough!"

Another, and another scream. The old man struggled to free himself. His wife, forgetful of all else in Lizzie's danger, attempted to flee from the apartment, but Dunmore caught her rudely by the arm. "Stop, old woman! don't be in a hurry. We'll have this woman that's worth hiding, here soon!"

The next moment, two men made their appearance, dragging the unfortunate girl between them. Her fair hair fell in dishevelled masses over her neck and shoulders, from which part of her dress had been torn.

"Here, captain, is all we can find, except some bed-clothes, and a few eatables."

"A dainty miss!" said the Captain, fixing his hateful eyes upon her. "Hid away for some rebel, I suppose. Go, my brave fellows, search the premises, while I play jailor to this pretty bird!"

Approaching the terrified girl, he attempted to lay his hand familiarly on her shoulder. She shrank from his touch, horror depicted on every feature, and clung to her aunt, who seemed completely paralyzed with terror.

"Man, if you have one spark of humanity left—if you are indeed, human," cried Mr. Mathews, struggling to free himself. "I will in my age, humble my knees to you, what I would never do to save my own life. Listen to me. Take my life; take that of my wife; but oh! if you expect

one ray of mercy shown you at the judgment-seat of God! touch not that child!"

"Stop your d—d noise!" shouted the wretch, knocking him senseless to the floor. Once more attempting to approach the maiden, she sprang forward, and throwing herself at his feet, with upraised hands, implored, in accents of agony: "Oh! have you a daughter? think of her, and spare me!"

He hesitated a moment. Then, as his eye rested upon her, in all her youthful loveliness, heightened by her distress, he said:

"Your attitude is extremely becoming, my pretty one! and if I had time, I would keep you there longer." At the same time, raising her rudely in his arms, and attempting to imprint a kiss upon her lips. The next moment, he lay senseless upon the floor. There stood the Lone Man. His eyes seemed one liquid flame of fire!"

"Bind that villain, my men," said he, turning to several ragged forms that had just entered. "Fear not, my good woman!" addressing the old lady, who seemed deprived of the powers of speech and motion. Then raising the maiden, who had fainted, gently in his arms, he laid her upon a comfortable settee.

"Are there any more of those fellows about?" he said, addressing the old lady.

"Yes, sir. God bless you!" she stammered. "There's a gang of them searching the grounds!"

"My brave fellows!" he said, turning to his comrades, "We must fight. This is the captain of a murderous gang that are now on the premises."

"By golly! This tarnation, divelish, all-fired villain is breathing, captain. Let me take this tarnation critter out and put a bullet right through his black gizzard," said a tall, gaunt figure, as he stood eyeing the prostrate captain.

"No, save him alive, Drew," answered the Lone Man.

"By the holy pokers! I guess the colonel won't thank us much, when he sent us on the scout for eatables, to bring back the devil himself. Shut up them cussed holes in your d—d punkin, if you don't want me to make squash on 'em with the butt end of this ere rifle," said he, as the captain unclosed his eyes and stared wildly around. "You d—d

critter, don't you hear me," he shouted. "I'll make 'em look out on t'other side o' your head," suiting the action to the word, and raising his rifle.

The captain closed his eyes. "Here, Jenks," he said, addressing a companion who had just entered. "Here, wipe your feet 'pon this dirty varmint, afore you step on the woman's carpet."

In the meantime the Lone Man had unbound the limbs of Mr. Mathews, who in a few words explained all to him. "Did you say that this young lady's grandfather had gone to the army to see her brother?"

Here the report of fire-arms intercepted the reply. "Drew, look to the prisoner, but don't hurt him;" said the Lone Man, addressing the gaunt figure that stood sentinel over the prostrate Captain Dunmore.

"Stonebridge!" said the captain, starting at the sound of his voice. "Keep that tarnation clapper a little stiller, or I'll make you swaller this ere rifle as fast as the divel 'ill make you swaller smokin brimstone when he gits hold on you."

The firing had proceeded from Dunmore's men, who were trying to force their way to the rescue of their captain. So furious had been the onset, that when the Lone Man appeared, his few followers, overcome by numbers, had begun to retreat.

"My brave men!" he cried in a voice of thunder, "Think of the scene we have just witnessed. Let us die, every one, before we let such monsters enter that house again. You are fighting for the orphaned sister of your brave comrade, Henry Ingols." With a shout of desperation they returned to the charge. Fierce and deadly was the strife, until Dunmore's men gave way before the valor of their ragged antagonists, and fled, pursued by the latter far into the swamp.

The reports had brought more of Colonel Tilghman's men to the spot. All were anxious that the captain should be strung up without judge or jury. To all of which the Lone Man replied, "No, we had better take him to the colonel."

As he entered the house, Drew looked up, saying: "I hope, captain, you'll let me keep watch over this tarnal

critter to-night! I'm jest gittin in the sperit on't. I'm itchin to cram this ere rifle down his dirty throat!" Then beckoning the Lone Man to him, he whispered: "That are purty gal is the sister of poor Henry Ingols! She's bin axing me about him. I couldn't tell her as how he's dead, and the old gentleman too, poor thing! She's had trubble enough for one night. I couldn't tell her the truth! so I said he was well, and the old gentleman, too. It's a kind of a white lie."

The prisoner was removed to another room for the night, with Drew and Jenks as his body guard. When the Lone Man had closed the door after him:

"I say," said Drew, "You tarnation, divelish, dirty varmint, down with you on the floor! Do you feel this ere rifle? You tarnation critter (placing it in his face)! You shall taste the lead if you aint down on your backbone in a jiffy! Here, Jenks, I guess as how his hands and feet being fast he can't move his carcass so easy. Let's help him down. I guess as how I'll not have such dirty varmint a setting up like honest people."

In a moment, "Captain John Dunmore of His Majesty's Service," was again prostrate on his back. Several times he attempted to speak, but was prevented by Drew placing the muzzle of his gun in his mouth.

When the Lone Man returned to the room where sat Lizzie, now perfectly recovered, she rose, and approaching him, said: "Oh! sir, how can I express to you my thanks, my gratitude."

Interrupting her, he said, with all the ease and dignity of the polished gentleman: "I deserve no thanks, no gratitude, lady. Don't think of the past," taking her hand and leading her gently and respectfully to a seat. Turning to Mr. Mathews, he said: "And how are you feeling, my friend? I trust the cords with which they bound you so tightly have not injured you."

"No, thank God! but my limbs feel a little stiff."

"And your lady!"

"She has gone to look after the men that were wounded. Oh! sir, I wish you would allow us to express to you our thanks."

"Thank you, my friend. I deserve no thanks. It was

accident that brought us, or rather Providence I should say. I could not have done less. Don't mention it again."

"Then, my kind sir," said Lizzie, "if you will not allow us to thank you, grand-pa and brother will. The good man who guarded the prisoner," (here a shudder passed over her,) "while you were engaged with his followers, said that they stayed in the cabin with you; and that you were very kind to them. May God bless you, sir, as you deserve!"

"What is your grandfather's name?" he asked, as if to say something.

"Ingols," she answered, "and brother's name is Henry! Oh! how they must thank you, sir. They will express to you in words, all that our hearts feel!"

Seeing that it distressed him, with the instinct of a delicate mind, she turned the subject, saying: "The good man told me they were well; and it made me so happy, that for the moment I forgot all but them. I had felt so uneasy ever since grand-pa went away. I was so fearful that something had happened to him, and there seemed such a weight upon my heart. I suppose, though, it was —."

She stopped. The mournful expression of his dark eyes startled her. "They are well?" she said, hesitatingly.

"Well," he replied, in an abstracted manner. Then, as if recollecting himself, he said kindly: "Lady, the excitement of to-night has, I fear, been already too much for you. In the morning, we will talk about your friends."

"Come, my child!" said the old lady, who had entered during the conversation. "You must go to bed, and try to get a little sleep."

"We will first return thanks to God!" said the old gentleman, rising with difficulty, and reaching down the old family Bible.

After prayers, as the old lady was about to retire from the room with Lizzie, she turned to the Lone Man.

"That horrid man is secure! Is he not, sir?"

"He is more secure, madam, in the hands of Nathan Drew, than if he was chained in the cell of a stone prison!"

"Could he not be tempted with gold?" she inquired.

"No, madam, fear nothing; *gold* has not the power to tempt the honesty of such a man!"

After she had left the room, the Lone Man sat for some time gazing mournfully into the fire; which his host noticing, did not attempt to interrupt him. At length, rising, he strode heavily to and fro the apartment—until finally, stopping before Mr. Mathews, he said: "I regret, sir, to be obliged to dampen the joy of your deliverance from that villainous gang, by most melancholy intelligence!"

"What is it?" cried the old gentleman, starting. "Has anything happened to Henry or Mr. Ingols?"

"They are both dead!" answered the Lone Man.

"Both dead! my God! how did it happen?" gasped Mr. Mathews. "Oh! it will break poor Lizzie's heart!"

"I cannot inform her of her loss," said the Lone Man, sadly. "We must leave by daylight in the morning, and I leave the task to you, when you think she is able to bear it!" After relating all the particulars of their death, he added: "I think, sir, it would be better she should remain ignorant of the extent of their sufferings!"

CHAPTER XX.

A GLIMPSE AT THE HOME OF MRS. JONES.

'Twas towards spring. In a small room, separated from the little store in front by a board partition, through which opened a door that led into the store, we find Mrs. Jones. Across the upper part of the door was drawn a thin white curtain, serving the double purpose of giving extra light to the little apartment, while it gave, without trouble, a full view of all who entered the store. The floor was bare, with the exception of portions that were covered with a coarse home-made matting of braided rags. Everything bespoke poverty, but was arranged with the greatest neatness.

Upon the table was spread a snowy cloth, which seemed to reflect the cheerful blaze of the fire that burned brightly on the hearth, and over which bent Mrs. Jones, preparing her morning meal. She was dressed in a blue petticoat of

e-made woollen, over which was a short dress of lighter material. Her fair hair was combed smoothly from her brow, and fastened, in a knot behind, with pins from thorn-bush. Her form and features were much emaciated, while her sweet countenance seemed to wear an expression of subdued sorrow.

Having completed her arrangements, she placed upon the table an oat-meal cake, some roasted codfish, and a beverage of barley. The door opened, and a fine robust-looking youth of some eighteen or nineteen years of age entered.

Ah! sister, I am just in time! I stayed out so much longer than I intended, that I was afraid I had kept you waiting. I stopped at the blacksmith's shop, to hear the news from the army."

And had they received any later intelligence?" she asked.

Nothing, but that the army are still in a very suffering state. They say that out of seventeen thousand troops, not more than one-third are fit for service!"

It would be a bad time, if the British should happen to attack them now!" said Mrs. Jones.

Very bad!" he answered, musingly.

Have they heard anything more from our neighbors, the Gains or Howard?"

Not anything."

I suppose there is no doubt of the other news!" she said, with forced calmness.

I shall have hopes, Jane, until I hear further particulars. I cannot make up my mind to believe it true!" he answered.

It came but too direct," she said, mournfully, shaking her head. "I have no hope. But then he died for his country. Would that it could have been on the field of battle! It would have been less distressing. And our poor mother, too!"

Don't speak of them now, my sister!" said the youth, earnestly.

Yes, Charles, I have been thinking for two or three days, that I ought to speak of it; and this is as good a time as any! You used to talk about joining the army for the next campaign, but you have not mentioned the subject,

since we heard of Thomas' and father's death! I know it is not that you shrink from going, on your own account, Charles, nor that you believe it less your duty! But on my account you hesitate!"

"Do not fear for me. If you ask my advice, I say, go, my brother; and do your part to protect your country. Should you fall, and leave your country *free*, you will not have lived in vain. And should freedom be denied us by Heaven, you will not be a witness to her bondage. My husband and father have fallen in this struggle; and you are all that is left to me. Still, I say, go."

"You are not in earnest, my sister," said the astonished youth. "What will become of you and little Tommy?"

"Oh! we shall get along very well. But you do not shrink from going, Charles?" she said, gazing on his troubled countenance.

"Oh! no, sister. I am as anxious to go as ever; more so, if possible; because I feel that I am needed. But what will you do? You are differently situated now from what you were when brother Thomas went away. You had a nice house and store of your own then; and now you have rent to pay, and everything to buy, since the British destroyed all that belonged to you."

"It will take but little to supply Tommy and myself. I can do very well with my little store. To give you up, Charles, my only brother and protector, is no small sacrifice. But still I would not withhold you grudgingly, while my country calls for you. Go, my brother. I know you will be faithful and brave."

The door again opened, and an old lady with a shawl over her head, and panting for breath, entered without ceremony.

"Good morning, Mrs. Small," said Mrs. Jones, rising to offer her visiter a seat.

"Oh! don't trubble yerself. Don't trubble yerself," said she, sinking into the first seat. "I'm all out o' breath. I hurried so fast to git here, jist ter tell yer ther news. I told Patsy I wouldn't stop for breckfust, but start right off as soon as I'd milked ther cows. It's all ov a glare out. I'd liked to have tumbled down three or four times. I popped

inter Squire Howard's, ter tell them, and Mrs. Ryders', and Suky Small's and Nichol's, and Jenks'; and I jist let 'em at ther Blacksmith's look at ther letter! They knowed his hand-writing!" (producing a letter). "My ole man brought it home with 'im las' night, in the middle ov ther night. I didn't expect 'im, and he's looking like a beggar. But I wus so glad ter see 'im I didn't care how he cum. He's on a *furrow*; and he's goin back agin. Lor' bless yer, Mrs. Jones, don't look so. That are letter's from Jones 'imself. He's alive, and hasn't bin dead at all."

"Here Jane, drink some water," said her brother, supporting her head and holding the cup to her lips.

"Thank you, Charles, I'm better now."

"Lor' me! I didn't think it would affect yer so," said Mrs. Small in alarm. "Yer took ther news ov 'is death so well; when every one thought yer'd die over it, yer thought so much ov 'im. If I'd thought yer'd felt so bad, I wouldn't a' told yer in such a hurry. There, yer feel better now. I'm glad on't. I thought I'd killed yer."

Here, tears came to the relief of Mrs. Jones.

"There, don't take on so," said the good-hearted old lady, wiping her own eyes with the corner of her apron.

"Patsy almost cried too, las' night, when my ole man told 'er as how he wasn't dead."

Mrs. Jones rose and went into a side room, where on a low bed, and sleeping sweetly, lay her rosy-cheeked boy. Pressing the letter to her lips and heart, she knelt beside the sleeper and clasped her hands in earnest prayer.

"There," said Mrs. Small, addressing herself to Charles, who stood gazing out the window, his eyes swimming in tears. "When I told Patsy what Mrs. Higgins sed, when Polly Jenks told 'er how well yer sister took ther death ov poor Jones; ses I, Patsy, when I went home, what do yer think Mrs. Higgins sed ter Polly Jenks?"

"'I don' know,' ses she, rather cross. Yer see, she never liked Mrs. Higgins."

"Well, ses I, Polly Jenks ses, that Mrs. Higgins told 'er that she didn't believe Mrs. Jones ever did think so much ov 'er husband, as she made out fer. These women that made such a fuss about their husbands, she didn't think much on. Polly told 'er that Mrs. Jones never made no

fuss. Then she sed, that she had it from Jones 'imself. He told Higgins that 'is wife thought so little on 'im, that she sed, he might go ter thir army if he wanted ter, and she didn't care nothing about it.

"Patsy sed it was a lie! She didn't believe Jones ever sed a word like it; nor Higgins neither.

"I told Patsy, Polly sed, she wouldn't ov believed a word on't, but Mrs. Higgins called ther *Lord* ter witness it. And she's so pious. She thought it was so awful, when Parson Whetten shet up the Meetin House, and went to show ther people how ter make *gunpowder*; ther time ther army wus in Cambridge.

"Oh! Patsy wus ravin. She sed she didn't believe a word in 'er piety; and people never swore, nor called ther Lord ter witness what wus true; koz there wasn't no need on't. Patsy's right clever, if she is my darter. She never went ter no school but three months in 'er life, but she's got lots o' larnin. She takes it nat'rally. She can read and write like a Parson. Yer see, when she gits her stent dun, she goes up and helps ther Parson's wife, and in ther evenin's she larns 'er ter read and write. Mrs. Jones helped her a good deal too in that way; and that's what made 'er so mad at what Mrs. Higgins sed. She went so far in ther end as ter say:—'Mother, I wish yer wouldn't never tell me nothin more that woman ses.' That was sayin a good deal for Patsy; for she's a right biddible gal."

Here Mrs. Jones returned, bringing the little boy in her arms. Tears glistened on his cheek, though they could scarcely have fallen from his laughing eyes.

Charles had been too much occupied with his own thoughts, to notice the gossip of the good woman, meant in all kindness.

"Mrs. Small, I forgot to ask you to take some breakfast with us," said Mrs. Jones, (as Charles took the child and seated it in a chair beside him,) "although I fear it is nearly cold."

"Thank yer, Mrs. Jones, I believe I will, seein as how I didn't take none afore I started; though I forgot all about it, seein as how you felt so bad. He's doin well, as my ole man sed, isn't he?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Jones. "There is but little in the

letter. He has suffered much, but he is getting quite well. Higgins also, is getting along very well. I wish I could get a word to his wife. Charles, you must go and tell her; it will relieve her anxiety."

"Mrs. Higgins has a good deal ov courage ter stay way down on that are Pinte all alone; or, without any men-folks 'bout house. She's taken a poor crippled gal from ther Poor House, jist ter keep her company. She ses, she thinks its ther duty ov a solger's wife ter have courage. Now yer see as how, I thought I had bout as much as most any woman breathin. I had two as fine boys killed at Bunker's Hill, as iver a mother's heart was proud on. Fine boys; one twenty-three, and t'other twenty-four years old. And when as how they told me, they was both dead, I buckled on ther knapsack with my own hands, 'pon ther only growed-up one I had left: though God knows how my heart was achein all ther time. I told 'im to be as brave as his poor brothers. I thought this ere was courage. But it ain't no sort o use, I couldn't go and live on that are Pinte, all alone to myself, no how. But then, I s'pose ther back's fitted ter ther burden. It isn't required on me. I never would ov believed afore ther war, that I could ov sent my boys away without a tear; but I did. And if I know'd how ter git there I'd go myself, jist ter see how she gits along, poor thing."

"If the harbor wasn't frozen over, we might go round in the boat," said Charles.

"She hasn't bin up for four or five weeks," continued Mrs. Small, "and she's bin every week afore since her husband's bin gone. Who knows but what she and ther gal may be froze ter death? I wonder if I couldn't borry a horse from neighbor Morse. I'll try! and if as how I kin, I'll jist go down and stay all night with Mrs. Higgins, and cum back in ther mornin; and, Mister Charles, that'll save yer ther trubble."

Thus having finished her breakfast, and arranged all things to her satisfaction, Mrs. Small drew her shawl over her head, saying, "I must go, Mrs. Jones, I've so many more places ter call at afore I can go ter see Mrs. Higgins."

After Mrs. Small had left the house, Charles drew his chair near to his sister, and putting his arms affectionately

round her neck, and imprinting a kiss upon her pure brow, said, "Oh! my dear, my noble sister, now I feel that I can leave you! And should my heart under trial or suffering at any time fail me, (which God forbid!) one thought of my gentle, self-sacrificing sister, will make me a man again!"

CHAPTER XXI.

A GLIMPSE AT THE HOME OF MRS. HIGGINS.

It was near sunset of the same day that Mrs. Higgins sat alone in her gloomy apartment—the same formerly occupied by the Lone Man. She was the same hard featured, cold, repulsive being. If any change was there, the snaky eye gleamed with a more fiendish expression, as, sitting upon the hearth, upon which smouldered two or three long sticks placed end-wise, the ends of which protruded far into the room, she counted over a quantity of gold and silver coin, which she pulled from the foot of a stocking.

She was interrupted in this all-absorbing employment by a no very gentle knocking at her door, which she had bolted, fearing that other eyes might behold, and she might be robbed of her treasure.

"What do you want, you Betz?" she screamed, in her same old key, but increased, if possible, in shrillness. "What are you making such a racket there for, pauper?"

"There's a coman a ridin' up the road!" answered a coarse dogged voice.

"Riding up the road!" she almost yelled, hastily removing some bricks, and placing her treasure in a hole she had dug under the hearth.

"Who can it be coming? I wish they would stay at home! Come a prying into honest people's business, and eating 'em out o' house and home!"

She had now opened the door. Before it stood a shivering, half naked, deformed girl, about fourteen years old,

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without shoes or stockings, her bare purple feet on the cold damp floor.

"Why don't you go along and see who it is?" screamed Mrs. Higgins, slapping the girl on the side of the head with a blow that made her stagger. "There, she is now at the gate! Old mother Small! that *tale bearer*! Take yourself out o' the way till your fit to be seen; she'll go back to the village and say I treat you bad! Go along and dress yourself, I say!"

"What shall I put on?" stammered the miserable looking object, perfectly confounded at the unusual command.

"Put on your Sunday frock, and shoes, and stockings; and mind, if you get a speck o' dirt on em I'll beat the life out o' you when she's gone! Go along, quick! There, she's got off her horse!" Hastily pulling the black handkerchief from her head, she put on a cap,—dragging the long sticks from the fire, into the outer room, she supplied their place with shorter ones, and brushed up the hearth. By the time all these arrangements were completed, Mrs. Small had knocked several times at the outer door. Putting on her *company-face*, Mrs. Higgins hastened to open it. "Why, how do you do, Mrs. Small? How glad I am to see you! Who'd ov thought you'd took the trouble to come so far to see me this cold weather? Do come in! I'm sorry my room is so cold; I jest dropped into a little nap, and my fire went out, and I never waked up till I heard you at the door. Do set down and wait till the room gets warm before you take off your things."

"Oh, don't trubble yerself, don't trubble yerself!" said Mrs. Small, seizing the opportunity to put in a word edgewise, while her amiable hostess paused to take breath between her warm expressions of welcome. "I'm so glad yer alive; I wus so afraid you and the gal wus dead, seein' as how there wasn't no smoke from the chimbley, nor nobody stirrin'; and when I couldn't rouse nobody I made shure you wus dead. But I'm so glad yer alive! Ain't yer dreadful lonesome way down here?"

"If I didn't know it was my *duty* not to be lonesome, I might give way to my feelings. But then, Mrs. Small, *duty* makes us do a great many things.

"Mr. Higgins was afraid the place would go to rack and

ruin if I left while he was away; so to make him easy I jest told him I'd stay. I knew how he'd fret, and jest as like as not leave the army and come home. It would be such a disgrace, Mrs. Small, I don't think I could live over it."

"Why, Lor' me! I thought Mr. Higgins had such a liken' for 'is country that nothin' couldn't worry 'im, no how!" said her visitor, in astonishment.

"He has a great liking for his country; but you know, Mrs. Small, one always has such a kind of a feeling 'bout a *home place*, where they've lived comfortable and happy."

"Lor', yes," said the old lady, apparently satisfied, "I know my ole man 'as sech a liken' fer one cheer, he thinks he can't set still in any other. I s'pose it's koz he sleeps so well in't. My ole man got home las' night from the army. He's on a *furlow*, and he brought a letter from Mrs. Jones' husband, and he hasn't bin dead at all. I took it t'er this mornin' afore I eat my breakfast; I know'd she'd be so glad. Poor critter! it cum so suddent on 'er when I giv' er ther letter I thought she'd die, she looked so dreadful bad. But she got over it arter a little, and went inter ther bed-room ter read ther letter, and when she cum out I seed the poor thing 'd bin cryin'."

"Mrs. Jones is a very weak narvous woman," said Mrs. Higgins. "She's to be pitied, poor creter! I don't know what she'd do, if she was in my place!"

"I heered that you sed, Mrs. Higgins, and I want to know ther right o' ther story. I heered that you sed, but Patsy won't believe a word on't. I heered that you 'sed, that Mr. Jones told Mr. Higgins that 'is wife didn't care nothin' at all about 'im!"

"He sed jest as much as that afore me! But I wouldn't have it go no farther for the world. But it's the Lord's truth! He sed jest as much afore me, when I was there, jest afore he went away to jine the army! You see, knowing how dreadful narvous and stericky she was, when I heered that Jones was going to jine the army, I made Higgins take me up in the boat, cause as how I felt it my duty to talk to her a little. But when I got there, she didn't care no more than nothing at all about his going, and talked about everything else; and when Jones cum in, he told her as much!"

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"Lor' me! Mrs. Higgins, I wouldn't ov thought it! I think she cares a plenty about 'im Mrs. Higgins, but she hasn't the nack ov showin' it!"

"Jones is an awful wicked man!" said Mrs. Higgins, with mock solemnity. "I wouldn't have this go no farther, for the world! I do hate *tattlers*. But I jest wish you could ov hearn him, how he swore, when I axed him something about the British!"

"Why, I wouldn't ov thought it!" said the honest Mrs. Small, opening her mouth and eyes, in astonishment. "Patsy wouldn't believe a word on't! But I forgot ter tell you, Mrs. Higgins, that my ole man sed he saw Mr. Higgins jest afore he cum away!"

"Oh! Mrs. Small, why didn't you tell me when you first cum in!" said Mrs. Higgins, putting on a sentimental air: "Was he well?"

"He'd bin sick, and suffered everything, with all ther rest on 'em; but wus doin better."

"I suppose Congress will pay his doctor's bills?" said Mrs. Higgins, earnestly.

"Oh! he's doctored fer nothin, by ther doctor that be-longs ter ther army!" answered her companion.

"Did you hear him say whether Higgins had worn out that good suit of clothes he took with him?"

"Lor' yes, Mrs. Higgins. Haint you heern how the army has suffered?"

"No, I never see the papers! But I told Higgins he'd come home poorer than he went!"

Her companion eyed her askaunt, which Mrs. Higgins perceiving, said: "But I forgot I'd made up my mind for that. What else did he say?"

"Why he told me, but he told me not ter tell, that Mr. Bryce was there, goin under another name; so ther British mightn't ketch 'im!"

"Bryce, did you say, Mrs. Small?" (Her snaky eyes expanding at the news.) "What's his name?"

"Lor' me! I never remember names. I shouldn't ov told, seein as how my ole man didn't want me ter; but I thought as how you'd be so glad ter hear, he wouldn't mind my tellin yer."

"Lor' Mrs. Small, I'm so glad to hear from poor Bryce!"

I wish you'd ask the name he goes by! I didn't know what had come to him, since he scaped from the British. I'm so glad to hear from him! I'll send Betsy up, and you can tell her the name!"

"As ter that, she kin ride up behind me termorrer, when I go up: for it would be dredful walking fer'er. I don't blieve she could git along anyhow; it's so dredful! I thought I'd never git here, myself!"

"Oh! I'm so glad to hear from Bryce!" murmured Mrs. Higgins.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LONE DOVE, AFTER TWO YEARS' RESIDENCE IN HER NEW HOME.

"WELL, and how is my little *rebel* this morning?" said Captain Maitland, entering a neat and tastefully furnished apartment, where sat the Lone Dove. Her arm resting upon a table, upon which lay books, implements of drawing, etc.; her whole soul absorbed in a volume which she held in her hand. Her graceful figure, now much increased in height, though still possessing the slender proportions of childhood, was clothed in a simple robe of white. Her luxuriant hair, parted smoothly from her intellectual brow, was fastened in a graceful knot behind, displaying the perfect development of her classical head. A smile lit up her large dark eyes, whose indescribable tint seemed the commingling of mysterious thought and holy feeling, as, with an exclamation of joyful surprise, she sprang forward to meet the speaker.

"Oh! papa, I am so glad to see you!" she said, kissing the hand she held in both her own, as she led him to a seat, and placed a stool for his foot. Then, as with difficulty he attempted to raise it, she said: "Let me do it papa," (lifting it with her delicate hands and arranging it comfortably.) "There, is not that right? Oh! papa, how I wish your leg would get well!"

"Never mind, Mary, he said, drawing her upon his knee, papa blesses that wound every time he looks at his Mary!" Then, looking around, he continued, "But you are caged here, like a little bird!"

"Oh! no; not like a bird, papa, for that cannot fly when it wishes!" she answered, smiling.

"Mamma has sent me to interrupt you;" he continued. "She says you are too hard a student! and particularly since I have been absent!"

"Oh! no, papa. I am only understanding all those beautiful things, that once I used to see and love so much!"

"How is that?" he asked.

"Why, look here!" she said, rising and taking the book, in which she had been so absorbed at his entrance.

"What, Botany! I thought it must have been some story-book, you seemed so interested."

"Why, papa, this is a beautiful story-book! When I used to live in the woods, and climb the hills and mountains, and play by the sea-side ——" She paused, a deep shade of sadness passed over her beautiful face, and her lip quivered; but struggling with her feelings, she continued: "I saw so many beautiful flowers: and I loved them so, because they seemed to whisper such sweet things to me! Heelehdee said that the Great and Good Spirit, let the spirits of the infants come and spring up in beautiful flowers, to whisper to the red man, and tell him how beautiful the far-off prairies were!"

"Well, my dear, your study of botany teaches you that that idea is a superstition of the poor uncultivated red man."

"Oh! no, dear papa. It only teaches me that Heelehdee was right. Though I thought she might be wrong, when Lady Durand and her daughter laughed at me, because I asked them not to step on a flower; its little spirit would fly away!"

"Lady Durand laughed at you!"

"Oh! papa, that was a long while ago, when you first brought me home. I suppose it did seem strange. But it grieved me very much, to think they had no spirits; and were no better than the 'dirt in the street,' as she said, only that they have more beautiful forms."

"Well, and how has my little visionary been able to make out that they have spirits?" he asked, smiling.

"Why, papa, this book tells me that they eat and sleep as we do; that they cannot exist without light and air; and they have lungs as we have. And, see, papa, what good Doctor Brown brought me yesterday!"

"What, a microscope?"

"Yes, papa. He stayed as much as an hour with me, and showed me all the parts of this dear little flower," (holding up a daisy.) "I used to call it the 'smiling spirit.' But the doctor called it a great, long botanical name. Its tribe and nation, I tell him. I cannot recollect it now, but shall after I have studied more. He showed me all the different parts or organs, each made for a different purpose, so small, and yet so perfect. I told the doctor that I thought the Great and Good Spirit must have made them for something more than simply to look upon. You know the doctor has frequently, when you have stopped with me at his office, shown me drawings of different parts of my own body, and explained them to me. And I cannot see any difference, only, than I am more perfectly made. Now, if my body is made for my spirit to dwell in, why not believe that there are sweet spirits in the flowers, that talk to us, if we would only listen to them? I do not mean, papa, the spirits of sweet babes who have gone to heaven, as I used to think, but other sweet spirits who talk to us of God."

"And what does the doctor say when you talk to him of your flower spirits?"

"He laughs at me, sometimes, papa, and calls me the 'Spirit Girl.' But then he don't look as if he thought me wrong. He asked me yesterday, (when he had been laughing at me,) if I ever heard the voice of a flower spirit? I told him, my *ears* did not, but my *heart* did, for I felt it answer back! He asked me what it said? I told him I could not tell, but it was always something sweet, something that made me feel better, I mean, a better being. I then asked him if the flowers had never talked to his heart, when he looked at them? He said, that he had never listened; but promised he would do so, and tell me. I told him, I thought they gave a different answer for every differ-

ent flower, as if each had something particular to say; though always something sweet."

"I fear, Mary, the doctor is doing much to help us spoil our pet; is it not so?"

"I don't say so, papa. He teaches me so much."

"Well, my dear, and what else is he teaching you?"

"Oh! a great deal about Nature. He calls it the Philosophy of Nature. He tells me the *cause* that produces everything."

"This must be a great exterminator of your spirits, my little one; is it not?"

"Oh! no, papa, it gives me a whole world of them for one."

"How is that?" said the captain, smiling.

"Why, papa, in all the natural causes which he gives me, when he explains away one spirit, a whole host of more beautiful ones spring up in its place. I thought that thunder was the voice of God, when he was angry, and the rainbow was his smile. The doctor explained to me the thunder, and proved that it arose from a natural cause. But, though his natural causes proved that thunder is not the angry voice of the Great Spirit, still it appeared to me that there must be in the electricity a powerful spirit that talks to us of the Great God! And, papa, he taught me a great many more things. But I see you are laughing at me, and I won't say anything more now; and, besides, I fear I should weary you."

"Well, I shall call for a full account this evening. But what have we here?" said he, taking up some finely executed drawings, in which great taste and genius were discernible.

"Oh! those are some sketches I was trying to make of my home by the sea-shore."

"A very wild place, if your sketches are correct. But what are these, Mary?" pointing to some angel-forms hovering above.

"Those are the spirits of Mary's own people, who used to whisper to her. But here is another, papa," said she, smiling.

"A sketch of myself, I verily believe," said the captain, evidently much pleased.

"Yes, papa. Mary sketched it the morning before you went away; while you were reading the newspaper, and finished it afterwards, by looking at your portrait."

"I suppose your spirits helped you here, too, did they not?" he asked, playfully

"Yes, papa." Then, as a shade of sadness passed over her face, she said, "I was thinking, papa, that I cannot believe that the officers in this city ever listen to the voice of the spirits or read the books of the men who have listened to them, or they could never treat the American prisoners as badly as they do. The other day, I was standing near the window, and saw them pass with four in a cart, sitting on coffins, with halters round their necks. Lady Durand told mamma it was only to frighten them, and make them believe they were going to be hung. And Doctor Brown says, that a great many starve to death! Oh! papa, do you not think it is very wrong? See, I have shut up that window, I never wish to look out of it again. I know that Washington never treats his prisoners of war so. I was a very little girl when I saw him; but I felt that all the good spirits talked with him. He could not treat them so, could he, papa?"

"No, my child, I believe Washington is very kind to his prisoners; unless, when our general forces him to be otherwise."

"I have often wondered, papa, what the *smile* of the American General was like; and I never could find anything in all the spirits that talked to me, (and there were so many,) half beautiful enough! But, since Doctor Brown has told me about the 'Great Spirit of Love,' who came on earth, I think it must have been that Spirit that talked with Washington. The same beautiful smile was on Heelehdee's face, when she looked for the last time upon her Lone Dove." Then, after a pause, while the sad expression deepened on her countenance, she murmured: "Oh! if Heelehdee, had known of all the beautiful spirits which natural causes tell us about—but she knows them all now!"

Wishing to turn the mournful current of her thoughts, Captain Maitland said: "But, Mary, in your earnestness about your spirits, you have forgotten to tell me what the rebels have been doing during my absence."

"You say *rebels*, papa, because you think it teases me, as Dr. Brown does; but you don't think them rebels!"

"Well, pet, I suppose if I should tell you that I do think them rebels, you would bring up some spirit to prove I did not mean it!"

"Yes, papa, I see one now, dancing through your eyes, and telling me that you do not think so. But, papa, you know that the Americans have taken Stony Point. And next I expect——!"

"Expect what!"

"They will take New York!" she said, with an arch smile.

"New York!" exclaimed he, in feigned surprise. "Then what will become of us?"

"Why, papa, as I'm known to be a rebel, and you and mamma have harbored me, and good Doctor Brown has taught me so much, I think the good general will give us all a free passport, doctor included, to depart bag and baggage!"

"And where should we go?"

"Anywhere you please, papa; only I should prefer that it be not another city, where we can see no woods!"

"How would Mary like to go to England?" he asked seriously.

"To England! papa," she said, in surprise.

"Yes, darling! There you will have fields and woods to run in, and you will be far away from the war."

"Papa," she said, gazing earnestly in his face. "Do you really think of going to England?"

"I do, my child! And would not Mary like to go with her papa and mamma to their own happy home, in dear old England?"

She paused. Then raising her beautiful eyes once more to his countenance, she said: "Papa, your Mary would go anywhere, that you and her kind mamma thought best. She would leave the bright woods and hills of America, never more to see them. She would leave ——." Here her voice faltered; she stopped. But pressing her teeth tightly into her quivering lip, with forced calmness, she continued: "She would leave for ever the resting place of Heelehdee! But do not you and her mamma think Mary ungrateful,

when she says that she would not like to leave America, while there remains a hope of finding her white father! You know, papa, he saved Mary from perishing. He was kind to her when she was too little to know his kindness. And now that Mary knows more, she feels that her white father was very lone! That he had no one to love him, but his Mary whom he had been so kind to. Mary feels that her white father was not happy!"

"Mary, my child, we could never think you ungrateful. And when the war is over, or as soon as I can have an opportunity of conferring with the American commander-in-chief, on this subject, I will; and there shall be no means left untried to find your father, if indeed he still exist. But at the same time, Mary, I would have you feel, that there is every probability that my efforts may prove fruitless!"

"Oh! papa, I do not think they will prove fruitless; I feel that I shall see my father again!"

"But after the trial has been made, and our efforts shall have proved in vain, will Mary then make up her mind to be happy with her papa and mamma, and return with them to their distant home?"

"Mary is always happy with her good papa and mamma!" she said, laying her arm affectionately on his shoulder, "but she can never forget her first father!"

A rap—the door opened, and the doctor entered. The same broad-browed, benevolent-countenanced old gentleman, that we saw two years ago enter the apartment of Mrs. Maitland. "Good morning! Captain Maitland," said the doctor, shaking him warmly by the hand. "How have you been?"

"Thank you, doctor, quite well!" was the reply.

"And how is my little spirit girl?" he said, as Mary placed a chair for him beside that of Captain Maitland.

After conversing a-while upon indifferent subjects, "Captain," exclaimed the doctor, "it makes my blood boil with indignation, when I think of the fiendish cruelties practised upon the poor American soldiers! We can form no idea of the number that are privately executed, without judge or jury, and guilty of no crime! I have it from the best authority, that very frequently orders are given out, for all *who live in the vicinity of Barrack street, to close their*

windows, shutters and doors, and the inhabitants neither to step, nor look from their houses, under penalty of death. After which, without having received the slightest previous warning, unless such as was conveyed by the most inhuman treatment, a number of these unfortunate beings are taken, gagged, and led behind the barracks, where they are strung up like so many dogs. But this is a species of tender mercies, in comparison to the treatment received by others. The barbarity exercised on those confined in the prisons and prison ships, is without a parallel in the history of nations. So great have been their sufferings, that on their knees have they supplicated their inhuman keepers to put an end to their miseries, and been answered with scoffs and insults ! In this manner, within the space of a few weeks, and under the name of "prisoners of war" perished *fifteen hundred* brave young men. I thank God, that I do not belong to a country, stained with such foul inhumanity ! I was favorable to the royal cause, but I cannot long continue so, if such things be permitted. 'Tis no wonder, with such specimens of clemency before their eyes, that Washington can keep together a ragged half-starved army, without pay ; whose march has been tracked by their bloody foot-prints on the snow !"

"Many of the warmest friends to the royal cause must deplore such measures," said Captain Maitland, with a sigh ; "and none more so, than myself."

At this moment, Mary rose and left the room ; which the doctor, observing, said :

"I ought not to speak of the sufferings of those poor fellows before the child ; it distresses her so ! But my feelings were so outraged, I had entirely forgotten her presence !"

"I have been questioning her about her studies this morning ; and I fear, doctor, your *natural causes* are doing very little to shake from her mind her Indian superstitions !"

"The teacher has become the pupil," said the doctor. "If I am the better philosopher, she is the better theologian : and as theology is the superior philosophy, I must in consequence yield. I find myself becoming quite fascinated with her *spirit world*. It makes one *feel* as well as think ; and you know, captain, that is very important. The child

has by nature a mind of the highest order, and nature has given her the first food for its development. Now, all things in nature teach us alone of Deity; and I find her heart and mind far advanced in that knowledge, of which, with all my acquaintance with the arts and sciences, I am comparatively ignorant. I was forcibly struck with this a short time since during a thunder storm. She seemed to experience great fear. I asked her when it was over why she was afraid? She said: "Because God was angry." I told her thunder was not the angry voice of God, and explained to her its cause. After I had finished, in her peculiarly unsophisticated manner, she inquired: "What is electricity?" I told her it is a subtile fluid. She asked me—"What subtile fluid is made of?" When I told her that nobody as yet had found out, she seemed lost in reverie. Supposing something of the kind had taken possession of her mind, I asked her of what she was thinking? "I was thinking, doctor," she answered, "That a great and powerful spirit must dwell there, that speaks to us in the thunder of the wisdom, majesty, power and goodness of the great God." Again she called me to the window and asked me to look at the rainbow. She said that Heelehdee had called it "The smile of God, that came after the storm to show that he was no more angry." After explaining to her the phenomenon of the rainbow, she exclaimed in evident great delight, "Then a ray of light is made of all the beautiful colors! What are the beautiful colors made of, doctor?" I told her we could not tell. Clapping her hands, she exclaimed: "Oh! doctor, how I do love *natural causes*. They show us so many beautiful spirits, who talk to us of the Great Spirit." How so? I asked. "Why, doctor, you said that nothing could live or grow without *light* that comes to us in the rays of the sun. Must not these rays be the dwelling place of all the sweet spirits that color the flowers and make the woods so beautiful; that watch over the streams and live in the mountains; that ripen the fruits, make the birds sing, and gladden all things. That is what makes me feel so happy, and makes everything so beautiful when the sun shines. Oh! doctor, what a world of sweet spirits are sent in the sunbeams to talk to us.

"When she listens to music it is perfectly edifying. Her

large beautiful eyes, in which her whole soul seems beaming, appear fixed upon something invisible. Her lips parted; she seems in reality a being of another sphere, holding converse with her sister spirits.

"One day, I asked her if, when she saw a spirit in every thing, it did not cause her to forget the Great Spirit of all?"

"'How can it, doctor!' she asked with great earnestness, 'When the great God sends me all those spirits to talk to me of Him, because I cannot see him. The more the spirits talk to me, the more I think of him and want to see Him.'

"One night I was showing her the stars, and talking with her about them, when, turning to me in her sweet simplicity of manner, she said: 'Oh! doctor, the spirits have talked to you a great deal; do they not make you love the great God very much?'"

"I must confess it was a question I was not prepared to answer. 'But,' she continued, 'And is not the Great Spirit very good to the white man, to give him power to write in books all that the spirits say to him, that others may read when they do not hear his voice.'

"Another day I said to her, Mary, your idea of the world being full of spirits, ministering angels of Deity, is all a fancy. You must give it up if you intend to be a great scholar.

"'What do you mean, doctor, by being a great scholar?' 'To be acquainted with all that is written in the books,' I answered.

"After a few moments of thought, she said: 'I am but a little girl, doctor; you know a great deal more than I, and when I know more I may think as you do. But it seems to me that I should always love study better, to believe that the world is filled with beautiful spirits, sent by the good God to talk to me of himself, and that the books are the talk of those who had listened more than I had.' Then looking at me with a smile, 'I am a very troublesome girl, doctor,' she said. 'But I think there must be spirits! I feel them! When you talk to me, I feel it. And when I read the books, they talk to me. And when I used to be with Heelehdee, and look upon the sun, the stars, the waters, the woods, the rocks, the flowers, I felt as I do when you talk to me of the knowledge you have of the

works of the Great Spirit. And sometimes I felt as I feel now when you talk to me of the "Great Spirit of love," that came on earth. There must have been something talking to my heart to make it feel, must there not, doctor? And don't you think that the soldiers would treat the poor prisoners better if they thought all the beautiful spirits were looking at them?"

Mrs. Maitland entered. Her dress was the latest fashion of the day, though neat and elegant. She appeared equipped for a walk; the color blooming on her cheek; her face lit up with smiles; her step elastic and graceful. One could with difficulty recognize in the bright being before them the pale and suffering invalid of scarce two years before. Looking round the room, she inquired: "And where is Mary?"

"She left the room a short time since," answered her husband.

"Well, James, I am very glad she is not here," she said, with a smile that contradicted her words. "I am very glad to find no one but the doctor your companion, for I came up in a fit of jealousy. Here have you kept me waiting over an hour!"

"Why, Amelia, you went to prepare for your walk when I came up here!" said her husband, gazing proudly upon his beautiful wife.

"Oh! that was *two* hours since."

"Is it possible!" said he, in surprise, looking at his watch. "I can scarcely believe it so long. I ——"

"No excuses," she continued, playfully. "You recollect, doctor, the time I had been worrying myself into a consumption about him; and when we did hear from him, instead of saying that he was almost dead with anxiety, fearful that I was actually so with suspense at the uncertainty of his fate; or that in his sickness he had missed my gentle nursing, and all that sort of pretty things; he first goes into rhapsodies with the old lady, Graham; then fills a young volume with ravings about the beautiful Indian and the Lone Dove. You recollect it, don't you, doctor?"

"Yes indeed," said the Doctor laughing. "I recollect well the remarkable *cure* it performed, from death unto life; which added no little to my reputation for superior skill, I assure you Captain Maitland. And for which I

should have felt particularly grateful, had I wished a more extensive practice."

"Oh! I might have known better than to have appealed to you, Doctor. Having been once the supreme object of your affections, I had forgotten that I am now quite cast aside. But what have we here," taking up the sketch of Captain Maitland. "Why, James, what a striking likeness! Who did it? Mary; the pet. That is what she was so busy about in the parlor. But she has not copied it from the portrait, either. See the position. Reading the newspaper. Ha-ha. Is not that admirable? The darling! If she was here, I'd kiss her, notwithstanding my jealousy. Look! is it not fine, Doctor?"

"Very fine," answered the Doctor. "She has two other masterly sketches; but she holds them very sacred. I saw them by accident. One is a sketch of the Indian Princess. The other of her *white father*, as she calls him. I had come here one morning to give her her lesson, and finding she was absent, I opened the portfolio. I was struck with the Indian. A splendid being, if correct. The other, a fine, commanding head and person, though his dress seemed rather common. She seems perfectly to reverence the Indian. And her gratitude and love for the white father, seems strange in a child. When she returned, seeing the drawings in my hand, it distressed her. I asked who she intended to represent? With quivering lip, she replied 'Heelehdee, and Mary's white father.' I expressed my admiration, and asked if you had seen them? She said 'No.' But when I rose and said I must show them to you; she stopped me, and while tears filled her eyes, she said: 'Doctor, will it be wrong for Mary not to show them to her papa and mamma?' I told her, no, there was nothing wrong in it, but it would deprive them of the pleasure of seeing her improvement. She said, 'it always made her weep, to speak or think of Heelehdee. Tawahquenah and his braves had fallen for Mary, when she was the Lone Dove. And Heelehdee had died for her. And her white father was so lone it made her sad. And when she was sad and wept, it made her papa and mamma, who loved her, and were so kind to her, unhappy.' She said: 'she would put them away with the clothes that Heelehdee had made, and not look at them.'

But she would draw her papa and mamma, and then they could see how she improved.'

"Although expressed in her simple manner, still the sentiment embodied was so delicate and noble, it threw me into a reverie, which, by the way, is the effect of her remarks, generally. In the first place, her constancy and gratitude to those who had loved and protected her. Next, the instinctive delicacy of one so young, to feel that it would be wrong in her, to let you see her weep for others, while you loved her so well. Then, the mere child that she is, struggling to suppress her feelings, because their exhibition would give others pain. And all done with such childish simplicity, that, while it sometimes astounds, perfectly enchants me."

"Doctor, if you were a little younger, and Mary a little older, I should almost accuse you of playing the lover."

"I certainly am in love with the child; and almost envy you the possession of her," answered the Doctor. "But I am in love with her, as with a perfect work of nature. She appears to me, what God intended man to be. And like all his works, pure, simple, yet full of wisdom."

"I had become almost a misanthrope in human nature, until God placed before me this book; and by its perusal, he has not only taught me to see my own pride and blindness, but has likewise shown me that there is on earth, food for the soul as well as body; and which must nourish it, if partaken rightly."

"Do you not think, Doctor, there is something of habit in the command over herself? You know the Indian considers it a weakness to betray his feelings."

"I make no doubt, my dear madam, the power to endure was taught her by the Indian in example. But still the principle itself is noble; and like many others possessed by the poor savage, bears the fresh impress of Nature's God. Though we very grudgingly award him anything but what is revolting to humanity and refinement."

"But, could we view the Indian with an unprejudiced eye, in all his native simplicity. Could we study the principles upon which he acts; could we see his wrongs, his provocations; the gross ingratitude with which he has been treated,—then, in comparison, view civilized man, the prin-

ciples upon which he acts, the advantages which he enjoys; throwing into the scale the weight of Christianity,—and I think the superiority will be found greatly on the side of the savage.”

“But the Indians are very cruel and blood-thirsty; are they not, Doctor?” said Mrs. Maitland.

“From the distance, and in the light we view them, they are. But look at our own soldiers; trace their march through New Jersey; their ravages on the banks of the Hudson; their treatment to prisoners! In degradation of cruelty, the Christian has far surpassed the savage. The Indian may, at the death-scene, invent every species of torture; but he never *starves* his prisoner, nor dishonors the female captive.”

“But, doctor, what would you make of all this? That the savage is so far superior to the Christian?”

“No, though he certainly has the superiority in many things. In a few words, Mrs. Maitland, I mean to say, that God has given to man, other means whereby to know him, beside the *Written Word*! And, in order to appreciate and love the sublime truths therein contained, we must understand the nature of the Great Being by whose inspiration they were penned. It is in the study and contemplation of *His Works*, that we can see and feel clearly the wisdom, the power, the majesty, the sublimity, the infinity and love of Deity!

“When the mind and heart are thoroughly impressed with a sense of His attributes, they feel and comprehend the truths of Inspiration! Both combined form the perfect *Whole*! In this light we see and feel, Deity pervading all things! As Mary says: ‘The world is full of beautiful spirits, that talk to us if we will but listen to their voice!’ In our own sweet Mary we see this combination. She has received through nature a clear conception of the attributes of Deity, and is now receiving, as she expresses it, ‘the knowledge taught by the white man.’ She is to me an object of the deepest interest. And it will be with great anxiety that I shall watch the practical results, as she enters the world.”

“Surely,” said Mrs. Maitland, smiling, “things appear very different, as we look at them in different lights, or from

different points of view. You are looking forward to her entrance into the world, in a metaphysical and moral point of view. I am thinking what a sensation I shall create in the world of fashion, when I shall present my peerless daughter! And what were your thoughts, James? Something quite as weighty, I know, by your serious countenance."

"I was thinking," answered her husband, sadly, "that you both had forgotten that the child is not ours. That another has a claim upon her, and who, perhaps, is living."

"Oh! James."

The door opened, the Lone Dove entered.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DOCTOR BROWN'S REQUEST.

"Good morning! Mrs. Maitland;" said Doctor Brown, as, one bitterly cold December morning, he entered the drawing-room of that lady.

"Good morning! doctor. A very cold morning."

"Very cold," said the doctor, rubbing his hands. "How are you all, this morning? Quite well?"

"Quite well, doctor," was the reply.

"Do you think of keeping merry the New Year?"

"In what respect, Doctor?" she asked.

"Why, by going to the grand ball. People seem determined to be merry; war, or no war."

"People cannot always be sad, doctor; and when we live in the midst of war, we become accustomed to it, as to an every-day affair, and think nothing of it."

"Very true," answered the doctor. "The human mind seems not only to possess the power of assimilating itself to any situation, no matter how repulsive, at first, but, in time, to experience a species of enjoyment in that situation."

"But, doctor, I think our New Year's ball will be held, more in prospect of Peace than indifference to war; and,

consequently, the merrier. Everybody is getting heartily tired of the war. I am sure that I am, for one. And I am so anxious to return to the home comforts of dear old England. And so, doctor, as James says, it is generally thought, since the defeat of Cornwallis, there will be little, or no more fighting, I shall go to the ball, and dance with a right merry heart."

"Yes, I think, and sincerely hope, the war is pretty nearly over. The people of England are getting clamorous, notwithstanding the king seems anxious to prolong it. The inhabitants of London, especially, never were in favor of the war.—But where is Mary?"

"In her study, as usual," answered Mrs. Maitland.

"I came here, this morning, particularly to ask you to take Mary with you to the ball," said the doctor.

"You, doctor!" exclaimed the lady in surprise. "I thought you disapproved of ladies going into company so young."

"I do, generally; or, indeed, always, except in this case," said the doctor. "I object, on account of their minds not being sufficiently formed to resist the gaieties and lax morals, usually met with in large assemblies. But Mary is different; though but a child in years, her mind is more matured and richly stored, than some at forty, and more than most ever are! She forms an exception to all rules. Her mind, from earliest infancy, has been fed with thought. Holiest and loftiest thought! It was her daily food, and became part of herself, while yet a child of nature, which gave her that intuitive, delicate perception of all that is pure and beautiful in morals, while yet ignorant of knowledge as taught by man. Since, her mind has been well stored, which has given it strength and firmness."

"I see how it is, doctor. You are impatient to try an experiment. To see what effect the gay world will have upon her."

"Did I apprehend much danger from the experiment," said the doctor, "I would not urge it."

"People will say, especially the ill-natured ones, that I am in a great hurry to exhibit her," said Mrs. Maitland.

"But, then, I don't care. If the captain be willing, it will give me great pleasure to oblige you, doctor."

"Thank you, Mrs. Maitland. It will be a great favor. Were we to have peace, and you to return to England, I might not be present to witness the effect of the gay world upon her, when first ushered into its dazzling scenes; or, how she will receive the admiration which she must inspire."

"And the *envy*, you might add, doctor."

"Very true," said he, thoughtfully.

"What do you think Lady Durand asked me, one day, after listening to her singing? She asked, 'if I did not think we were doing Mary an injury by rearing her so carefully?' I asked her why? She replied, 'that we were unfitting her for her station in life!' I told her, that, as the adopted daughter of Captain Maitland, her education would be but in keeping with her station. She then said, that 'the more highly she was cultivated, the more keenly must she feel the obscurity of her origin.'"

"Oh! Lady Durand did not know what she was talking about," said the doctor, impatiently. "The education she received from the Indian princess, together with your and Captain Maitland's kind care, and the instructions of your humble servant, has fitted Mary for any station in life. And with regard to the obscurity of her origin, every one who looks upon her, must feel that it is only in its mystery. Or, if her origin be not with the *titled* of earth, no one can deny the broad stamp of *nature's nobility*! Lady Durand's eyes are so blinded with titles, she can see nothing else."

"I wonder," said Mrs. Maitland, "how she can make up her mind to remain in a country where she sees so little of them."

"That is on account of her son's being in the army," answered the doctor.

"I have frequently thought," said Mrs. Maitland, "that the indifference with which she treats Mary arises as much from *envy* as the obscurity of her birth. Her own daughter, if she can trace royal blood in her veins, shows to no great advantage beside her."

"Poor child!" said the doctor, sighing; "she has no easy path to tread. Beautiful, intellectual and sensitive, moving in a station in life where her position will not be acknow-

ledged; attracting admiration on the one hand, envy and malice on the other; alone in the world, with no lawful claim upon any, and consequently free to the shafts of all."

"Then, doctor, would it not be better she should be kept in ignorance of the world as long as possible?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Maitland! Situated as she is, the sooner she knows the world as it is, the better. We know not the part she may be called upon to act. When the war is over her father may appear to claim her. We know not how she may be situated, or what may be her trials."

"Do you think her father, or adopted father, would do right to claim her, now that we have taken so much pains in her education, and become so much attached to her?"

"It would not be if he had himself given the child up to you. But you know it was by accident that she came into your possession, and it would be hard for a parent to give up to strangers such a child." Seeing Mrs. Maitland look distressed, he said, "I would not willingly distress you, Mrs. Maitland, but we must look upon things as they are likely to occur. Still, he may never appear. He may have forgotten the child; he may think she is dead; or, what is more probable, he may be dead himself. Still, it would be well to prepare for the worst. The sooner she knows the world, the better."

"But one favor more I would ask, Mrs. Maitland. Do not dress Mary as a fashionable lady. Let her hair be arranged with its usual simplicity."

"All shall be arranged to your liking," said Mrs. Maitland. "We owe you much, doctor."



CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LONE DOVE IN THE BALL-ROOM.

BRILLIANT lights illuminated the hall. To and fro moved the happy dancers. Groups were gathered in various parts of the room. Here, an old gentleman, with heavily powdered wig, broad lapped waistcoat, extending

over his hips, satin breeches, silk stockings, ponderous knee and shoe buckles. Leaning upon his arm, his daughter—dress of rich brocade, with hoops—hair powdered and ornamented with the crape cushion.

There, a military officer, his red coat, golden epaulettes, his double ruff falling over his hands, curled and powdered wig, embroidered waistcoat, white satin breeches, silk stockings, knee and shoe buckles. Thus dressed the fashionable world that moved in the ball-room of 1782.

The company had mostly assembled when Captain Maitland entered with the Lone Dove leaning on his arm, followed by Mrs. Maitland and Doctor Brown.

The beauties of the child had blossomed into all the charms of early womanhood. Her figure, above the medium height, exquisitely proportioned, was robed in a simple dress of white crape. A chain of gold about her neck was the only ornament she wore, save a few natural flowers entwined in her dark glossy hair. Her eyes still possessed that same indescribable expression, a commingling of lofty thought and holy feeling, which seemed to illuminate her beautiful features with their mysterious purity.

"Look, Dunmore! what transcendent being is that?" asked a young man of a gentleman with whom he had been standing watching the dancers. He might have seen twenty-five years—tall and well proportioned. He was dressed in a sky-blue coat, waistcoat embroidered with gold, cream-colored satin breeches, flesh-colored hose, diamond knee and shoe buckles. His hair was craped and powdered; rather small though not unhandsome features, lit up with a pair of dark hazel eyes.

"Where?" asked Dunmore, turning at the exclamation of his companion.

"There, leaning upon the arm of that officer who is a little lame. Did you ever behold such grace, such elegance? Who can she be?"

Dunmore started as his eye fell upon the Lone Dove, who stood, her eyes sparkling with delight, as she gazed in childish admiration upon the brilliant scene. "Who can she be?" murmured Dunmore; "what a resemblance!"

"That is precisely what I asked you," said his companion; "but as you seem to be even more mystified than my-

self, I despair of gaining much information from you. But here comes Lady Durand. My dear Lady Durand, can you tell me who that exquisite creature is yonder, leaning on the arm of the lame officer?"

"What, my lord!" she said, with a slight toss of the head, "have you, too, caught the mania of admiration for this Indian prodigy?"

"Indian! Why, surely, your ladyship does not mean to say that that angelic being is an Indian!"

"No, not exactly an Indian; but she is a child that Captain Maitland picked up among the Indians."

"Captain Maitland!" echoed Dunmore.

"Yes," continued Lady Durand, "he found her among the Indians, some four or five years ago, and adopted her."

"Has she no parents?" inquired Dunmore.

"She says she has a father, or had one, in the rebel army;" (a gleam of satisfaction lit up his grey eye). "The old gentleman at the right, with the ponderous wig," continued her ladyship, "is Doctor Brown. See how self-satisfied he looks on at the attention she attracts. He seems to consider it the legitimate result of the Scottish lore with which he has been dosing her for the last five years. Mrs. Maitland has been no less assiduous, and quite as competent a teacher, to initiate her in all the mysteries of the toilet; while the captain has surpassed both in impressing upon her mind the important truth that she is the most beautiful being in Christendom. And thus equipped, though a mere child, she has come forth to slay and take captive the hearts of you poor bachelors. You had better look to your heart, my lord, you will be quite a mark."

"Your ladyship's caution comes quite too late!" said he, laying his hand in mock gravity upon his heart. "The arrow has entered! But, I fear it is not the bachelors alone who will be wounded!" (looking significantly at Dunmore, whose eyes seemed rivetted upon the object of their conversation.) "May I ask of your ladyship, the favor of an introduction to this paragon of perfection?"

"No, indeed!" she replied. "I certainly will not aid you on in your folly!"

"Oh! your ladyship is too cruel!"

"Maitland!" said Dunmore, "from Yorkshire?"

"The same," she replied. The sets being now forming for another dance, she gave her hand to her partner, and moved on.

Meanwhile, standing near a young lady of no very striking personal attractions, but of great intelligence and sweetness, was a fine manly looking young officer; high broad forehead, and pleasing countenance.

"Miss Delancy," he said, "Can you inform me who that beautiful being, leaning on the arm of Captain Maitland, is?"

"Colonel," she said, smiling, "I have been looking at you for the last five minutes, and have spoken to you several times, but to no purpose."

"I ask your pardon, Miss Delancy!" he said, bowing gracefully, while the flush mantled his cheek and brow.

"The pardon was granted, Colonel Effingham, before it was asked. The cause of your abstraction, is in itself sufficient excuse! Did you ever behold a lovelier being?"

"Never," said the colonel. "Who is she?"

"The adopted daughter of Captain Maitland!" she answered. "There is much that is very interesting in her history, and which I will tell you some other time. Suffice it to say, that when Captain Maitland was wounded at the Battle of Bennington, he on his return brought this beautiful creature, then but a child, home with him. He found her in the woods. The Captain and Mrs. Maitland are deeply attached to her. They have raised her very tenderly, and she has well repaid them for their care. Different from most beauties, the better you know her, the more you love her. And, would you believe it? she is quite a *Blue*! Good old Doctor Brown, (a very eminent physician, by the way, as well as scholar,) has been her teacher, and he has watched the expansion of her mind, with the same anxiety he would watch some rare plant, belonging to no class, order, genus or species of his favorite Linnæus! But here they come. Take care of your heart! colonel."

"The citadel has surrendered at discretion!" he said, smiling.

"Oh! colonel, I thought you a braver soldier!"

"The attack was by surprise, and the feeble resistance I would have made, you have overcome!"

"Good evening, Miss Emily!" said Captain Maitland, approaching Miss Delancy. "Mary singled you out. Ah! Colonel Effingham! This is an unexpected pleasure! When did you return?"

"But yesterday, Captain."

"My daughter, Colonel Effingham."

The Lone Dove received his low bow with easy grace.

"I tell Mary," said Miss Delancy, "that it is very kind of her to see me, when there is so much to attract her attention."

"Everything is so new and wonderful," she said, "that I would like to look out upon it all, from a little nook of those, whose hearts I fell are near me. But where are mamma and the doctor? Oh! here they are!"

"Well, and how does Mary like this spirit-world?" said the doctor, smiling.

Oh! doctor, I am enchanted! only I think that spirits are embodied here!"

"Some in angel's forms!" said the colonel, gazing admiringly upon her.

"Colonel," said Captain Maitland, "is not the gentleman yonder, conversing with Lord Rochford, Captain Dunmore?"

"The same. Have you any acquaintance with him, captain?"

"Not any," was the hasty reply. "I have seen him once or twice in England."

"I believe he has not been very fortunate in his encounters with the Americans!"

"Ah!" said the captain musingly.

"Yes, once his ship was taken from him, by a handful of Yankees, somewhere in Massachusetts Bay. And he was since made prisoner of war, by another handful, while on a foraging party, in New Jersey."

"In Massachusetts Bay!" said the captain. "How long since?"

"While the army were in Boston."

"Ah!" said the captain, still musing.

"His attention, as well as that of Lord Rochford, seems directed this way," continued the colonel, glancing toward the Lone Dove, who now, leaning upon the arm of the doctor, was in animated conversation with Miss Delancy.

At this moment the music gave the signal for the sets to form.

"Excuse me, captain," said the colonel; bowing, "But may I claim the honor of your daughter's hand for the dance?"

"She is but a novice, colonel, in scenes like this! However, I will leave it to herself to decide." He led the colonel to his daughter.

"Will Miss Maitland favor me with her hand for the dance?" he asked, with a low bow.

While a deep blush mantled her cheek, she glanced hastily at Mrs. Maitland, the Doctor and Captain. Meeting their approving smile, she gracefully consented; and as he led her upon the floor, all eyes followed, and the murmur went round, "How beautiful! Who is she?"

As she took her place in the set, it happened to be next the daughter of Lady Durand, Lady Emily. A short squat little figure, who stood smirking and smiling with her distinguished partner, Lord Rochford. Her little person drawn to its full height, her head thrown back, endeavoring to assume that dignity which Nature had denied her, to impress upon that untitled assembly the importance of her station! As the Lone Dove approached, she raised her eyes as if to meet the recognition of Lady Emily, but the glance was met by her ladyship with a lofty toss, and turning to her companion, she said, loud enough to be heard by those around, something about "the disagreeable necessity of living in a society, in which people were forced to come in daily contact with people whom no one knew!"

It was not unobserved by Colonel Effingham, and, while indignation fired his heart, he glanced uneasily at his companion, expecting to see one so young and sensitive, disconcerted by such gross rudeness.

At first she looked a little bewildered, then a blush mantled her cheek and pure brow. In an instant it was gone, and she took her place with easy dignity. If there was aught to show that she felt or understood the intended insult, it was a slight expression of pity in her beautiful eyes. And as she stood beside that titled one, in all her mental and physical beauty, so simple, yet so elegant, never did the great ones of earth sink into more insignificance be-

fore the nobility of nature. Every one saw it, that gazed upon the Lone One. Lady Emily *felt* it, and so did her titled mother.

Captain Maitland observed the scornful toss; a pang pierced his heart, and he turned aside; another glance, and tears filled his eyes as he gazed upon the quiet triumph of his beautiful child. Rochford thought, as he gazed upon her: "If they had striven to make her a heart-killer, never had teachers succeeded so well."

As she moved through the dance, every eye followed; while her unaffected remarks, expressed with such simplicity, yet displaying such a depth of thought, had so captivated her partner, that when the dance was over, he felt with Miss Delancy, that to know her was to love her more.

When he led her to her seat, she placed her arm within that of Captain Maitland, and shrank closely to his side, as if she would not again be separated from him. He felt the silent appeal, and knew that the arrow had entered the heart, though the surface exhibited no wound. And the moisture dimmed his eye as he pressed the small hand within his own. This was too much for the warm-hearted colonel, and bowing politely, he turned, and commenced an indifferent conversation with Miss Delancy, to cover his own emotion.

"Colonel," said that lady, after a few common-place remarks, "I expect that on your return to your hotel, you will find any quantity of challenges on your table, and heading the list, Lord Rochford and Captain Dunmore. Notwithstanding that the age of the latter would hardly admit of his entering the lists as competitor for the prize! They certainly have looked at you with no amiable eyes. At one time I thought his lordship was planning an exchange of partners."

"Begging your pardon, I would sooner exchange swords with him," said the colonel.

"But hither he comes, colonel. A powerful rival."

"Good evening, Colonel Effingham," said Lord Rochford, shaking him warmly by the hand. "It is some time since we met. Ah! Miss Delancy, where have you kept yourself this evening, that I have not had the pleasure of seeing you before?"

I have been in the dance once, and the rest of the time I

have been sitting here, enjoying the scene as a looker-on. I suppose the reason why you did not see me, was that you had no eyes for me," said she, laughingly.

"Our friend here has not been employed as a looker-on," said he, glancing at the colonel, who, with arms folded, seemed lost in his own thoughts. "He seems to have been particularly fortunate in having found you out so soon."

"Ah! I see how it is," she said archly. "I shall expect to be quite a belle before the evening is out. No, no, my lord, you need expect nothing of the kind. I can't shine with borrowed light. If I favor *you*, I shall expect the memory of all my old friends, which fled with the smiles of fortune, suddenly and by some mysterious power to be restored to them; and that, coming forward, they will bow very lowly before me, saying: 'Where have you been this long while, Miss Delancy? How delighted I am to see you. How exceedingly well, you are looking,' etc. No, I certainly will not introduce you; so do not ask."

"When I tell you that I have plead with Lady Durand, in vain, I think you will take pity on me."

"Lady Durand; she surely has not the same excuse with myself. But, fearful you may suppose me to have the same excuse with herself, I will go so far as to introduce you to the doctor, with whom I see the colonel is conversing. That will be one step nearer." Rising, with a mischievous smile, and joining the group, she presented Lord Rochford to Doctor Brown, and sat down not far from the Lone Dove, who, seated between Captain and Mrs. Maitland, was the centre of an admiring group.

A few moments after, Doctor Brown, approaching, presented Lord Rochford to Captain and Mrs. Maitland, which was soon followed by an introduction to the Lone Dove. After a few minutes' conversation, the music again called the dancers to the floor. Bowing very lowly his lordship begged the honor of her hand for the dance. She seemed about to decline, when meeting the glance of Mrs. Maitland, she assented, and was led upon the floor by her noble partner. Colonel Effingham followed with Miss Delancy.

A mischievous smile lit up the countenance of the latter, as she saw the evident chagrin of Lady Emily.

When they had returned from the dance, Lord Rochford

seated himself beside the Lone Dove, very much to the disappointment of the colonel. Many, who had before held back, since the marked attentions of his lordship, pressed forward for an introduction, and she soon became the centre of attraction.

"I understand that Captain Maitland intends making his adopted daughter heiress to all his property," said an old lady, who was conversing with Lady Durand. "He will inherit immense possessions from his mother, in England."

"He *might* be foolish enough for it," observed her ladyship; "but she has a father somewhere among the rebel soldiers; and whom she insists upon going to, when the war is over. She consequently must sink back into obscurity, and that will put an end to all their romance."

"Tis strange, she should wish to return to the obscurity from which she has been raised," observed the lady.

"It is the only point in which she has shown her good sense. She cannot feel at home in her present position. Do you not think, colonel, she shows her good sense in such a determination?" she said, addressing Colonel Effingham.

"If Miss Maitland has an own father with greater claims upon her, though in an humbler walk of life, she certainly shows good sense in the fulfillment of what she may conceive to be her duty! But then we cannot say, judging from appearances, but that she feels perfectly at home in her present position." Looking towards her as she stood leaning upon the arm of Captain Maitland, and listening to the remarks of Lord Rochford.

No one watched the Lone Dove more attentively than good old Doctor Brown. He seemed like one who has for the first time put in motion some grand piece of machinery, on which all the powers of his mind had been expended, and in the success of which was risked all his happiness. During the evening, Captain and Mrs. Maitland, leaving her under the doctor's protection, had strayed to another part of the hall. She was surrounded by Lord Rochford, who scarcely left her side, Miss Delancy, Colonel Effingham, and a number of gentlemen and ladies. The doctor withdrew to a point where, unseen by her, and apparently

engaged in watching the dancers, he could notice her every movement.

"True to herself," he murmured, as, with an animated countenance, she seemed to listen to the conversation of those around her, while with an easy and graceful dignity she received their flattering attentions.

At length he approached. Seeing him, she rose, and laying her hand on his arm, said in a low tone: "Good doctor, please not leave me alone so much with those strangers. Papa and mamma think you are with me. They are engaged in the upper part of the hall, and *you* forget me entirely. You used to guide me in the acquisition of knowledge, but at the first practical lesson you leave me alone. You have scarcely spoken to me this evening, doctor."

"That is because I cannot always be with you; and I would see how you can get along without me," he replied.

"Well, I have missed you sadly, doctor. You know I have always had a wise head to guide me, and a kind heart to lean upon. Somehow my heart does not feel as light as when I first entered, so don't leave me. I always feel strong when I am by your side. My lesson has been long enough. You won't leave me again, will you, good doctor? Let me lean upon your arm while we walk to the other end of the hall, where I see papa and mamma."

"Would it not be wrong to leave, without an excuse, the friends who have been striving to entertain you?"

"It would, indeed! You see, doctor, how apt I am to go astray without you," she said, smiling. Then, returning to the circle she had left, and making an apology for leaving them, she placed her arm in the doctor's and walked towards her parents.

"Well, colonel," said Rochford, rather piqued, addressing Effingham, who gazed thoughtfully after her graceful figure, as she leant confidently upon the old man's arm; her beautiful countenance upturned to his face and sparkling with animation; "this is what I call a decided *cut*, when we, poor fellows, were doing our very best to play the agreeable. A young coquette! But I suppose the old fellow there gave her the wink when to leave."

"You can scarcely call it coquetry, my Lord," replied the colonel, "when you recollect that she did not *court* our attentions, but rather shrank from them; and when persisted in, only received them with the politeness of a lady of delicacy. Look! with all our pretty sayings, I don't think one of us has been able to gain a smile such as she is now bestowing upon the old gentleman. By my sword, but I'd be willing to exchange wigs with him for it!"

"I understand the old gentleman is her tutor," said Lord Rochford.

"He is a very scientific scholar. I know him well," said the colonel. "A man of wealth and standing, he became deeply interested in Miss Maitland, (and who could do otherwise?) when she first became an inmate of Captain Maitland's family, and has since carefully watched over her education for self-gratification. I am right, am I not, Miss Delancy?"

"Perfectly right, colonel. I fear good Doctor Brown, with all his benevolence, and metaphysics, and Scottish lore, would be but a sorry bungler at teaching coquetry."

"How is Mrs. Maitland?" asked Lord Rochford.

"Quite incapable," said Miss Delancy, indignantly.

"I have then been misinformed," said his lordship; "and I had almost arrived at that conclusion when her strange conduct recalled it to my mind."

"Well, my lord, I can give you no great credit for penetration, if your heart had not told you it was false after you had spoken three words with her."

"I sincerely ask Miss Delancy's pardon," said his lordship, bowing low, "and must be allowed to pay her the rarely deserved compliment, that the beauty and merits of others have no power to excite in her heart one feeling of envy."

"Your gallantry has saved you this time, my lord," she said, with a smile. "Had it not come to your aid I know not what might have been the consequences."

The colonel thought, as he saw the pure soul beaming through her countenance, "There is a gem there hidden that the common observer may not see!"

As the Lone Dove pursued her way through the admiring crowd, the doctor asked, "And has Mary become tired of

the gay world, where so many are striving to do her honor, so soon?"

"Oh, no, doctor, far from it! But I seem bewildered, and my heart seems filled with strange emotions; or, I would say, strange spirits are whispering to Mary's heart, and she would ask you, doctor, what they are? But not now—to-morrow. And somehow they have power to recall the past;" then lowering her voice, while its tones trembled, she continued, "It seemed that Heelehdee was very near Mary, whispering to her. But we will talk of it to-morrow. Do you see that old gentleman yonder? He is looking at me now. He seems to make my heart tremble, I do not know why. He has looked at me all the evening, and somehow my eyes will turn towards him, I know not why."

"You must not do that," said the doctor. "That is enough in itself to make him look at you."

"I will try not to look at him. I think I can succeed better when I am with you or papa. Lord Rochford calls him Captain Dunmore. I seem to think I have heard the name before. When Lord Rochford pronounced it, it made me start. I seem to be a coward among all these people. It seems as if the beautiful and good spirits did not whisper to the heart here as when we gaze on nature's face."

At an early hour they left the ball-room.

CHAPTER XXV.

A GLIMPSE AT COLONEL EFFINGHAM AFTER THE BALL.

WALKING to and fro his apartment, in deep abstraction, was Colonel Effingham.

"So beautiful, so gifted, and yet so unconscious of it!" he murmured. "So childlike! How fondly she leant upon the old man's arm! So young, so sensitive, and yet what a perfect command over her feelings! The Doctor's philosophy and Mrs. Maitland's tenderness, could scarce have taught her this. There must be something innate.

With any other, such command would have appeared forced; not in keeping with her age or sex. But with her it seemed all right, all natural. What an atmosphere of purity encircles her; there is something religious in it. And yet, this being, so richly endowed, can claim kindred with none! Her origin wrapped in mystery; without a *name*, and dependent upon the bounty of strangers. Oh! could I but win her love; how proudly should she bear my name! And oh! how fondly —”

“What folly. ’Tis but a name! A soldier with nought but his sword! And must not others love her, who can offer her wealth and rank? they could not offer a heart more devoted. Yet she shrank from *his* attentions and turned in confidence to me. That confidence was sweet, but yet, it was not love. Oh! could it be. Could I but waken in her heart, one feeling such as must henceforth forever live in mine! But ’tis the height of folly. ’Tis madness to hope. ’Tis strange her tones had power to recall that voice, so long, long silent! so loved. Like him, she has the power to touch the hidden springs of my heart! Would that she might guide that heart, e’en with a sister’s hand!”

He seated himself, and pressed his hand upon his brow. “Yes, I must ever love her! But with a love that angel’s eyes might gaze upon!”

CHAPTER XXVI.

A GLIMPSE AT LORD ROCHFORD AFTER THE BALL.

NOT far distant, in an elegantly furnished apartment, and surrounded by all that could contribute to ease or luxury, was Lord Rochford, lounging upon an elegant couch, clothed in a rich embroidered dressing-gown. His feet encased in scarlet velvet slippers, were propped up on the back of a chair; while with head thrown back, he puffed lazily a fine flavored Spanish segar.

“What an exquisite being!” he murmured. “What a magnificent form! What grace! What elegance! ~~She~~

would adorn a palace. What a mouth! What eyes! But yet, their expression so unintelligible, seemed to awe one. She is indeed beautiful; transcendantly so. But still, Lord Rochford could not make an unknown one his bride, e'en were she an angel just from heaven! And she falls nothing short of one!

"But she is such a rare being. I'd stake my life to win her! Adopted daughter of Captain Maitland! He is of noble blood! They are devoted to her. Who could be otherwise? How she shrank from my gaze! I must play the saint to win her heart; and yet, I love her the better for it. Could she but be separated from them, and the big wigg'd old Cerberus! But even then, I fear, it would be long, if ever I could win her to my faith! Effingham, poor fellow, is desperately in for it! She seemed to look upon him with more favor. But he is one of your honorable men! (with a sneer.) How I hate an honorable man! She has a father in the rebel army they say. One of their poor naked, half-starved devils, no doubt. Could I but find him. Wealth is omnipotent in some cases! But have her, I must and will!"

And as the spirits of light floated in air, they saw encircling him, an atmosphere of hideous loathesome things; from whose most horrid presence, every pure and gentle spirit fled in fear. And as the soul partook the food they bore, 'twas transformed into *brute*, and groveled in the dust. While from the heart a cloud of demons sprang.

"Ha! Rochford," said Captain Dunmore, entering the apartment; "What in the devil's name are you doing, this time of night? In a brown-study, eh! wounded by Cupid's dart! Ha, ha, ha. Well blame your own temerity, my lord. Lady Durand warned you she was trained to heart-killing!"

"Would that Lady Durand were correct, and that she were a trained coquette! Then there would scarcely be necessity for this brown-study, as you term it. My work would then be plain; for you know, Dunmore, I am an adept in the art of flattery!"

"What! and is she so different from the rest of her sex, that you cannot reach her heart with flattery?"

"Will you believe me, Dunmore, as unassuming and as simple as she seems, there is a something there that awes me to respect, whether I will or not, and makes every unmeaning compliment to die upon my lips! She shrinks before my gaze, as if the inmost feelings of my heart were bared to her!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Dunmore, malignantly. "I suppose we shall soon see this pretty *foundling* transforming the gay, licentious Rochford, into a sober, obedient husband! Ha, ha, ha."

"Oh! no, captain, no fear of that. For, should my heart, despairing of success, dictate a course so desperate, *pride* would prevent the folly!"

"Your suit, according to your own account, I fear, said Dunmore, will speed rather slowly. And I understand, as the war is about over, Maitland intends to return to England soon. And I think he will have a chance to do it before long! Of course, he will take this paragon with him."

"She has a father in the rebel army, they say," mused Rochford, "could one but find him out! Don't you think something could be done there, Dunmore, eh?"

"If you mean, by corrupting the father to gain the daughter," answered Dunmore, "You might as well hope to buy his commission from the devil himself! I know him well. I knew him in England, whence he fled for the crime of murder. 'Twas he that headed the Yankee rebels who took the transport that I commanded. 'Twas by him I was taken prisoner. He is in the rebel army, going under an assumed name. If I could only get hold of him, take him to England, and have him strung up as he deserves, I would be satisfied. This is his child; though the old hag that betrayed him, said it was not. It can be none other than his! The air, the manner, the brow. She can be none other than his!"

"Did you ever see her before?" asked Rochford.

"Yes, but never to take notice of her."

"How do you know it to be the same?" asked Rochford.

"Why, after Stonebridge escaped from the prison, I went after her as a bait to catch the rascal with; but she had gone away with the Indians. About two years afterwards, by

the obstinacy of the old chief, and the vigilance of the squaw, his daughter, she again escaped a snare that you would hardly have thought the devil himself could have discovered. And this was about the time that she fell into the hands of Maitland. Stonebridge is very fond of this child, and by what I learn from Lady Durand, she has not forgotten him. Now my plan is this. To get her, and place her somewhere, that we may decoy him from his safe retreat. After he is thoroughly in my possession, I will leave the daughter to you. As the daughter of a convicted murderer, and separated from the Maitlands, she will be in an entirely different position from what she now occupies. Then the smiles of a gentleman like yourself may be considered quite a favour! You understand, Rochford. If you want the young bird, you must help me catch the old one!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

A GLIMPSE AT THE LONE DOVE AFTER THE BALL.

DURING the foregoing scenes, the Lone Dove was seated in her apartment; her fair brow resting on her hand in thoughtful sadness.

"Alone!" she murmured, "not even a name! And yet, I never felt this before! A dependent, they call me. 'Tis true—I have always been a dependent. And yet I never knew it. Heelehdee called me the Lone Dove! I felt not its meaning. I never was alone. Heelehdee's heart was always near. The Lone Dove was my name in the cabin of Tawahquenah. I needed no other. The red-man never asked for another. He never asked my parentage. My name told him my history; and the red-man seemed to love me better, and was tenderer of me for it. When Tawahquenah fell, and Heelehdeh went to the Great Spirit, papa gave me his name, and joined it to the name of Mary, given me by my Father. Mary Maitland—it is a sweet name! They both loved me, and gave me a name and a home when

I had none I love to bear the name; but the world scorns me because I have it not by right of birth. The name of Lone Dove died with Heelehdee. 'Twas well. I could not have them scorn that name. I'm very sad to-night! I feel alone! I feel now the full meaning of my Indian name! Oh, Heelehdee! could your Dove but lay her aching head upon your breast, and weep, as when she was a child, and nought but the Dove of Heelehdee!"

One by one the big tears trickled down her cheeks, and fell among the withered flowers that had adorned her hair. "Heelehdee saw the approach of danger. The Lone Dove has no Heelehdee now!" and laying her head upon the table, she sobbed aloud. At length, rising, she took from a dressing-case a key, and opening a trunk took thence a blanket, a pair of moccasins, a tunic of skins, and several articles of Indian dress. Long and silently she gazed on them, then murmured—"Heelehdee never shrank from the will of the Great Spirit; Mary will not. The Great Spirit has been very good to Mary! She will weep no more. Heelehdee is with the Great God, and the Spirit of Love!" Then folding the articles one by one, she pressed them to her lips, returned them to the trunk, and kneeling, clasped her hands in prayer. A few moments, and her head rested upon the snowy pillows; and as she closed her eyes in peaceful slumber, the holy angels hovered around her bed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MORNING AFTER THE BALL.

It was late the following morning when Mrs. Maitland, with cautious movements, entered the chamber of the Lone Dove. Still she slept—and a smile dimpled her cheek. Mrs. Maitland returned to the drawing-room, where were seated her husband and Doctor Brown.

"Indeed, doctor, I cannot find it in my heart to wake her, she is *sleeping so sweetly*, and there is such a beautiful

smile upon her countenance. But she looks feverish, though."

"Indeed," said Captain Maitland, "I cannot consent to her going out another evening!"

"If she did, James, I am afraid we soon should lose her," answered his lady. "Several have left their compliments this morning. Among the rest, Lord Rochford and Colonel Effingham."

"Effingham is a noble fellow," observed the captain. "I don't know much of Lord Rochford."

"Lady Durand seemed much annoyed by his attentions to Mary," continued Mrs. Maitland.

"My dear Amelia," said her husband, "I wish you would have as little to do with Lady Durand as possible. And as for Lady Emily, I would prefer she should not visit here. I would ask you, Amelia, to drop the acquaintance. The manner in which she last night treated Mary, I consider an insult to my family!"

"Yes," said the doctor, "I heard Lady Emily speak of her to several as the '*Nameless Thing*!' and there are so many in the world who, not daring to say a word for themselves, re-echo those of others, that I was fearful she should hear them. But I must, for the present, say good morning."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LONE DOVE'S FIRST LESSON IN KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

"AH! doctor, is that you?" said the Lone Dove, as, on the following morning, hearing foot-steps on the stairs, she opened the door. "I was so sorry that I could not see you yesterday!" she said, taking him by the hand, and leading him into her study. "There, doctor, there's your easy-chair. Let me roll it into this nice warm corner!"

"Now get your stool," said the doctor, "and come and sit here, close beside me. I want to hear all that the strange spirits said to Mary the other night, and what were her first impressions when she entered the ball-room."

"That's just what Mary wants to tell you," she said, drawing her stool closely beside him. "But first let me ask how you feel after a night of dissipation?"

"Oh! it did not affect me much," said the doctor. "I am too old to be much excited. I think it frequently happens, that the reaction after such excitement is more injurious than anything else."

"I am so glad that I am here, doctor, and not in the ball-room!"

"You did not get tired of the gay scenes so soon?" said the doctor.

"Oh! no, doctor, not tired; but when I first entered the ball-room, I was so delighted with everything. It seemed that all the beautiful spirits had met there to make the people happy. And every one did look so happy! And I thought they looked as if they knew it was the first time I was there, and were pleased to see me so delighted. Such a crowd of beautiful thoughts came upon me, that I seemed bewildered. It seemed the spirit of love was there in converse with the good.

"Thus I felt, when Colonel Effingham led me to the dance. In my happiness I looked to Lady Emily; and when she turned her head in scorn, and said something about 'No one knowing who I was,' I felt bewildered, and blushed. But something seemed to whisper to me, 'The Great Spirit knows who Mary is!' and I felt no anger towards Lady Emily, though I felt she was my enemy. As I moved through the dance, I heard them call me beautiful. Some said I was a child picked up. They spoke in scorn because I had no name but what was given me. I was so glad to get once more beside papa, though Colonel Effingham was very kind, and tried to prevent me hearing the remarks. I did not wish to leave papa again; and when Lord Rochford asked me to dance, I would have refused, but mamma looked as if she would like to have me dance, and I consented, though somehow I was no longer happy. It seemed no longer that the spirit of love was there. They spoke in scorn of each other. And they spoke in scorn of papa and mamma, because they had been kind to Mary; as if because no one knew who my parents were, they acted wrong in being kind to me. Good doctor, tell me why

they spoke so? tell me all, good doctor? Mary would hear all."

The doctor gazed thoughtfully upon her as she raised firmly, nay, almost proudly, her beautiful head from the childish position she had occupied, leaning her arm upon his knee and gazing innocently in his face. He stroked her hair from her fair brow, as he said :

"I asked your papa and mamma to take you to the ball, that you might thus get a glimpse of the world as it is, though I did not expect your first lesson would be such as it has proved. We all loved you so well, we thought that others must, and only feel sorry you did not bear their name. You knew much of books, much of the spirit world, or the world as it should be, but nothing of the world as it is in reality. I knew that your beauty and talents must gain you admiration; I knew that your discerning mind would soon discover that the world is not governed by love, as you have fondly imagined, because nature is, and you had always been surrounded by loving hearts. I wished to see in what manner the admiration you must gain would affect you; and, by a glimpse at present of the world as it is, prepare you for a different scene of action when you should enter it."

"Doctor, Mary will tell you what was the effect of the admiration upon her," she said, while a slight blush mantled her cheek. "When Mary heard them say that she was beautiful, she felt very happy; and when she looked in the large mirrors and saw that she was more beautiful than those around her, in her delight, doctor, your Mary, with whom you have taken so much pains, forgot who sent the spirits of beauty to dwell with her; and when she did think, she felt that the spirits of beauty must have been sent to dwell with Mary for something more than to be looked at, for some good purpose, as they dwelt with the flowers; and it made her sad that she had never thought of this before."

"True to herself!" he murmured, then patting her fondly on the cheek, he said :

"Mary once wanted me to listen to the flowers and see if they did not speak beautiful things to my heart of the Great Spirit. She said it was the sweet spirits that dwelt

in them that spoke. I did listen, and I heard their voice; and I have loved flowers better since; and God, too," he added, in a solemn voice. "And now, when the world looks upon Mary's *rare beauty*, she must have it speak to them sweet words of God."

He paused. She lay her head upon her arm, and gazed thoughtfully into the fire. At length, raising her eyes, she said: "Mary will try to have her beauty speak sweet words of God, as the flowers do. But she is afraid that when the world calls her beautiful, she may forget that it is God's spirits that make her so. And then they cannot speak. But she will try. She will ask the Sweet Spirit of Love, not to let Mary forget!"

"And now, Mary asks me to tell her why the world spoke in scorn of her, because her parentage is unknown? Why they spoke in scorn of the kindness of those that loved her? And she would know why they spoke in scorn of each other?"

"I will try to tell her in as few words as possible. I promised mamma not to keep her long, as she expected Mary would be wanted below stairs. We will talk some other time upon the subject: but I will try to be explicit now.

"To begin. The world in general know nothing of the spirit world. They never see God in his works. Nor hear his voice. They forget the Great God, and worship themselves as gods! They clothe themselves in wealth, titles, and a name renowned, that others may be induced to bow before them, and call them gods! While those who lack these attributes, are scorned, as not belonging to the race of gods. And those who join them not in scorn of those untitled and unhonored ones, are viewed as having not the *spirit* of the gods, though they may not be wanting in the outward signs. Now, does my spirit-girl understand me?" said the doctor, laughing.

"Yes, doctor, perfectly," she said, with a smile. "Mary is one of the unfavored ones, who belong not to the race of gods! Papa, mamma, and good Doctor Brown, do not scorn Mary for it, and they have not the spirit of gods! Is that it, doctor?"

"'Tis so!" was the reply.

"But, doctor, what then is the difference between these people and the Heathen?"

"The *Modern* Heathen is the more degraded one! The ancient Idolator, knowing not God, made gods of silver, gold, and stone, and worshipped them for some inherent quality he thought them to possess. While the modern one, knowing of the Great God, rests satisfied to worship *self* alone!"

"But, doctor, Tawahquenah and Heelehdee were of royal blood. They scorned not those who were not! They loved the Lone Dove more, because she had no people, and no name but what they had given her;" said she, a deep sadness resting on her features.

"The red-man," answered the doctor, "worships the Great Spirit. He does not worship *self*."

"But the white man has the great God, and the spirit of love," she persisted.

"True," he replied, "but few really know and love Him, because they have never listened to His voice, or the voices of the sweet spirits that, Mary says, He sends to talk to them."

"You, too, believe in the sweet spirits now, do you not, doctor?" she said, with a smile. "But, doctor, you have not told Mary why they speak in scorn of each other."

"That is because each is striving to make himself the greater god; and when he finds another to possess that which himself has not, he envies him, and strives, by treating with contempt the envied gift, to raise himself above the favored one."

"'Twas thus the other night. Some envied Mary because the great God had given her talents and beauty more than they possessed. They envied her the homage thus inspired. They could not speak against the gifts, therefore they seized the mystery of her birth, and treated it with scorn."

"Oh, doctor," she said, with a sigh, "how unhappy those poor people must be, never to hear the voice of the sweet spirits of beauty and love! Mary is glad she was not born among the great of earth."

"Our conversation has had a particular reference to the great," he said; "but Mary must not think it can refer to them alone. It has a reference to every being, high or low, who hears not the Great Spirit speaking in his works."

Taking his hands within her own, and gazing in his face, she said, "Oh, doctor, I never knew till now how good the Great Spirit has been to Mary! Last night she felt so lone she wept, until the spirit of Heelehdee seemed to speak to her and tell her it was wrong. Had she been born among her own people, and had a name; or had she had rank and wealth, she would never have known Heelehdee, to tell her about the spirits of nature. She would never have had good Doctor Brown to have explained them to her. She would never have heard their sweet voices talking of the great God in everything. Oh, the Great Spirit has been very good to Mary!"

Tears filled the eyes of the good doctor. At length, conquering his emotion, he said, "Mary has much more to learn of the world, but not now. I hear some one coming for her."

CHAPTER XXX.

INFLUENCE OF THE SPIRIT POWER.

"JAMES," said Mrs. Maitland, as she sat alone with her husband, a short time afterwards, "Do you notice how Mary shrinks from the attentions of Lord Rochford, and even from his presence, while she is perfectly at her ease with Colonel Effingham, and always seems to express pleasure at seeing him?"

"There is a vast difference in the two men," said Captain Maitland. "Effingham is better calculated to please a girl like Mary. He is a man of very great information. And then, his attentions are so delicate."

"Surely, James, you do not pretend to say that Lord Rochford lacks delicacy in his manners towards our child?"

"I should be very sorry to say that, Amelia, and permit him to visit here. But his attentions are too much those of the lover!"

"He is evidently very much pleased with Mary, and I wish she could overcome her foolish aversion to him. I

fear her Indian superstitions will prove a sad disadvantage to her, as she mixes more with the world; and good Doctor Brown indulges her so much in them. I am really afraid it may be a serious detriment to her. I asked her one day, after Lord Rochford had left the room, what caused her to shrink so from him."

"Mamma," she answered, "I try to like him, because I know it pleases you; but somehow I feel afraid of him, I don't know why. He is very polite and kind, and tries to please me, but still my heart seems to recoil from his presence; and, to express myself clearly, mamma, it seems as if no good spirits talk with him. It has always been so from the first time I saw him."

"I laughed at her, but to no purpose. She said she felt entirely different with Colonel Effingham. He seemed, as she thought, a brother might seem. I told her that now she would mix more with the world, she must give a more worldly reason for her likes and dislikes. I told her such would do for good Doctor Brown, papa and myself, but that she must begin to express herself in language, and give reasons that the world could better understand.

"After some reflection she said that she supposed she did not like him because he talked to her as if she were a big baby, saying, 'how beautiful she was,' and such like speeches; while Colonel Effingham entertained her with descriptions of the beautiful places he had seen; and when she spoke to him of her spirit-world she felt he understood her well.

"Seeing, probably, that I looked a little annoyed, she continued, 'I wish, mamma, my heart did not shrink with such horror from Lord Rochford; I am so sorry to give you pain. I will ask good Doctor Brown, perhaps he can explain it to me.' When the doctor came I spoke to him about it. He said he did not think her aversion unaccountable at all. That he had so far become a convert to Mary's philosophy as to believe that every person is surrounded by an atmosphere of spirits, either good or evil."

"Well, Amelia, and what is your particular anxiety that Mary should like Lord Rochford better?" asked Captain Maitland.

"Why, James, her marriage with a man of his rank and

wealth would immediately give her that position in society she was evidently born to occupy."

"Oh, Amelia, if you knew the pain it gives me to hear you speak so thoughtlessly, you would not do so again!" said Captain Maitland, much moved. "You have been happy with me, and I have no title."

"Oh! very happy!" she exclaimed; "only too happy!"

"And when you speak thus you recall too sensibly the fate of my poor brother, my only brother! A nobler man, Amelia, never breathed! And this it was that broke my poor old mother's heart. I wish, Amelia, you would no more associate with Lady Durand."

CHAPTER XXXI.

UNACCOUNTABLE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE LONE DOVE.

"GOOD evening, captain!" said a voice, addressing Captain Maitland, as he pursued his way toward his home, about four weeks after the last conversation.

"Ah! Colonel Effingham, is that you?" said the Captain, shaking him warmly by the hand. "Where have you been the past fortnight?"

"Away, on duty!" was the reply.

"Turn, and go home with me; I will insure you a welcome, colonel. We are almost at the door. Come in, and take a cup of tea with us!" pressed the captain, warmly.

The colonel turned. "Are all well, captain? Mrs. Maitland, the doctor, Miss Maitland?"

"Quite well, colonel. We all regretted your absence!" The colonel sighed.

In a few moments they were at the door. "Amelia, I have brought a friend!" said the captain, ushering his guest into a warm comfortable apartment, lit up by the cheerful blaze of the fire.

"Ah! colonel," said the lady, advancing, and cordially welcoming her guest. "You left us rather precipitately!"

"A soldier, madam, has no will of his own!" he replied.

"Where is Mary?" said the captain, looking round the room after they were seated. "Why is she not here, to give me her usual welcome?"

"Susan," said Mrs. Maitland, speaking to the servant, who had just entered with the lights. "Susan, go to Miss Mary's room, and ask her to come down. I was thinking of home!" she said, turning to her husband, "as I sat here gazing into the cheerful blaze; and had become so deeply absorbed in the pleasing prospect of so soon again beholding all those dear old familiar scenes, that I quite forgot the child, and indeed everything around me. She went to her room immediately after dinner, to finish some drawings for the doctor. And she must have been very deeply engaged, not to be here to receive you; as she never misses taking her post at that window to watch for your return, whenever you happen to remain till dusk. But it is too late for her to see, now. What can she be doing! Surely, she is not sick!" she said, turning pale, as Susan returned alone.

"Miss Mary is not in her room," said the girl.

"Not in her room!" echoed Mrs. Maitland; "Look for her, Susan!"

"I cannot find her in the house!" persisted the girl, in an indifferent tone.

"Not in the house!" exclaimed Captain Maitland, springing from his seat. "Surely, you are mistaken, Susan! Look again!"

"She's not in the house!" repeated the girl, sullenly. "Now I think of it, I saw her go out, after I took her the note a man brought here about the middle of the afternoon."

"What man?" exclaimed all, in a breath. "You are mistaken, Susan!" said Mrs. Maitland. Mary would never go out without mentioning it to me! Who brought the note?"

"I think it looked like one of Lord Rochford's servants. The one that sometimes brought Miss Mary flowers."

"Lord Rochford! Surely the girl is mad! Go yourself, Amelia. Go to her room!"

Mrs. Maitland left the room. Colonel Effingham strode the apartment in the greatest agitation, while Captain Maitland waited at the door in anxious suspense.

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In a few moments Mrs. Maitland returned. Her cheek and lips colorless. Placing an open letter in the hands of her husband, she fell lifeless at his feet.

"My God! What has happened, Amelia?" he said, laying her senseless form upon a couch, and hastily reading the contents of the letter, he groaned aloud, and sank upon a seat, crushing the letter in his clenched hand.

"For God's sake! tell me what has happened?" said Effingham, approaching. "Has any one dared ——? The thought is madness! Tell me quick, for God's sake! Oh! in pity, let me read that note!"

Captain Maitland gave him the note. He read as follows:

"DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA :

I feel that it will almost break your kind hearts, to know that your Mary has proved herself so unworthy of your confidence and love. But before I bid you farewell, perhaps forever, I must tell you the truth. I have grossly deceived you! I have loved Lord Rochford since the first time we met. And I am now going to become his wife. But I leave voluntarily. So do not try to discover me, papa. I can no more return to you.

MARY ——."

Striking his clenched hand against his brow, he cried " 'Tis false! It cannot be! Is this her hand-writing?"

The captain shook his head mournfully. "'Tis but too like!" he said. Then starting from his seat, he cried: "'Tis false! It is the blackest falsehood!" Again seizing the letter, he gazed intently upon it; then throwing it on the table, strode to and fro the apartment. While the colonel stood with folded arms, gazing fixedly upon the floor. At last, "'Tis false!" he cried. I would not believe the contents of that note, were an angel from heaven to swear it to me. 'Tis false, captain! 'Tis a forgery! Something must be done! But here's the doctor. "Read that!" he said, handing him the note.

The doctor read it; examined the writing. "The writing is very like. But it is not hers! It is as false as the heart

was black that penned it! Love Lord Rochford! As an angel of light might love a demon of darkness!"

"God bless you for those words!" gasped the Captain. Effingham pressed his hand within his own, saying: "I feel 'tis false, Doctor. She is too pure; too holy, for a shadow of wrong! But, oh! my God, doctor, what have they done with her?"

"There is treachery here!" said the doctor. "The slower work, sometimes outruns the greater speed! The servants must be examined. Who brought the letter?"

"I found it on the dressing-table!" said Mrs. Maitland, who now recovered, sat upon the couch, her hands clasped, the picture of despair.

"Tell me all the circumstances," said the Doctor. "Where is the girl that saw her go out?"

In a few minutes all the servants were ranged before him. Two protested their innocence of any knowledge of the note; and their grief was so great, when they had heard its contents, that all were disposed to credit their innocence.

"And shurily," said the good-hearted cook, "and may the Holy Jasus, and the Blessed Mother protect the swate innocent! And is it Biddy O'Rafferty that 'ud be afther bringing harm to an angel like her! Shure, and didn't she, God bless her! with her own delicate hands, nurse my poor boy, and bring him back to life, whin I thought he was gone shure enough, and the heart was dead in me for grafe! And if I'd be letting harm fall to the darlint, knowingly, might the Father and His Holy Angels forgit me at the last day!" and covering her honest face with her apron, she sobbed aloud.

After dismissing the rest, the doctor bade the girl, Susan, to stand before him, and look at him directly in the eye, while she answered the questions he should ask. The girl's eye fell beneath his searching gaze. "Look at me steadily in the eye," he said, "or I shall know that you have assisted in this villainy." The girl attempted again to raise her eyes.

"How much," said the doctor, in a stern voice, "did Lord Rochford pay you for giving him some of Miss Mary's writing, that he might forge this note?"

"He—he—" stammered the girl.

"Tell me the truth," said the doctor, sternly, without moving his eyes from her face. "Tell me the truth; you see you cannot trifle with me. Tell me all you know."

Finding it was quite useless to equivocate, the girl commenced:—"All I know about it is, about two weeks ago Lord Rochford's servant gave me two guineas, to get him some of Miss Mary's writing for his master. He said his master was in love with her; and the other day he told me that Miss Mary was going off with Lord Rochford, and gave me five guineas more not to tell, but to take a note to her when his master was ready, and say nothing to nobody about it. Miss Mary understood it all. He came about an hour after dinner, and brought a note, and told me not to give it to no one but Miss Mary, and not to give it to her before any one. He told me if all went on well, and I kept a still tongue, he'd give me five more guineas in an hour or two. As soon as I gave her the note, and she had read it, she looked a good deal flurried, and put on her things and went out—and she put on a thick veil. She hadn't been gone more than an hour, when the man came back and said she'd gone away to marry Lord Rochford, and gave me that letter (pointing to the note that lay on the table) to put in her room. He said Miss Mary sent it; and he gave me the other five guineas he'd promised me. But he said I must let you find the letter yourselves, that Miss Mary wanted to let you know she went away of her own accord."

"My God!" cried Captain Maitland, striking his brow with his clenched hand. "My child has been betrayed! But no time is to be lost; we must seek the wretch without delay." And seizing his hat, he rushed from the house, followed by the colonel.

For an hour had Mrs. Maitland paced to and fro the apartment, wringing her hands in agony, listening breathlessly at every sound of footsteps, and going to the door at every noise. At length it opened, and Colonel Effingham entered, accompanied by Lord Rochford.

Mrs. Maitland started with a scream of horror as her eye fell upon him. Then springing forward, and seizing his hand, as he was about to speak, she cried, "Oh tell me what you have done with my child! Oh! how could you deceive one so innocent, so pure, so good? How could you de-

crate the hearth, and break the hearts of those who have received you as a friend?" Then suddenly changing her tone, and grasping his hand still tighter, while his eye fell beneath her gaze, she cried—"Viper, wretch, monster! Tell me what you have done with my child!"

"Colonel," he said, at last, endeavouring to extricate his hand from her tightening grasp, and avoid her gaze, "Colonel Effingham, do speak for me!"

"My dear madam," said the colonel, approaching, and taking her hand, "my dear madam, Lord Rochford has come purposely to declare to you his innocence and ignorance of the disappearance of your precious child. We found him sitting quietly in his room, and he appeared as much grieved and shocked as every one who knew her must; and he has come to aid us in finding her."

"Your husband and the colonel have made me acquainted with the facts as far as they are known," said Lord Rochford. "My servant must have been bribed, on account of being known here. He is not to be found!"

"Oh, God! what does it all mean?" cried Mrs. Maitland, sinking exhausted into a chair. "Surely she could have had no enemies. Where is James?" she inquired, looking around.

"He has sought the Police, while we hastened back to you, madam," said Rochford.

The servant was again called, but nothing further was elicited.

"Have you gained any further intelligence?" said the colonel, grasping the hand of the doctor, who now entered, with a clouded countenance. Seeing Lord Rochford, he started. In a moment all was explained.

"There is some deep villainy, somewhere," he muttered.

"Have you been able to learn anything further?" asked the colonel, anxiously.

"Yes," said the doctor, "I have traced her as far as an obscure but respectable eating-house. The woman who keeps it, says that a person of her description came there this afternoon, apparently much agitated, and inquired for a man by the name of Bryce. She said it was her father! The woman showed her into a room where such a man was waiting for her. The man came out, got pen, ink, and paper,

and returned again to the room. After which he came and gave a letter to a man that stood at the door. She then came out, wrapped in a coarse cloak, and closely veiled, and went away with the man who said his name was Bryce. I could trace her no further."

"That was her father's name," said Mrs. Maitland. "I see how it is. They have stolen her from us."

"Mary has been no party to it, I feel confident," said the doctor. "But why should they fabricate the story of her elopement with Lord Rochford?"

"To prevent search, by the impression that she had left voluntarily," observed his lordship.

"It was hardly necessary for that," pursued the doctor, musingly. "What would be the use of the search after she had crossed into Jersey among the Provincials? Or, provided it should not prove fruitless, of what service could it be? We have no power to claim her of her former friend or father! There is something further in this. Besides, her adopted father, who must, from her own account, have been very kind to her, and gave her to the care of the noble chief, and his no less noble daughter, to insure her protection, would hardly have published her disgrace in so doing, when it was entirely unnecessary. No, no. I wish I could think that her father has her. No, no. There's some deeper villainy than that in it. That ball," he continued, musingly, "would that my tongue had been paralyzed before I had proposed it! She seemed distressed at the sight of Dunmore. Her heart, poor child, seemed to forebode evil."

"Captain Dunmore," said Rochford, hastily, "could have nothing to do with it. He did not even know Miss Maitland, though he may have seen her at the ball, and gazed at her more than was agreeable to the young lady. We could hardly expect it to be otherwise, her beauty is so remarkable. Another thing, he has been absent for three or four weeks past, somewhere in New England."

The doctor shook his head. Everyone seemed busy with his own painful reflections.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ANOTHER GLIMPSE AT LORD ROCHFORD IN HIS HOME.

ABOUT a week after the disappearance of the Lone Dove, Lord Rochford was seated in his elegantly furnished apartment, gazing vacantly from the window, when his cogitations were interrupted by hearing the voice of Dunmore as he ascended the stairs. Another moment, and he had entered the room.

"How are you, my lord?" he said.

"Dunmore, I'm devilish glad you've come. I had begun to think you had given me the slip. But I am glad you're here at last. What news from our prisoned bird?"

"She seems to have discovered our plot, and neither threats nor entreaties can induce her to write a word to the scoundrel. I fear I shall be obliged to resort again to your pretty counterfeiting to accomplish my plan."

"As grand an imitation as it was, do you think they would not believe a word of it; so that, if we had depended upon that alone, we should most certainly have failed. We may thank the old hag for her part of the plot; it was all that saved us. But even as deeply as *it* was laid, and I thought the devil couldn't fathom it, the *big-wigged old fellow* came near wading through it; and I am afraid he will yet, if you do not keep yourself out of the way."

"*I!*" exclaimed Dunmore; "how in the devil's name did he connect me with her disappearance!"

"Why," said Rochford, "it seems that our caged bird noticed at the ball the manner in which you stared at her."

"And how can he possibly make that to have a bearing on the case in hand?" asked Dunmore, in surprise.

"Indeed, it's more than I can tell," answered his companion; "but it's certain he did, and did not fall far short of the truth, either. But I think I threw him off the scent by telling him that you had been away from the city some three or four weeks."

"That's strange," said Dunmore.

"Yes, the old fellow," said Rochford; "I did well to name him her *Cerberus*. I think him an excellent match for your old hag. What do you call her name, Higdens or Higgins?"

"Higgins."

"You are a miserable plotter, Dunmore. You thought we could make her friends think her unworthy of their goodness, they would give themselves no more trouble about her, as she was but a *foundation* any way. But you reckoned about your host, I promise you."

"The plot was good enough," said Dunmore; "the only trouble was in making them believe it. If they would not believe her own words, in her own handwriting, and her leaving the house alone and of her own free will, without a word to anyone, why, they would not believe anything. The trouble was, I took them to be like the rest of the world, and mistook their character."

"I think," said Rochford, "the counterplot may succeed if you keep yourself out of the way. We could have done nothing without the old woman. They begin to believe now, with the exception of the old doctor, as all their efforts have proved ineffectual, that her father has stolen her. Poor Effingham is about mad. He has left no stone unturned. His regiment will soon be ordered away, and I shall all be very glad of that. Mrs. Maitland is sick in her bed. The captain takes it very much at heart. The old doctor, though he is evidently very much distressed, constantly declares that 'the Powers above will not suffer a hair of her head to be injured,' and keeps up a muttering something about 'spirits guarding her.' Were it not that the old fellow keeps up such a devil of a thinking, and looks at me with so much suspicion every time he sees me, I could think him mad."

"I don't know but that he is right," said Dunmore; "for though she makes me mad enough to blow her brains out when she refuses to write to the scoundrel, her father, still, when I am on the point of putting my threat in execution, there is a something about her that withholds my hand, and I have not the power to touch her."

"I hope you will not get too chicken-hearted to fulfill your engagement with me," said Rochford, eyeing him.

"I can't for my life, Rochford, see how you could have been in the daily habit of seeing such a being, and have deliberately meditated her harm. I would surpass the devil himself, if I were capable, to revenge myself, but—"

"Poh ! Dunmore, you have played the devil too long and too naturally to attempt to don the *parson* now. Don't try to deceive me, Dunmore, or—"

"I have not the slightest intention of deceiving you," said Dunmore, "but none of your threats ! I only meant to say, that if I were in heaven with angels I might, per force, imbibe some of their attributes."

"Well, we need not fear of your becoming a saint too soon," said Rochford, laughing ; "for whatever you might imbibe from your prisoned angel will be counteracted by the devil of a keeper. Where did you get the old hag, Dunmore ?"

"Oh ! she is an old friend. After I was exchanged, determined on revenge of that d—d Stonebridge, and knowing that no one could help me as well, the devil not excepted, for he is never handy when one wants him most, and being on the coast of Massachusetts, I took her on board and brought her here, thinking it might prove a good field for her genius, and it happened to be just in time. I have found an isolated ruin of a house, on the Jersey shore, that, if it had been made to order, could not have suited my purpose better. Its very appearance is enough to excite terror ; and those whose curiosity would prompt them to examine more closely, will, on the appearance of Mother Higgins, thinking they have stepped at once into Pluto's dominions, make their escape with as few words as possible. She's brought a deformed creature with her, that appears to be a chip of her own hellish nature !

"But I must be off. Please write the letter in your prettiest lady's hand."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE PRISON OF THE LONE DOVE.

IN a deep dale, surrounded by wooded hills, upon the coast of New Jersey, stood the dilapidated ruin of a rough stone house, built by the early Dutch settlers. Amid these scenes had been the theatre of bloody revenge from the natives upon the unoffending inhabitants, goaded on by the outrages of the traders. 'Twas amid these scenes that the boy had sworn vengeance against the murderers of his kindred; which, in manhood, fell with such exterminating fury upon the defenceless inhabitants of Staten Island. 'Twas amid the neighboring swamps that the Indian warrior hid to revenge the cold blooded massacre of his people. 'Twas amid these scenes that the chiefs of the poor savage plead in vain with the Christian not to ruin their young warriors with *fire-water*. 'Twas amid these scenes, and surrounded by such associations, that stood this old stone house—a relic of by-gone days, long since deserted to the owl, and rook, and creeping snail.

On one side it was partly hidden by creeping vines; the other, partly fallen into ruin, was covered with moss, avoided by the superstitious peasant, and carelessly gazed at by the hurrying trader as a thing that was. This dilapidated ruin, better suited as the resting-place of the beast of prey, was the present residence of Mrs. Higgins—the prison of the Lone Dove.

Within an upper apartment, in that part of the building, covered with vines, and against the damp wall, was a kind of rude box, filled with straw, answering the purpose of a bed, over which was spread a blanket; a pine table stood on the opposite side; a fire, built on flat stones for andirons, blazed on the broken hearth. Around the room were several rude seats, upon one of which stood the Lone Dove, a blanket wrapped around her delicate figure, looking from a window, across which were nailed pieces of board for bars, to prevent the prisoner's escape. Such precaution, however,

seemed hardly necessary, as the window was far from the ground, over a deep ditch, which had formerly been filled with water, as a safeguard on that side for the house.

Though very pale and sad, upon her beautiful features sat enthroned an expression of lofty resignation. And as she gazed upon the setting-sun and the surrounding scene, a smile cradled about her mouth as she murmured, "How beautiful the world is! How glorious is the Great Spirit! He has been very good to Mary, to let her hear the voice of his spirits! So great, so powerful is he, that no one can harm Mary without his will." And as she continued to gaze, the smile deepened into one of intense happiness, while tears of joy seemed to dim her eyes.

"That must be the Spirit of Love that speaks to Mary, now. She feels so happy," (laying her hand upon her heart.) "Oh! how good the Great Spirit is to Mary."

Beside the table, upon which she had placed some bread and water, stood the miserable figure of the hump-backed girl. She gazed bewilderingly upon the fair vision before her, apparently forgetful of her errand, until roused by some noise below, she said, "Lady, I've brought yer supper."

"Ah! Betsy, is that you?" said the Lone Dove, starting.

"Lady, yer'll ketch cold," said the deformed, "if yer let that cold wind blow on yer."

"Thank you, Betsy," she said, closing the window (which opened like a shutter, from the middle,) and descending. "Betsy, I am not hungry," she said, laying her hand upon the bread. "You are hungry. You eat it," handing the the poor creature the bread. The girl looked wistfully at the bread, and turned away her head.

"Oh, no! Lady, yer'll be sick, if yer don't eat."

"I cannot eat to-night, Betsy," she said. "You have not had any supper. You must eat it for me, if you would make Mary happy," forcing into her hands the bread. "There, sit right down by the fire and eat it quickly, before Mrs. Higgins calls you."

The poor famished looking creature seized and swallowed the bread, while the tears filled her eyes. The voice of Mrs. Higgins was heard.

"You, Betz: what are you staying so for? Come down, this minute, I tell you."

"Go now, Betsy," said the Lone Dove. "There, give me the other piece of bread. I will keep it until you can come again." When the girl was gone,—

"Poor creature," she murmured. "Why has the Great Spirit been so much kinder to Mary. No, no. I cannot eat when I know that she is hungry. Poor Betsy. How good the Great God has been to Mary."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A VISIT FROM HER GAOLER.

SHE was interrupted in her reverie by the entrance of Mrs. Higgins. A shudder seemed to pass over the Lone Dove at her approach.

"I thought as how as you would like company, and I'd come and set with you, and give you a little advice," she said, in her blandest tone, as she seated herself.

The Lone Dove made no reply.

"Young folks are always foolish. They're never willing to listen to old people, who know a great deal of the world and human nater. They always think they know best. But they don't; and they find it out, too."

Still the Lone Dove made no reply.

"But you are a sensible gal, Mary; and I know you'll go after the judgment of an old woman, when she advises you for your good. One what took you when you was a little baby, and thought so much on you, though I did appear kind o' cross. But it was all for your good, tho' you was too little to know it. But then, them Ingins like to ov spiled you: but that wasn't your fault. You didn't know no better then."

"Oh! Mrs. Higgins," said the Lone Dove, beseechingly. "Don't speak so!"

"Well, then," said Mrs. Higgins, perceiving she was on the wrong subject to attain her end. "Well then, child, per'aps they was as good to you as they know'd how 'to be;

but they didn't larn you nothing about the world! And that's why you don't understand your own good, and do what Captain Dunmore wants you to; when he can do such a good part by you. He's got money! It's the Lord's truth! and I know it. And he don't care nothing at all about it. You can git jest as much as you want out on him, if you'll jest do what he wants you to! And, besides, that man you call father, isn't no father at all! He's an awful wicked man! He's a murderer!"

"Murderer!" ejaculated the Lone Dove. "It is false! I won't believe it! He is no murderer."

"Lor' now, don't go gitting into a dreadful passion about it! And with an old woman, too, who's jest advising you for your good!" said Mrs. Higgins, raising her hands and eyes in sanctimonious horror, as she glanced at the indignant countenance of her prisoner. "Now, listen to me, and what I tell you is the Lord's truth! and I'd take my *Bible-oath* on it! He was awful cruel to you when you was a *little* baby. And I don't know but what your poor mother might have been living now, if it hadn't been for him! And she might have been a great lady! for she was a han'some woman.

"Arter you was born, you see, Sally Small is a *narrow*, *stericky* sort o' woman, and what does she do, but comes out and says, 'the poor creter's a dying!' And nothing to do, but he must go and see her; and he looked so awful! It was enough to kill any poor creter that wasn't well! But I don't believe she was dying at all, if he hadn't come in!"

"Did my poor mother say nothing?" inquired the Lone Dove, not noticing what Mrs. Higgins was most anxious to impress upon her mind.

"Nothing, as I know on. You see as how, I'm kind o' tender hearted! And being a poor ship-wrecked creter, I didn't stay in the room much arter you was born. But what I was going to say, and I can take my *Bible-oath* on't, he was awful cruel to you when you was a baby! He never noticed you no more than nothing at all, till them Injins took such a fancy to you. Then he got afraid on the old chief, and he treated you better. It used to make my heart *ache* to see him treat you so bad! And though I appeared *cross*, it's my way. But he gave you to the Injins, jest to

git rid o' you! And now, not to write a few words to such an awful man to please Captain Dunmore, I think you're very foolish, when he can give you so much money! And if you'll do it, he'll take you in his vessel to New York, to the people who've made such a lady on you. I know that you're a sensible gal, that'll be guided by a woman of my years. I told Captain Dunmore so. I told him that you would be guided by reason. You will write to that awful man, and help Captain Dunmore to bring him to justice. I think it's your duty, as a Christian woman!"

"Mrs. Higgins," said the Lone Dove, rising, and regarding her with a look of pity. "Mrs. Higgins, did I believe what you say of my father, which I do not, I would *never* write, to have him fall into the power of Captain Dunmore, whom I believe to be a very wicked man!"

"Lord! Do hear the poor little fool!" shouted Mrs. Higgins. "Hear the poor fool! puffed up with vanity, koz she's got a little beauty, and a little learning, talk to an old woman who's been a friend to her ever since she was born. You'll repent it! You'll repent it, I tell you! You always was a trouble! I always said you'd come to no good end! And you'll see if my words aint true!" And with this she raged out of the room.

CHAPTER XXXV.

APPEARANCE OF CAPTAIN DUNMORE.

NOT many days after, the hump-backed girl entered the room, bearing an armful of wood. After placing the wood upon the hearth, she beckoned the Lone Dove to her, and said, in a whisper, while she endeavored to make as much noise as possible with the wood. "Ther ugly man what keeps you here, Miss, is cum back, with ther man what brought yer. He's got er letter what he's goin ter send ter *ver father*, ter make him bleeve that yer sent it! I heered *im* tell Mrs. Higgins."

Before the Lone Dove could make any reply, footsteps were heard on the stairs. The door opened, and Captain Dunmore entered.

"Well, I hope a little time and reflection have conquered your obstinacy?" he said, addressing the Lone Dove.

"No time can force me to do wrong!" she answered, calmly.

"Do wrong!" he said, with a sneer. "How well she plays the saint!" Then while a frown darkened his brow, he said: "Think not, young lady, that you have the fool of a Maitland, or the old dotard of a doctor, to admire you, and take for perfection all your pretty airs. Can't do wrong! It seems you can play another part to your saintship, when you have no one but Mrs. Higgins as auditor! You can *rave* then as well as any one! Can't do wrong, eh? I wonder what the world and all your dear friends think about that now!" Taking from his pocket a newspaper, and reading:

"Eloped, on Thursday evening, February the fourth, with some unknown person, the young, beautiful, and accomplished Miss Maitland, adopted daughter of Captain James Maitland, of His Majesty's Service. The act, on the part of the young lady, was perfectly voluntary, as a note (in her own hand-writing) left on her dressing-table, sufficiently proved."

Starting forward, and wresting the paper from his grasp, she cried: "Oh! it can't be true! You are deceiving me!" Hastily perusing the paragraph, the paper fell from her hands, and she seemed transfixed to the spot.

"Can't do wrong!" sneered he. "I guess your idolizing friends think differently now!"

"Oh! Captain Dunmore!" she said, seizing his hands. "Oh! don't, don't say they can believe their Mary could be so ungrateful, so vile! Oh! say that they don't believe it! I know they don't! I never left a note upon my table!"

"You didn't, eh!" he said, with a malignant smile, producing a note such as had been found in her room, only that the name of Rochford was omitted. "Is not that your hand-writing?"

She took the note, and gazing fixedly upon it, said: "It

is so like it! But it is not mine. I never wrote it. Good Doctor Brown, papa, mamma, cannot, will not believe it!"

"Well, they do believe it," he answered; "and your leaving the house voluntarily, alone, and without mentioning it to any one, confirms it."

"Oh! it will break their hearts to believe their Mary could be so ungrateful!" Then, sinking at his feet, and clasping his knees, she cried; "Oh! you may kill me; but, oh! tell them that their Mary they were so kind to was not so vile! Oh, do! The Great Spirit will bless you for it!"

Freeing himself from her clasp, and raising her rudely by the arm, he threw her from him, exclaiming, "Stand back, girl, or I will trample you under my feet! You are *his* child! and—hers? No! that cannot be! Then seizing her by the arm, and gazing in her face, he cried; "Woman! in the devil's name, who and what are you?"

"I do not know," she said, mournfully. "Mary has no name but what has been given her. And will you break the hearts of the only ones that love her?"

"You are *his* child!" he said. Then all his fierceness returning, he cried; "You are his daughter, and, as such, I hate you!" Then, with a sneer, he continued; "You need not fear to break their hearts; they already *scorn* their ungrateful foundling as much as they ever loved her: and were you now to go on your knees to them they would spurn you from their presence."

"Then Mary has no one to care for her but the Great Spirit and the spirit of Heelehdee," she said, mournfully, unheeding his fierce looks and menacing attitude.

"Upon my word," said Dunmore, still sneeringly, "I think I shall have to take you to England and place you on the stage. It would be a pity the world should lose so good an actress. Another touch of the saint! We had a little of the suppliant a few moments since. I think that character becomes you better. But I will have no more foolery. I speak to you for the last time; and you are at liberty to make your own choice.

"If you will make up your mind to write immediately to that scoundrel, and keep him here till I take him, I will return you to New York, and place it in your power to prove your innocence; but if you refuse, I will give you to

Lord Rochford. Nay," seeing her countenance brighten, "nay, you need not think to turn him by your pretty airs. I know him too well. 'Twas he that forged the note, and then played the part of saint, almost as well as yourself, in helping them search for you. He will take you to England with him, and make you a thing yourself shall loathe."

Drawing herself proudly back, while scorn and indignation flashed from her dark eyes, she said: "I will not write to bring my father in your power. I fear not your threats. The Great Spirit will not let you harm Mary."

Dunmore gazed at her in all her lofty peerless beauty, and firm reliance on a higher Power, and he felt that he could not harm her.



CHAPTER XXXVI.

COUNTER-PLOTTING.

MEANWHILE, in a back room on the lower floor, was seated Mrs. Higgins in conversation with a sly, artful, fawning creature, who looked as if his noblest employment should be the performing of all those little, mean, dirty tricks of which the master of mischief was himself ashamed.

After Dunmore had left the room to visit the Lone Dove, drawing his chair nearer to Mrs. Higgins, in a very confidential tone he said: "There's no danger that the prisoned bird will move Dunmore with her pretty airs. It's more than I could promise for myself; for after I had got her on board, and she had found out the trick, her tears and entreaties would have moved the heart of a stone. They almost made me repent of my part in the business."

"He treats her better than she deserves," was the reply. "After he went to so much trouble, and spent so much money jest to git her here, she was as impident to him, and told him she wouldn't write to that awful man what he hates so. Instead of making her stay in the cold room, without a fire, and sleep on the bare straw, as I wanted him to, and

what would ov brought her to her senses quick enough, nothing to do but he must go and git her, jest before he went away, some nice warm blankets, and told Betz he'd knock her head off her shoulders if she didn't keep a good fire. He needn't ov put himself to that trouble, for she's too fond of doing that any way. But then there's no danger of the fire's keeping her too warm; the walls are too damp for that. I wish you could ov seen the heap of snails that was scraped off ov 'em. And no matter how raving he is when he goes in to see her, he always comes out so kind o' strange, and don't say nothing. One day, when he went in to see her, I jest peeps into a crack through the door, and he was in such a towering rage he flew right at her, and I thought he'd run her through; but he didn't touch her at all, though she stood looking right at him as impidently and with all the airs of the Injin creter she used to be with so much. When he went away he told me to feed her as well as I could; she wasn't accustomed to such fare, and she might die. So you see you're not the only fool. You *men* think so much of a purty face, that you never can carry out your plans if one comes acrost you. He will never make her do as he wants her to, if he keeps on in this way. I told him so, but he won't take my advice."

"What will he do with her after he has got her father, or if she won't do what he wants her to?" inquired the man.

"I asked him once. He said 'He didn't know. He wished that he'd left her in New York, as she was no good to him.' Though I thought it my duty to tell him to-night jest what she is, and how she raves when he isn't there, and calls him everything she can lay her tongue to; you see if he don't come out and set down and look right into the fire, and won't say nothing at all about her."

"*You* are a very strong minded woman," said her companion; "you never let a few tears prevent you from doing what you have made up your mind for."

"No, never, because some people can 'cry jest when they've a mind to; and one half the world don't know what's for their good."

"Dunmore promised this girl to a great lord, who is able to do anything for her; but he is afraid he won't keep his

word, now that he has begun to pity her," said the man, eyeing her closely.

Oh! as to that, Captain Dunmore isn't such an awful man as to break his word with a *gentleman*," said Mrs. Higgins, looking quite shocked at the idea.

"He would not, if he didn't pity her," said the man. "I don't know, as *I* could hardly help it; but this gentleman would give *almost anything* to get her in his possession."

"I don't believe Captain Dunmore would break his word with the gentleman. But *human nater* is weak," she said, with a sigh. "I don't know what he might do."

"Could you but be persuaded to help him," said the man. "But then, *money* is no object to you," in a despairing tone. "But still, for the *girl's good*, you might be persuaded to help him. He is very rich. He could do anything for her. Perhaps you could persuade her. Or, when you tell her that all her friends in New York despise her, and that Captain Maitland has sailed for England, she may then be very glad to leave this place."

Mrs. Higgins pondered awhile, then said, "Not that I care about *money*; but then, you see, I'm gitting old, and it's better to try to have something to live on, and not be obliged to go on the town. I think it's one's duty to look ahead."

"You have nothing to fear but that you'll be well cared for. Here is a present he sent you," taking from his pocket some gold pieces, "to let you know how willing he would be to pay you well."

Mrs. Higgins' eyes glistened. "What would the gentleman want me to do?" she asked.

"To watch Dunmore. Try to persuade the girl all you can; and finally, to deliver her up into his hands, and make Dunmore believe she has run away."

"I think I can promise you that," said she; "but here comes Dunmore."

"We will speak further on this subject," said the man. Dunmore entered. After walking up and down the room several times in deep thought, he turned to the man. "*Philip*," he said, "I can do nothing with that girl. Some of *us* will be obliged to remain and keep a look out for the *rascal*. Instead of helping to detain him, she will tell him

our designs as soon as he makes his appearance. Duty must for once be sacrificed to revenge. He must have received Rochford's letter by this time, in which case he will be here in a day or two. If we find that does not succeed, you must go to New York and get another one."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MRS. HIGGINS' SECOND VISIT TO HER PRISONER.—INFLUENCE OF THE SPIRIT-POWER.

TOWARDS evening of the next day, as the Lone Dove stood gazing thoughtfully from her prison-window, her door opened, and Mrs. Higgins made her appearance, bearing in her hand a dish of fruit and nuts.

"Looking out the window," she said, blandly. "It is very pleasant to *look* out, but much pleasanter to be out. I like this part of the country so much better than where I used to live. It is not so cold, and one can go out without freezing. Perhaps you would like to go out and walk a few steps. You used to like to be in the woods. I think I could manage to let you go out a few steps without Dunmore's knowing it. I was a little angry with you the other day. You see, I'm old, and don't like to be crossed. Old people never do. And I suppose I said some things I oughtn't to. I know'd you wouldn't think nothing about it arter it was over. So, as Dunmore brought me some nice apples and nuts, I thought I would jest come and bring you some."

The Lone Dove descended from the stool, but seemed to shrink nearer to the damp wall from the presence of her visitor.

"You aint unforgiving to a poor feller-creter, like yourself," whined Mrs. Higgins. "We're all poor creters. Human nater is weak."

"I have not thought of it since. But I am not hungry. I do not care about the fruit."

"Do take some," urged Mrs. Higgins. "You don't get it often now, and I know you're used to such things."

The Lone Dove took an apple, but held it in her hand. "It makes me feel bad," she continued, "to think of that Dunmore keeping a beautiful creter, like you, shet up here, when you might be gitting some likely man for a husband who has *property*, and you might be living a lady."

The Lone Dove remained silent, as if she knew there was some hidden motive under all this kindness, and patiently awaited the result.

"To think of them people, that pretended to care so much about you, going to England without even giving themselves the trouble of looking for you," said she, finishing her second apple, while she glanced at the Lone Dove with her snaky eyes.

"Gone to England!" gasped the Lone Dove, a livid palor overspreading her features. "Who have gone to England, Mrs. Higgins? Oh! don't tell me it is papa and mamma, and I shall never see them any more. Oh! don't say it, Mrs. Higgins. Don't say they are gone away, thinking Mary is so vile. They have not gone. You are trying to break my heart, and you will do it soon," pressing her hand upon her heart and bursting into tears. "Oh! Mrs. Higgins, don't torture me so. Tell me the truth. Have they gone, without trying to find their Mary? Have they gone, thinking her so ungrateful, so vile? Do tell me the truth, Mrs. Higgins."

"Why, didn't Captain Dunmore tell you last night?" said Mrs. Higgins, in feigned surprise.

"Oh, no! He said that they despised me! They scorned their Mary. But they were still in America."

"Lord! I wouldn't ov told you, if I hadn't thought you'd know'd it," said Mrs. Higgins, sympathetically. "It made me mad when he told me, and I kind o' pitied you. But I thought as how Dunmore had told you."

"He told me he would send me to New York to my papa, and he would place it in my power to prove my innocence."

"Oh, what a terrible man he is! If I'd a know'd it, I wouldn't ov come away here, jest to please him. But, you see, that Higgins is in the army a making nothing, and we're a gitting old, and people ought to have a something in their old age to keep them from the town. I was a gal well brought up, and have always been afraid of the disgrace of

g on the town ever since I married Higgins. He was a poor unfaçullized creter, so thoughtless. He didn't nothing about making money. He was a man very beneath me. I oughtn't to ov married him. But, creter, I don't know who would ov taken him if I hadn't. As I say, Dunmore deceived me. He said it was a good to make money here. I didn't know he was such an man. It's the Lord's truth, what I tell you. He telling you an awful lie. He knowed that they'd gone gland. Give you the means of clearing your charac- hen it was himself that tried to blacken it all he could, or friends needn't think anything at all about you, and y to find you. Wasn't it him that put the runaway into the paper; and your friends took it so to heart, and o ashamed, it made such a talk, that they went right ad the doctor too, in the first ship."

e Lone Dove gazed stupefied. Her pure mind seemed gling with the weight of villainy. Mrs. Higgins, ing she had said sufficient for her purpose, left the

e next day she again made her appearance in the same manner, saying "that Captain Dunmore was gone to assel up the creek, and she had sent Betz out of the so the poor creter might go and walk a little."

e Lone Dove, glad of the opportunity to leave her y prison, consented; but weakened by fasting and ement, she had walked a very short distance, ere she obliged to seat herself upon a stump. The morning beautiful; and though the earth was bare, and the s leafless, still the genial rays of the sun imparted a fulness, that seemed to touch the heart with its sooth- nfluence.

say it is too bad, when I think on't," said Mrs. ins, "to see such a beautiful creter shut up here, for ng, when there's so many *likely* men with plenty ov y, would be so glad to git you. It's a sin. And it's ord's truth. I tell him so; but he won't listen to me. 't know how long he'll keep you here; per'aps till your day. It's awful when I think on't. But there's one gentleman, a great lord, that wouldn't believe a word said about you. And he's very much in love with you,

and has got plenty ov money. It's the Lord's truth what I'm telling you; and I'm an old parson, and wouldn't lie. He's been almost crazy since you've been away. I have it from good authority. He would give anything if he could only hear from you. He will marry you, and take you to England with him, and there you may be a great lady, and put yourself above them people that went off without taking any trouble to look after you. You will be a great lady when you marry Lord Rochford."

The Lone Dove looked inquiringly at the woman, whose eye fell beneath her gaze. Slowly, a sense of danger seemed to creep over her as her heart seemed to recoil from the being before her as from a very demon. At last, rising to return, she said, "I would rather live here till I die than marry Lord Rochford. No good spirits talk to him. Evil spirits have been on the track of the Lone Dove ever since she saw him. Mary hears the voice of Heelehdee speaking to her heart, that evil spirits are on her path."

The latter part of the sentence was as if spoken to herself. A something like awe seemed to creep over Mrs. Higgins as she followed her to the house.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LORD ROCHFORD'S EMISSARY.

"WELL, and how do you advance with the pretty prisoner?" said the man whom we saw in converse with Mrs. Higgins a few days since.

"She is such a strange creter, one can't tell. Any how, I've got her to walking out, and then his lordship can run off with her whether she is willing or not; and he can settle the rest afterwards. People never knows what's for their good."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A NIGHT OF INCIDENT.

A WEEK had passed. All day long had the stormy clouds hung heavily over the barren earth, and the wintry winds murmured sullenly among the leafless branches of the trees, filling the woods and dales with its chilling cheerless music. As night approached, the fitful winds drifted the falling snow from the summits of the hills down the deep hollow (in which was situated the old ruin,) and against the window of the Lone Dove's prison-house, wherein she was seated, her low stool drawn closely to the fire, the blanket wrapped tightly around her delicate form to protect it from the chilling winds which swept through the crevices of the dilapidated building. Her beautiful face was pale and emaciated, and her fair hand which supported her head, and upon which several ugly scratches were visible, seemed almost transparent. A troubled expression was on her fair countenance as she gazed into the fire.

"Oh, God! protect him!" she murmured. "Perhaps they can't find him. Perhaps—he—. But they say that he is living. They would not be so determined if they were not sure he lives. He a murderer? Oh, no! Indeed it cannot be. 'Tis false! Or, even if he was, Mary could not betray him—could not forget him, to be made an instrument in betraying him; the child whom he saved from perishing; she would die first. Oh! why had not Mary died when she was very little? Every one who watched her path when she was little, must die. And she has made sore all the hearts that loved her. Oh! Mary is indeed the child of the storm!"

Then, as she seemed to recall her wandering thoughts, she said, "Mary does wrong to murmur. 'Twas the Great God that made her live. 'Twas His will. Will the Great God forgive Mary?" she said, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes to heaven. "Her heart is so sore to-night, she knows not what she says. The Great Spirit is so good

to Mary. Oh! how sore Mary's heart is to-night," pressing her hand against her heart. "Will the Great Spirit speak to it as He did to Heelehdee?" and soon, one by one, the big tears trickled down her wan cheeks. "Will the Great God forgive Mary that she murmured? She will do so no more. Will he protect her white father from his enemies?"

The wind whistled and moaned around and through the old building. The loose door shook. Footsteps were heard upon the stairs. The door opened, and the Lone Man entered.

"Oh! my father!" she shrieked, springing towards him.

The Lone Man started back and gazed wildly upon her.

"Father, it is your own Mary!" she cried, flinging her arms around him. "But oh! father, you are betrayed. Mary never wrote to you, though they have confined her here. The letter was forged. Dunmore and his men are waiting below. Oh! fly, father, fly! They will be here in a moment," dragging him towards the window.

Gazing in her face, while he pressed her convulsively to his heart, he said: "Mary's father cannot leave his long-lost child. He will die with her."

"Oh! father, if you would not break your Mary's heart, leave her! They cannot hurt Mary. The Great Spirit and the spirit of Heelehdee are watching Mary! They cannot hurt her. Oh! father, they come!" she plead in agony, as footsteps were heard below. "Oh! quick! quick! Don't, oh! don't break Mary's heart!" and with a struggle she sprang from him, threw open the window, and with the motion of lightning, pushed away the bars.

"Step your foot here, father, hold on by the top of the window, and you can go over the top of the house. The hump-backed girl will watch for you, and show you where to go. Oh! quick! father. Dear father, don't kill your Mary!"

Straining her again to his heart, he mounted the window as desired, and was soon out of sight. Voices were now heard at the door, and efforts were made to enter, but the bolts which the girl had taken the precaution to shoot, resisted. Hastily replacing the bars and closing the window, she sprang to the floor, and wrapping her blanket around her, she again seated herself on the stool before the fire.

The door was now burst open, and Dunmore entered, followed by several men.

"Where is the scoundrel!" said he, gazing wildly around. "What have you done with him?" he cried, approaching the Lone Dove, his eyes flaming with malignant fire. Noticing the window, he flew towards it, but seeing that the bars retained their usual position, he again approached the Lone Dove.

"Where is he? What have you done with him? you offspring of his! Tell me, quickly, where he is, or I will blow your brains out on the spot!"

Facing him calmly, she said: "Mary will never betray her father. She will die first!"

He raised his pistol and seemed about to fire, but it trembled in his grasp.

"The bars are loose: he has gone this way!" shouted one of the men.

"Pursue him! quick!" cried Dunmore. Then turning to the Lone Dove, he exclaimed: "Girl, if he has escaped, your worthless life shall pay the forfeit. Mark me! I swear it! If I cannot take it, another shall!" And he rushed from the room.

When he was gone, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes to heaven, she said: "Oh! protect him! Let them take Mary's life, but oh! protect her father!" She sank on her knees.

An hour had passed. Nought had broke upon the awful silence save, at first, their horrid oaths and imprecations. But gradually these had died away, and nought now fell upon the ear, save the moans and the shrieks of the spirit-winds, as they rushed around the corners and through the crevices of the old ruin.

Suddenly, shouts were heard approaching the house. She sprang to her feet, and listened in painful suspense. Loud voices were heard below.

"Oh! they have taken him!" she cried. "And will they hang him, before my eyes? Oh, my head! oh! Has the Great Spirit forsaken Mary!" and she sank upon the floor. Loud voices, and footsteps on the stairs.

"Oh! they come," she groaned. The hump-backed girl, followed by several figures, wrapped in rough overcoats,

neck and face muffled, while the close caps were drawn down over their ears, and almost covered their eyes.

Springing forward, she threw herself at the feet of the foremost, and clasping his knees, she cried: "Oh! do not, do not kill him! Save the life of my father! Kill Mary, but oh! spare him!"

Raising her gently, he said, in tones of sympathy—while his articulation seemed choked with emotion,—

"Fear nothing, lady. You are with friends, who will protect you and your father with their lives!" And hastily removing from his head the close cap, he discovered the noble countenance and lofty brow, of the twin-brother of the dying soldier.

"They're Amerikins! They've cum ter save yer, Lady. They've cum ter take yer frum them horrid people!" said the hump-back, soothingly.

The Lone Dove stared wildly at them—then said: "Oh! my father! Has he escaped?"

"Where is your father, Lady?"—asked the stranger.

"He escaped through there!" she said, pointing to the window, "when he was betrayed,—and over the top of the house—and Captain Dunmore and his men are in pursuit of him. Oh! protect him! kind stranger!" she said, gazing imploringly in his face.—"Oh! save him from the hands of those cruel men!"

"We will seek your father, Lady without delay! But fear nothing! We will protect you with our lives!"

"I do not fear for myself," she said. "They may take my life. But oh! save him!"

Leading her gently to a seat—and again kindly assuring her to fear nothing—he left the room, followed by his men.

"Dunmore! The devilish, dirty, all-fired varmint!" was heard from a familiar voice—as soon as they closed the door. "Colonel, you needn't say nothing 'tall against it. I'll disobey orders, and be shot for't, but I'll put a ball through the cussed, dirty, villinous critter, on the spot! And clear the airth on the pestrous dirty devil!"

When they left the room, the hump-backed girl followed, but soon returned. "Ther enemy wont find 'im!" she said, approaching the Lone Dove. "Wen ther awful v'o-man let 'im in, an' sent me with 'im ter yer, that they

mought take 'im better, an' aggrevate yer, fer not helping ter git 'im, I fastened ev'ry door after me, ter give 'im time t'escape thru ther winder, as we'd fixed it. Wen I went ter git out o' t'other winder that I mought hide 'im as he cum over ther house, I fell, an' didn't know nothing fer a minit. But wen I heer'd 'em cuming ter look fer 'im, thinking as how he mought be hid among ther stones, I run'd as fast as I cood go over ther hills, that they mought tak my tracks in ther snow ter be his, an' foller me, an' he cood hav time ter git off!"

The Lone Dove clasped the rough hand of the deformed, in silent gratitude.

"They did tak my tracks fer 'is, an' they cum arter me; but it wus so dark they coodn't see me. I rund fer ther swamp, where ther water melts ther snow, an' they coodn't track my feet. But they'd got 'most ter me, wen I got there, an' I'd jest got inter a holler stump what stands on ther edge, wen they cum up, an' thinking he'd run inter ther swamp, they run by me, an' I heer'd 'em swair, they'd kill yer!—Wen they'd gone, I jumpt out, but as I wus afraid I shoood meet sum on 'em, I run down inter ther old road. Wen I got there I heer'd people on horseback, an' thinking they belonged ter that awful set, I hid. But wen they cum up, I shed by what they sed, they wus Amerikins; so I stopt ther fundermost wun, an' beg'd they'd cum an' save yer life! They cum right off. I run ahead, ter show 'em ther way. But I wus so afraid they wus killing yer, I didn't think ter tell 'em ter look among ther stones fer 'im!"

"Oh! Betsy," said the Lone Dove, kissing the hand she held.—"How can I be grateful enough to you!"

"Don't say that, Lady," said the poor creature. "Poor deformed Betsy never knew what a kind word wus till yer spok ter 'er Lady! She thort ther Great God had curst 'er in 'er birth; an' she hated 'im, an' hated ev'ry body! But wen yer spok ter 'er kindly, an' went without yer supper, ter giv it ter a poor deformed dispised creter, that helped ter be yer jailor, poor Betsy felt there wus sumthing in her heart besides hatred, only no wun had ever made 'er know it afore! An' wen she heer'd yer say, that 'ther Great Sperit wus very good ter yer,' wen yer wus away frum all yer frends, shet up in this awful place, with such horrid

people, as was telling yer ev'ry day, they'd kill yer, kox yer woodn't help 'em git yer father! Then ther poor deformed thort the Great God hadn't curst 'er!"

After some time, Colonel Ellsworth and his followers returned. Hearing footsteps on the stairs, the Lone Dove started anxiously forward. 'Twas the colonel. Reading her anxious gaze, he said:—"Lady, we cannot find your father, and neither can we find anything of his pursuers. But there remains no doubt, but that by the presence of mind of this good girl," (glancing at the hump-back) "he has escaped them! We can trace the foot-prints of a lone person in an opposite direction from that taken by the pursuers."

"Oh! thank the Great God!" she said, clasping her hands, fervently.

"But, as we learn from the old woman below," continued the colonel, "that the captain's vessel is anchored in the creek, not far distant, and that he has many men on board; while our number is very small, we think it better not to remain till they return; fearful we might not be able to defend you against unequal numbers. But, lady, if you will place yourself under the protection of our little band, we will take you to your friends, and defend you with our lives!"

"But, my father!" she asked. "Will he not return?"

"Yes, Lady. He will not leave the vicinity as long as you are here! Captain Dunmore, knowing this, will keep a vigilant watch for him, and you will only endanger his life by remaining!"

"Very true," she said, thoughtfully. "And Mary would endanger the lives of those who would be her friends, should she delay. Tawahquenah and his braves fell for the Lone Dove! Mary is ready—Mary will go!" she said. Then pausing, in a bewildered manner, and apparently speaking to herself: "Where shall Mary go? Mary has no home!—no friends! Those who loved her, and gave her a home, have gone to England, thinking her ungrateful—unworthy of their love! Mary has no one to care for her, but her father and the Great Spirit! She has no home! Where shall Mary go?"

Colonel Ellsworth gazed silently upon the lovely being before him, so young, so lone. Her pale emaciated fea-

tures, marked with patient suffering. Taking her delicate hand gently within his own—while the tears filled his eyes—he said: “If Mary will place herself under the protection of Colonel Ellsworth, as if he were her brother, he will take her to a home where she will receive a mother’s care!”

His words seemed to recall her to herself. And, after a moment of deep thought, she said: “Mary would go to the Commander-in-Chief of the American army!” But, as she raised her eyes, seeing a flush mantle his brow, with her pure countenance upraised, and gazing earnestly in his face, while she laid her hand upon his, in childish confidence: “Mary feels that Colonel Ellsworth would be a brother to her! But she saw the Commander-in-Chief when she was little. He was very great and good. He was very kind to Mary. He will help her find her father.”

“Our noble commander will be a father to you, lady!” said the colonel. “He is at present in Philadelphia, and we are on our way thither.”

“We will go, then;” she said. “Every moment of delay but endangers the lives of those who would protect Mary.”

“It is very stormy out,” he said. “And I fear that——” He hesitated, as if at a loss how to address her.

“Call me Mary,” she said. “Mary’s adopted papa gave her his name. But he thinks her unworthy. She will not bear it any more, until he knows that his Mary never deceived him!” she said, mournfully, the tears filling her eyes; and, turning her head to hide her feelings, she pressed her teeth into her lip until the blood started from it. Then, with forced calmness, she said: “Betsy will go with Mary!”

“Oh! certainly, we would not leave the good girl behind!” he said, starting from a momentary abstraction. And bowing, he left the room, saying he would return in a few moments.

“So much thought, simplicity, and decision, in one so young and beautiful!” he murmured, as he descended the stairs. Below he met Nathan Drew, apparently in no very pleasing cogitation.

“Oh! colonel,” he said as his eye fell upon him: “What

shall we do with this ere *she* varmint, who's in partnership with that divilish dirty rascal? She's been a trying to make me believe she's a *saint* of some sort, too wise for heaven! So she's jest come on airth to teach folks what's for their good!"

"We have no time to think of her, said the colonel. We must speed. Are all ready?"

"All," was the reply.

"How shall we arrange it!" mused the colonel. "She seems too feeble to guide a horse this stormy night!"

"Why, you see, colonel, I was jest thinking as how that mought be arranged. You see, as how, my *Yankee* is a sober-sided, shure-footed sort ov a chap, and knows who's on him! And if the lady hasn't no objections, we'll wrap her in the blankets, and I'll jest take her up in front of me, jest as if she was a baby; she don't look much heavier; while that good gal, you see, that's strong, can jest get up behind any on us. If she's not very han'some, she's the rale *grit*!"

"I know of no better way to arrange it," said the colonel.

In a short time all was ready, and Nathan Drew received the muffled form of the Lone Dove in his arms, with all the tenderness of his honest and noble heart.

"Don't fear, my good gal!" he said, in softened tones. "You're safe. My daughter Polly has rid here many a time. She's heavier than you, by a good deal; and old Yankee is shure-footed. There, don't put your hands out in the cold! Turn your face from the wind; you can't stand it! Don't fear!"

"Mary does not fear," she said.

"That's a good gal! But I needn't o' said that; everybody knowed you was a good gal to stick it out so 'gainst them dirty varmint before you'd betray your father. Before that divilish, all-fired villain shall git you agin he's got to make squash on Nathan Drew!"

When all was ready, and they were about to start, Nathan said: "Now, Yankee, hold up your head, and for Philadelphi! Old woman, tell them divilish varmint to come on!" When they had got out of hearing, "Colonel," said he to that gentleman, who rode beside him, "I told Yankee

to go to Philadelphi becoz that old she devil, thinking me as crooked as herself, will send them right the tother way. You see, I don't care about having any fighting just now; and the snow drifts so they can't track us far. Don't speak, my good gal," he said, as Mary attempted to say something; "don't speak, the wind is too cold for you. Lay your head against the shoulder of Nathan Drew. It's as shure as the rock of Gibraltar."

Thus they continued on, following carefully in the track made by the sturdy fellows who went before. Colonel Ellsworth would sometimes ride in deep abstraction by the side of Nathan Drew and his precious charge. At others, he would rein up his steed beside the hump-backed girl, addressing a few kind words to her, asking her if she was comfortable, and tucking the soldiers' cloak, in which she was closely muffled, round her feet; then returning to the side of Nathan Drew, fall again into the same fit of abstraction. Thus they continued on for several hours, when the snow ceased falling, the winds lulled away, and the moon burst brightly through the shadowy clouds, lighting up the wild scene with its gentle rays.

"She is a sleeping as sweet as a baby," said Nathan Drew, looking up at the colonel.

"Are you sure it is sleep?" said the colonel, starting.

"Oh, yes, colonel! Haven't I been listening to her breathing jest like a baby? It makes me think of home, and my own little ones;" and again he bent his head gently towards her, as she lay quietly against his broad shoulder.

"Sleeping, shure!" and as she seemed to move he drew her up closer to his breast, as a mother would hush her babe,—continuing on in silence.

The colonel gazed thoughtfully upon his rough figure, as it bent over his sleeping charge. "What a noble and tender heart dwells in that rough form!" he murmured; "yet few will ever know it;" and a deep melancholy settled upon his features. "This poor heart has indeed been lone since he left—my noble brother!" and a tear dimmed his deep blue eye. "How this sweet Lone Dove wakens in my heart the deep throbbing sympathies that seemed forever hushed when the cold hand of death was laid upon his

heart! How sweetly and securely she sleeps! She feels instinctively that she reposes upon a true and noble heart. Nature seems to have implanted in the breasts of all, if we but listen to its still small voice, a something that will truly tell where it may rest secure. And no where is its influence felt so soon as with the pure and innocent." He was roused from his reflections by the voice of his companion.

"One wouldn't ov thought, though, that a sweet delicate gal like this could ov stuck it out so aginst them devilish varmint," said he, addressing the colonel.

"One would scarcely have thought it," answered the colonel, abstractedly.

"She must have a stout heart. I never heer'd on one jest like her before, though I've seen a great many first-rate gals. Them that are tender and gentle in the time of danger, havn't presence of mind and grit enough; while them that have, when the danger is all over, ain't soft and gentle like. This ere seems to be jest what a woman should be."

"Independent of the gifts of nature, she must ~~have~~ been very carefully reared," observed the colonel.

"I don't see how them all-fired varmint could ov kept her shet up in that awful place with that she devil, enough to frighten any half dozen common folks out o' their senses, and half starved her, that good gal ses, jest to make her betray her father. I bleeve the old devil of all would be ashamed of such a dirty trick. That good gal ses, too, that that devilish Dunmore threatened to blow her brains out, or give her to some lord as devilish and as dirty as himself, if she wouldn't betray her father."

"Scoundrel!" muttered the colonel between his teeth.

"It makes my blood bile over every time I think on't: and if Nathan Drew don't clear the airth of one or both of the dirty critters, it'll be becoz he can't! But as I sed, when he threatened her she stood right up before him, looking like an angel, and sed, 'he couldn't hurt her; the Great Spirit wouldn't let him hurt her.' Poor gal!" he said, stooping gently over her, "it's a long time since she's had such a good sleep. She know'd she was safe with Nathan Drew."

"She spoke truly," said the colonel. "The Great Spirit would never let harm befall one so pure and good."

Nathan motioned a reply, as if fearful she was about to awake.

CHAPTER XL.

THE LONE DOVE'S SECOND INTERVIEW WITH GENERAL WASHINGTON.

TOWARD the close of the third day, as the Commander-in-Chief was seated conversing with Colonel Hamilton on the prospects of the approaching campaign, Colonel Ellsworth was announced.

"Ah! colonel, we are glad you have arrived. We were fearful that something had happened to you," said the general, rising, and shaking him warmly by the hand.

"The roads are very bad, and we were also unavoidably delayed upon our route," said the colonel; and in as few words as possible he related the particulars of his meeting with the Lone Dove, and the leading events in her history, as he had gained them from herself, adding, "She seemed very desirous of coming immediately to your Excellency, and is now, in company with the good girl who has proved of such essential service to her, awaiting your Excellency in the library."

"I will wait upon her immediately," said General Washington, rising. "How often have I thought of the probable fate of the sweet child and her noble protectors. The princess is dead, then, and the chief also. Both died in the protection of their charge. The princess was a lofty being; and this child, in the constancy to her father after so long a separation, seems to partake her spirit. I shall certainly protect her with a father's care. She acted rightly in coming to me. Every exertion shall be made to find her father, and may he prove worthy of such a child!"

Excusing himself to the gentlemen, he left the room.

Wrapped in a warm cloak and hood, selected by the care

of Nathan Drew, sat the Lone Dove awaiting the appearance of the Commander-in-Chief. Near her, in the same comfortable habiliments, though of coarser material, was seated the hump-backed girl. Hearing approaching footsteps, the Lone Dove rose from her seat, a deep blush mantling her cheek, while she gazed fixedly upon the door. It opened, and she stood before the Commander-in-Chief.

A sweet smile lit up his noble features, as his eye fell upon the anxious glance of the beautiful being before him.

"Can it be that this is the Lone Dove?" he said, approaching her, and taking her trembling hands warmly within his own.

"Oh! then, the great chief has not forgotten the Lone Dove!" she said, gazing in his face, her eyes filling with tears. "Mary was afraid he had; her heart beat so!" pressing her hand upon her heart.

"Oh! no," he said, seating her gently. "The chief has often thought of the Little Dove, and her noble protectress!"

"Heelehdee: Heelehdee died when she was seeking the chief, after the fall of Tawahquenah!" she said, with quivering lip. Then, as if her feelings had been drawn to the greatest tension, when one word, one thought of the past, was sufficient to snap the cord, she burst into tears and sobbed aloud.

The noble commander gently soothed her, while the tears filled his own eyes. After a few minutes, in which she vainly struggled to suppress her feelings, she said: "The chief will excuse Mary: she does not feel well!" laying her hand upon her brow. "And the sight of the chief recalled the past so vividly, that she could not stop her tears. But she will be calm," she said. "Mary has come again to ask the chief to help her seek her father!"

"My child," he said, "Colonel Ellsworth has informed me of all the circumstances, as well as your own noble conduct. But you need rest. We will not speak of that to-night. After you are rested, everything shall be done to restore your father to you: and in the meantime, I will be your father!"

She pressed his hand silently to her lips. Seeing her about to speak, and noting her burning hands and feverish

cheeks, "I must take a father's authority," he said, a beautiful smile illuminating his noble features, "and forbid my daughter to talk! At present she needs rest."

Turning her pure beautiful face towards him in childish confidence, she said, earnestly. "All the pure and beautiful spirits talk to the great chief!"

"Ah! now I see my Lone Dove!" laying his hand tenderly upon her fair brow. "She has grown so much, I would hardly have known her. But it is the same Lone One! Enough, at present, however, your brow is feverish; you have suffered much for many weeks past: and you need rest and quiet. I must place you under the care of a good mother!" "And this good girl," he said, taking the hand of the hump-back. "This good girl must not leave you! She will accompany you to your present home. No, my good girl, we cannot part with you! I must speak with you again of your noble conduct. But not now; you both need rest!"

The poor deformed spoke not, but the look of silent gratitude told more than words!

"My child," he said, again turning to the Lone Dove, "I must now send you to a kind friend, who will take a mother's care of you!" And again pressing her feverish hands warmly within his own, he left the room.

In the hall, he met the tall, bony form and honest countenance of Nathan Drew. Nathan raised his hat.

"My brave fellow!" said the general, shaking warmly the rough hand, "I am glad to see you! How has it fared with you this winter?"

"Thank your Excellency, well!"

"I must thank you, my brave fellow! for your protection of the young lady, so timely rescued. It is but another added to the many brave and noble acts for which I have been indebted to you since the commencement of the war!"

"Your Excellency'll please not speak of it. Nathan Drew never did more than if he hadn't done it, he'd been ashamed of Nathan Drew. I didn't like to leave the innocent, beautiful critter, and that good gal, till I seed they were safe with your Excellency. Then, I'd feel they were out of the reach of the black varmint!"

"The lady will be as my daughter, until we can find her."

father!" said the general. And the noble, faithful creature who accompanied, shall not be separated from her."

"God bless your Excellency!" said Nathan.

"My good friend, call to-morrow, after the hours of official duty! I must leave you now!" said the general, turning to go.

"Thank your Excellency!" And as the general turned away, Nathan muttered: "Now for a *furlough*! And then for the Jarsey's! And if I dont extarminate the airth of some ov them dirty varmint, my name's not Nathan Drew!"

Soon General Washington returned to the library, accompanied by Colonel Ellsworth.

"Colonel," said he, leading him towards the Lone Dove, "this young lady will henceforth be my daughter, until we find her father! And you will favor me by accompanying her, as also this good girl, to the mansion of our good friend, Mrs. Malburne. Tell the good lady, that I will be with her as soon as possible!"

A smile of pleasure lit up the handsome features of the colonel, but which was immediately followed by one of deep sadness.

As they approached the mansion, a large, two-story square built house, something after the Doric order, situated on a rising ground, gardens hedged with the hawthorn, "Mary will soon be with friends, and with hearts that must love her!" said the colonel. "Will she sometimes think of the friends of the last few days?"

"Mary never forgets. How could she forget the friends who have been so kind to her. Good Nathan Drew, and you, Colonel Ellsworth, who have been a brother to her!" she said, raising her beautiful eyes almost reproachfully to his face.

"Excuse me, Mary. I spoke without reflection. I knew that Mary did not forget!"

"Thank you," she said, again raising her eyes to his face. "Mary would be very sorry to have Colonel Ellsworth, too, think her ungrateful, and forgetful of his kindness!"

"Do not think of it, Mary," he said, a painful expression passing over his countenance. "Do not think of it, if you would not give me pain. 'Twas a hasty expression!"

"Mary will not think of it again," she said, thoughtfully. Then continued: "Mary will be among kind hearts, when she is with the friends of the chief, but her heart will want to see the friends who have been so kind her! Good Nathan Drew says that he will come to see her. And will she not see Colonel Ellsworth, who has been a brother to her, and would have given her a home with his mother?"

"She shall see him!" said the colonel, with the same painful expression.

CHAPTER XLI.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN GENERAL WASHINGTON AND COLONEL HAMILTON.

WHEN General Washington had returned to the room where he had left Colonel Hamilton, he seemed for some moments lost in deep thought.

"Colonel Hamilton," he said, "do you recollect Cooper, the man who so deeply interested us both, while at Valley Forge, by patient suffering and Samaritan acts, and encouragement to those around, and his previous and subsequent bravery?"

"I recollect him well," said the colonel.

"I think that this man is the adopted father of this Lone One. I think there can be no doubt of it. The captain whom he took prisoner, said that he had been going by the name of Bryce, and it was not his name. That good honest Higgins as often called him Bryce as Cooper. The captain, likewise, said that he had fled from England, after committing murder. That, however, I do not believe. When I wrote to General Howe, while at Cambridge, respecting the detention of the child's father, he made answer that he had been taken as a criminal. Everything seems to prove that it is the same person. And what Colonel Ellsworth now tells me seems to confirm it as a fact."

"Adopted father, did you say?" inquired Hamilton.

"Yes. The account which the child gave, and which was confirmed by the Indian Princess, was, that her mother had been wrecked, and this child was adopted by Mr. Bryce, whom she called after the fashion of the Indians, her white father. She still retains the Indian manner of speech, which adds a great sweetness to her natural simplicity of manner. Though, from what Colonel Ellsworth tells me, and her general appearance, the good English family must have reared her very carefully and tenderly. We must endeavour to find Cooper."

"I feel deeply interested in the child," said Colonel Hamilton.

"You will be no less so when you see her," answered the general. "For the present, I have requested the care of good Mrs. Malburne. She seems to require a mother's care and tenderness. My heart is very much interested in her. I shall never forget the first time I saw the sweet child. Her little figure muffled in skins—one little bare red foot peeping from beneath it; her beautiful hair, hanging in heavy masses over her neck and shoulders; and her sweet face upturned to me, as she knelt, imploring me to intercede with my brother to spare the life of the white father of the Lone Dove; while the proud lofty figure of the Indian Princess, as she gazed with so much devotion on the child, I thought formed a study for the painter. The circumstances, too, under which she again seeks me, are so similar."

"There is, likewise, the deepest interest surrounding the father," said Colonel Hamilton. "I have often thought I would like to read the history of that man. Do you suppose, general, that the child is, in reality, related to him? Is there any resemblance between them?"

"There seems to be," answered the general, "a great resemblance; and yet I cannot tell in what."

CHAPTER XLII.

GENERAL WASHINGTON IN THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.

A FEW hours afterwards, as General Washington was ushered into the large, comfortable parlour, in the mansion of Mrs. Malburne, he was met by its mistress, a fine, benevolent looking old lady.

"And what have you done with my daughter?" he said, a playful smile beaming on his noble countenance, as he read the inquiring expression of his companion.

"According to your orders, general, I sent her to rest. You see, I never disobey orders. But as nothing was specified as to the length of time she was to rest, and upon her earnest pleadings to be awakened to see you if she fell asleep, I consented. She is with Lizzie, whose heart seems to be perfectly captivated (with all the rest of us,) and who is attending to her toilet. But, general, I am exceedingly curious. Do sit down, and tell me something about the beautiful and interesting creature. Where did you get her? My curiosity has been on the rack for some three hours, and without asking one ungenerous question. Therefore, take pity on me now, and relieve me."

"But, my dear Mrs. Malburne, first tell me how you like my selection of a daughter," he said, seating himself, and evidently pleased at the earnestness of his companion.

"All that I can say, if first impressions are durable, and I feel that in this case they must be, no one but *yourself* is worthy to be her father."

"I suppose after that," he said, smiling, "I can scarcely refuse to gratify your curiosity. Colonel Ellsworth gave you no information then?" he inquired.

"The colonel is not a man to betray his trust. I suppose he had orders to the contrary," she said, with a smile.

"You recollect, my kind friend," said the general, "hearing me speak of the Lone Dove?"

"Yes indeed, general."

"This is she."

"Is it possible?" she asked in surprise.

"And she seeks me again for the same object—to find her father—but not accompanied by the beautiful and noble princess, though one scarcely less faithful. The child seems under the visible and special care of Providence. And though so lone, there always seems attending her some good and faithful spirit to protect her from harm."

"The Indian Princess, where is she?" eagerly inquired his companion.

"She is dead," replied the general. "She died in the protection of her charge."

"Noble creature!" she ejaculated. "Do you know the circumstances, general?"

"Not the particulars. But from what Colonel Ellsworth says, under whose protection she has been for the past few days, and to whom she related the principal events in her history, they must be deeply interesting. But we will hear them in a few days, when she is sufficiently recruited, from her own lips. She has suffered much during the past few weeks."

"The thought crossed my mind," said the old lady, "that she might be the Lone Dove, from the peculiarity of her speech, frequently speaking of herself in the third person, as also speaking of you, general, as the great chief. But there is such an air of civilized refinement about her, I thought it could scarcely be possible."

The general had commenced relating to the benevolent old lady, some circumstances as he had received them from Colonel Ellsworth, when the door opened, and Lizzie Ingols bounded into the room. "Oh! aunt," she exclaimed, "Do come and see how well Mary looks in my frock! It fits — Excuse me!" she began, in some confusion, on seeing the general.

"No excuses," said the general, extending his hand to the fair being. "No excuses. I think we would all like to see Miss Mary."

"In a few moments Lizzie returned, accompanied by the Lone Dove. Her dark luxuriant hair, as usual, was parted smoothly from her pure brow, and wound in a graceful knot, which Lizzie had fastened with a golden arrow. A simple woollen robe of delicate blue, displayed the graceful propor-

tions of her beautiful figure. While there seemed a something almost etherial in the expression of her pale chiseled features, and deep soul-lit eyes. A beautiful smile illuminated her countenance as she approached the Commander-in-Chief; and as he pressed her burning hands within his own, he said, kindly, "I fear my child has not rested enough!"

"Mary could not sleep," she said, gazing confidently, almost reverently in his face, as she stood, "when she knew that the great and good chief was coming! She will sleep to-night!"

The good general drew her affectionately in a chair beside him. But other company entering at this time, the conversation turned upon the coming campaign. To all of which the Lone Dove listened with deep attention. And when the company had retired, and she ventured to ask some questions, in her peculiar simplicity of manner, displaying such depth and correctness of thought, together with so much information, in one so young, the noble commander looked with no small degree of interest upon his charge. While good Mrs. Malburn echoed to herself, "That no one save the noble Washington was worthy to be her father! And that with such a father and such a daughter, Nature's work would seem complete!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE MOTHER AND SON.

MEANWHILE, in a neat and tastefully furnished apartment, lit up by the blaze of a cheerful fire, sat Colonel Ellsworth. His head leaning upon his hand, in deep and painful abstraction. Near by, was seated a lady of some fifty years. Her figure was noble, while about her still handsome features, there seemed an expression of calm lofty resignation. Nay, something almost cold, the gazer might think, until he looked upon her soft blue eye, whose expres-

sion told that the warm impulses of youth still glowed within her heart!

She had sat thus for some time, her knitting lying unheeded on the stand beside her; her eyes fixed in deep affectionate inquiry upon the features of her noble son. Rising at last, and standing by his side, while she ran her fingers through his jetty locks, "Alfred, my son," she said, "Why so thoughtful?"

"Mother!" he said, starting at her voice.

"Yes, my son; you have been sitting here for the last half hour, lost in painful thought! I have noticed the same painful expression on your countenance, ever since your return. Cannot my son tell his mother what it is that distresses him?" she said, tenderly.

"Mother," he said, drawing her on the sofa beside him. "Mother, I am not well, to-night! Let me lay my head upon your breast!"

"Will not my noble boy confide in his mother?" she inquired, fondly.

"It is nothing, mother. I am better now!"

She continued silent for some moments, her eyes fixed intently upon his noble features, as with closed lids he leant his head confidingly upon her breast. At last, seeing a painful expression about his well-formed mouth, she said, with deep emotion: "Alfred, you are my all! my only one, now! In you are centered my heart, my every earthly hope. Every joy or pain that touches your heart, your mother doubly feels! And will my boy withhold from the heart that loves him thus, the confidence it asks!" After a pause, during which he remained silent, she continued: "Your mother, too, has borne much! Can still bear!" a tear fell upon his pale lofty brow.

Starting from his recumbent position, and throwing his arms fondly around her neck, he said: "My own dear, noble mother, your boy will tell you all that weighs so heavily on his heart. The innocent, beautiful, and gifted being, he told you of, he loves, truly and deeply, but hopelessly! It seems that all the deep yearnings, that he thought died with his noble, devoted, twin-brother, this pure and gentle being has power to recall to life! This is all, my

mother!" he said, again leaning his head against her

at mother pressed him silently to her heart. Then, as
 ze fell proudly on the noble form and features of her
 she said: "Why does my son say hopelessly?"
 Because, mother, there is something so *ethereal*, nay,
 st *spiritual* about her, that were I sure of a return, to
 as my love would seem to mar its beauty! But, mo-
 she does not return my love. She seems not to com-
 and it! It is this that gives me pain. Though I
 ld be happier, even in my simple love for her, without
 of return, than if it were returned by all the smiles
 beauty could bestow, without her mind and soul!
 er, your son, though he might admire, could never
 mere *beauty*, though it were that of an angel! He
 l not love mere *intellect*! though he might reverence
 Nor the simple affections of the heart, unguided by the
 l, no matter how devoted. And, not even these com-
 d, though he might gaze in wonder and admiration
 ie combination; unless when he gazed thereon, it had
 r to awaken in his heart sweet visions of a world be-
 l the present!"

My noble son!" she murmured, laying her cheek upon
 row. Then raising her eyes to heaven, she said: "God
 indeed blessed the mother of such a son!"

Mother," he continued, "true love is spiritual, because
 is a spirit; and 'God is love!' We are spirits, dear
 er! Do you not recollect, when I was a boy, I asked
 what a spirit was? And you told me that I was a spi-
 and you were a spirit. Spirits immortal! And our
 r was only the dress that the spirit wore while on earth.
 her, you recollect it! Your son never forgot it! And
 , mother, if we are spirits, the only love that one spirit
 have for another, must be spiritual. Such love as God
 for us. And when one being loves another with this
 , it feels as it were in the presence of God. All other
 is instinct. This being seems rarely endowed with
 . She sees God in everything. In every act! 'Twas
 which gave her power to withstand the threats of that
 scoundrel. Telling him calmly: 'He could not harm
 y. The Great Spirit would not let him harm her! The

Great Spirit watched over Mary!" Mary is a sweet name, is it not mother? your name is Mary!" patting her playfully on the cheek.

Seeing her looking thoughtfully, he continued: "Mother, perhaps your son has not been clear. Perhaps you think him a visionary! Dear mother, when your sons were small, and played around your knee, in our home on the beautiful banks of the Hudson—you taught them much of the attributes of Deity! You taught them to see God in everything. And as they grew older, these attributes seemed to take living forms, surrounding them with a world of pure spirits, which united them closer to each other, and to their mother; and kept from their hearts all that was unworthy the sons of such a mother! But when you, dear mother, surrounded by every comfort wealth could give, bade your sons, your all—to 'go, protect our country; it mattered not in what capacity, provided we were of the number of her defenders!' And when they told you of my brother's death from want and suffering—and you replied: 'Thank God! my noble boy died true to his country!' And when you bade me, your only one, 'return'—and, as you pressed me to your aching heart, and prayed God 'that I might be spared!'—still adding, 'if I too was required, you gave me freely!' Mother, I never *felt* till then that the soul is spirit, and its love is spiritual!—Instinct could have no power like that!—And thus, my much loved mother, if your son is a visionary, his mother has made him so!" he said, fondly kissing her cheek. "And if he loves hopelessly this sweet visionary, you must not blame him—it is the being his mother has taught him to love!

"But, mother, think not this love will injure your son,—that he will sit down supinely, forgetful of his duties,—that he will prove less worthy as your son! No, mother; it shall be as if I loved some bright angel in the realms above! It will urge me on to make me more worthy to dwell with her in the spirit-world! Mother, in the coming campaign, you will find your son still the soldier,—still the son of his mother!

"And now, dear mother! I have told you all! And yet, not all"—he added sadly. "There is one among his many faults, he would that his mother should correct. He feels

that he is *selfish* in his love! For instance—when our noble, I might almost say, spiritual commander, led me to her, saying that she would be *his* daughter, until her father could be found,—a pang shot through my heart, to think she was no longer dependent upon me! And again,—when I was about to part from her, and I felt assured there was no feeling in her heart for me, save gratitude, my heart accused her of insensibility! It was the knowledge I possessed this fault that gave me pain, dear mother, that I was so unworthy of her love! Mother, my noble brother possessed not this base fault; nor you, my mother. Can you not pluck it from my heart, even now?"

"It is in your own power, my son," she said, kissing him fondly. "But we will speak of it another time. Excuse your mother, that she cannot answer you to night. Her heart is now too full!" He pressed her silently to his heart. She turned and left the room.

He gazed after her retiring figure; when it had disappeared, he murmured: "My noble mother! Could the heart of a son withhold its confidence from such a mother? It would, could it thereby save her one pang. But her affection's-eye is all too quick!" He rose, and walked the floor. "Could she but be her daughter! But happiness is not thus prodigally meted out on earth, lest we forget heaven! She sees a spirit speaking to her of God, in every thing: How holy! how pure! How simply she speaks, as if it were but the breathings of her soul! How she transformed inanimate clay, over which wise ones have trod, not deigning it a thought, into a living, breathing mass, rich in converse of Deity! How she spoke of the setting-sun upon the snow clad hills! How simply she spoke! How unconscious she seemed that she was for the first time giving her admiring auditors a glimpse of the face of Deity,—a glimpse of the spirit-world! For the first time giving them a glimpse of the soul, a minor Deity! It has been but three days,—three days, in which I seemed to stand and gaze into another world! Three days, in which I saw in my own grovelling self, a germ of immortality! And *felt* it, too. Three days, for which I would barter the dull remainder of my existence! This is love! This is the feeling with which God would have us love himself; with which He loves us. At

is a feeling I would not part with for worlds of existence without it! Oh! how the world cheats itself, with the *trash* it calls love! How fondly, deeply, truly she loves, because, hers is *pure* love.—How she spoke of the Indian princess! Her father, her papa and mamma, the good doctor. With what an ideal world she has surrounded Washington! How true to his character, too! And yet, she never saw him but once. This spirit-world is not a dream; there must be something real in it,—else why does the heart so readily answer back.—What folly, what presumption for me to think that a being like her, who has held converse with all the sweet spirits of nature, (as she calls them) could see aught in *me* to love! But, oh! how sweet it was, when she lay her soft hand so confidently on mine, and looking me in the face with her large spiritual eyes, said: ‘Colonel Ellsworth, Mary loves to speak of the spirit-world to you; it seems that you have listened to them much!’ Those words were sweet! and must be graven on my heart, long after every other is erased! She calls me ‘brother!’ That, too, is sweet! She says that Colonel Effingham seems like a brother, and that there is something about him that draws her heart to him! Can it be, that she returns his love? For he must love her. She spoke so simply of it. But then she speaks simply of everything. Perhaps, like myself, he loves hopelessly. It were better to love an object like her, even hopelessly. There is something purifying in the love! I would not part with this *love*, even hopeless as it is. Though I *would* part with this yearning, this longing for a *return* even of one feeling, one ray!”

The door opened, and his mother entered. “Mother!” he said starting, “you up!”

“Yes, my son. I heard you traversing the room. ‘Tis past midnight; you need rest, my boy; you have lost much.”

“My own mother!” he said, gently, “retire. It is too late for you to be broken of your repose. Your son will go to his room, soon. He cannot sleep now.”

Seeing the traces of tears upon her cheeks, he said, placing his arms fondly around her: “My own mother! Why these? Has your son done aught?”

“They are tears of happiness, my son,” she said; then

continued, "Alfred, you have been a noble, a devoted son! Heaven will bless you! I have prayed for you! Heaven will bless my boy, even in this love; your mother feels it will!"

"Oh! mother, could it be! could I but believe it! All your son asks is, that she may but return his love!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

ILLNESS OF THE LONE DOVE.

THE next day, when Colonel Ellsworth called at Mrs. Malburne's to inquire for the Lone Dove, he was met by the servant, who informed him that she was very ill. "Where is Mrs. Malburne?" he inquired, hastily.

"With Miss Mary. She begs to be excused to all visitors," was the reply.

"Tell her it is Colonel Ellsworth. He will not detain her."

As the lady entered the room, "Excuse me, madam," he said, "for insisting upon seeing you."

"You are excusable, colonel," she answered, wiping her eyes. "You are very excusable. 'Twas to general visitors."

"Madam," he said, interrupting her, in great agitation, "is Miss Mary?—tell me what has happened! Is she—"

"She is very ill," was the reply. "She has been delirious nearly all night. Oh! colonel, it would break your heart to hear her plead with her father 'to fly, if he would not break his Mary's heart.' Here the tender-hearted old lady turned away to hide her tears. The colonel walked to the window. "She seems to be acting over the scenes of the past few weeks."

"The general?" inquired the colonel.

"He has been here this morning, but was obliged to leave on official business. He could not bear it, to hear her say, 'Where is poor Mary's father? Mary will not let her kind brother,' (meaning you, colonel,) 'and good Nathan

Drew knew that her heart is breaking with fear that the wicked men may have got her father; it would grieve them and could not help Mary.' Then changing; 'Where shall Mary go? Mary's got no home, no name!' Then starting, she would plead; 'Oh! don't, don't say that they are gone, thinking their Mary unworthy.' The noble general could not bear to hear the dear child go on so. He wept like a child as he supported her in his arms. But, colonel," (seeing the deep distress in his countenance,) "I will not grieve you, but I know you must feel interested in her; you, who saved the dear child's life."

"I do, indeed!" he gasped. "But tell me what has been done? Is her life in danger? Can I do anything?"

"She is in extreme danger, colonel, her system is so reduced, from suffering and want of proper nourishment. Everything has been done that can be done, and there is nothing left you could do, colonel, unless, indeed, your mother. She has every care. Lizzie and the poor deformed Betsy cannot be persuaded to leave her side. But your mother, colonel, is so peculiarly adapted to a sick room, and we would leave nothing untried to save the dear child."

"She will be most happy to come," said the colonel, taking his hat.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE CRISIS.

THAT night, around the bed of the Lone Dove, was a sorrowing group. Not an eye was dry. Still the fever raged. She seemed to be living over the scenes of her past life. At one time she was in the cabin of Tawahquenah, by the sea-shore: then she was talking with Heelehdee of the Great Spirit, and of all the beautiful spirits that dwelt in the flowers, in the clouds, in the woods: then she was beside the grave of her mother, talking with her spirit: then she was pleading with Heelehdee "not to leave her Dove so lone, she would die!" Then she was pleading with

Tawahquenah to "send the Dove away, and save his braves!" Then, as the fever increased, she would plead with her father to "fly, and not break Mary's heart!" or, "not to tell her they had gone, thinking her unworthy!" till, exhausted, she would sink back upon her pillows. Then, again rising, she would be in her study with her good doctor, talking of the spirit-world. Then she would say, "Mary will never forget her white father!" then plead with the great chief "to speak to his brother that he might save her white father!" then, clasping her hands, pray to the Great Spirit "to go on the war-track with the great chief, that he might be a great warrior!" Then she seemed wandering in the woods with Heelehdee: then present at the scene of her death; and folding her arms, she would say, "Heelehdee's gone! Her Dove is all alone!" At such times poor Lizzie and the tender-hearted Mrs. Malburne, unable to bear any more, would leave the room to give vent to their tears; while the noble general held her fevered hands in his as Mrs. Ellsworth, supporting her in her arms, strove with all the tenderness of a fond mother to soothe the ravings of the beautiful sufferer; and the hump-backed girl, silently anticipating every want, her countenance marked with that intense suffering where grief has dried up the tears.

Thus she continued day after day, with no symptom of returning reason, raving for hours. Then, as her fever took a milder turn, she seemed in converse with the spirit of Heelehdee, and other beautiful spirits, and called upon those around to listen to them.

At such times she seemed herself a beautiful spirit, scarce embodied, and about to join her sister-band. Thus she continued, exciting in the hearts of all the deepest sympathies and painful interest, as they tearfully watched the fast ebbing sands of life. Towards the close of the ninth day Mrs. Ellsworth sought her son in the library.

Rising and grasping her hands within his own, he gazed into her face, then with a groan fell back into his seat, covering his face with his hands.

"My son, my noble boy!" she said, pressing her arms around his bowed figure. "My son, my Alfred, be calm!"

Starting, and flinging her from him, he cried, "Oh, mother, why, why did you bid me hope!"

"'Twas your mother's fond heart that deceived her, my son," she said, solemnly, yet tenderly. "Your mother implored heaven that it would grant her dutiful boy this boon. She has unceasingly implored heaven the life of this sweet being. She felt that heaven had heard her prayers. But it was her fondness that deceived her."

"Oh, my mother, forgive your boy!" he cried, flinging his arms around her; "he knows not what he says!"

"Be calm, my boy," she said, solemnly. "Shall we arraign the will of heaven? Knows not God what is best for his children?" He groaned. "My noble son, be yourself!" she said; "listen to the voice of your mother. Your mother loved this pure sweet being who is about to take her flight to the world of spirits."

"Then she is not yet gone," he gasped.

"Not yet, my son; but there is no—no hope. I sought you, if you would gaze upon her angelic face once more, ere the soul takes its flight. But, my poor boy, you must not go," she said, detaining him, as he attempted to rise.

"Mother!" he said, imploringly, "dear mother, your son will be calm, perfectly calm. Only let him look upon her once more."

As they entered the room, there lay the Lone Dove, propped up on pillows. Her beautiful hair, partly escaped from beneath the deep frill of her cap, had fallen upon the snowy covering. Her large, beautiful, spiritual eyes, were bent fixedly before her.

Not a tear, not a muscle, upon the rigid face of the colonel, as he gazed upon the beautiful unconscious being before him, marked the throbbing grief of his heart. Long and silently he gazed upon her motionless features, until at last, stooping, and pressing his lips upon her marble brow, he turned away.

The act seemed to rouse her. Raising her eyes, she looked inquiringly around. Hope sprang in the hearts of the tearful and surrounding group; but her eyes again resumed the same fixedness of expression, and the spark of hope was extinguished. At length the lids closed, and her head sunk heavily on its side. "She's gone!" was murmured. "Not yet; life still lingers," said the noble general, who held her cold hand within his own. And bend-

ing his mild sorrowing countenance to her lovely face, he whispered, while the tears dimmed his eyes—"She sleeps; and if she wakes from this slumber the crisis is past, and we may hope."

Two hours passed, and nought was heard in that silent chamber, save the deep suppressed breathings of the anxious watchers. The son had left, and the mother knelt in silent prayer. At length, the sleeper woke. Her eyes rested upon the watchful countenance of the general, who still held her delicate hand within his own. As consciousness returned, she said, "Mary has been very sick. The Great Spirit is very good to Mary, to send the noble chief to watch beside her."

The kind general pressed her hand tenderly, saying, "Mary must not speak. Mary must close her eyes, and sleep again."

Raising his hand, and pressing it to her lips, she closed her eyes, and again fell into a sweet slumber.

Again the mother sought her son; but he was gone.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE LONE DOVE CONVALESCENT.—HER ANXIETY WITH REGARD TO HER FATHER.

ABOUT ten days after, sat the Lone Dove, one bright morning, propped up with pillows, in a large easy-chair. Reclining by her side, and gazing admiringly in her face, was the lovely form of Lizzie.

"Oh! Mary," she said, "you must never leave us. We can't part with you."

"Everybody is so good to Mary, it makes her sad."

"Why sad, Mary?" she asked, inquiringly.

"It seems, Lizzie, that the Great Spirit would have Mary to do something, that she might speak of Him as the sweet spirits of nature do. He is so good to Mary."

"You do speak to us of heaven every time we look at you," said the sweet girl, "for you remind us of the angels."

Mary smiled.

"Ah! Lizzie, flattering again," said the kind voice of Mrs. Malburne, as that benevolent lady entered, accompanied by a servant, bearing a tray. "Ah! I shall have to punish, by banishing you from the room."

"Oh! aunt," she said, reproachfully, "it is no flattery to tell Mary that she is beautiful; no more than to say it to the flowers; and it does no more harm. But it does *me* so much good to express my admiration."

The old lady smiled kindly on the sweet girl. And as the Lone Dove attempted to receive something that Mrs. Malburne handed her from the tray, Lizzie caught it playfully in her own hand, saying, "Oh, no, Mary is not going to help herself; she is getting well too fast, and I cannot feed her much longer. Aunt, do you not think that Mary is getting strong enough to have me comb her beautiful hair?"

"Oh! no, my child, nobody can do that yet, and fatigue her as little, as Mrs. Ellsworth. You must not fatigue Mary, or the good general will scold."

"Oh! aunt, you know the general says I am a first-rate nurse, only that I am a very great flatterer. Now see if I am not," putting a piece of cake into Mary's mouth, and kissing her at the same time, while the Lone Dove fondly returned.

The benevolent Mrs. Malburne gazed with pleasure on the two beautiful beings, as she said, "Ah! Lizzie, you will always be a child." And after attending to every little thing that might contribute to the ease and comfort of the invalid, she left the room.

"The good general cannot part with you, Mary," continued Lizzie.

"Mary wishes she could live with all who love her," she answered, thoughtfully. "Mary loves the great chief."

"Everybody says you ought to be his daughter," pursued Lizzie.

"The chief is so great and good, Lizzie flatters Mary," said the Lone Dove, smiling; then continued, "Mary would love to be the daughter of one so great and good; but Mary's father is very lone, and he loves Mary."

Mrs. Ellsworth entered.

"Ah! my kind Mrs. Ellsworth," said Lizzie, as she rose, and taking the old lady by the hand, led her to a seat, "I was trying to steal a march on you, and comb Mary's beautiful hair, before you got here; but aunt would not let me. She says that you can do it better than any one else. And as I know it is true, I yielded without a word. Was I not very dutiful and obedient?"

"You are always a dutiful, obedient child," said Mrs. Ellsworth, pressing warmly the hand she held, as she approached the Lone Dove.

"That's a dear, kind, Mrs. Ellsworth," said Lizzie. "It's encouraging to be flattered a little."

The old lady smiled tenderly on the sweet girl, then, taking the hand of the Lone Dove, said, "How glad we are to see our Mary improving so rapidly."

"Everybody is so kind to Mary, she must get well fast."

"One could not help being kind to you, my sweet child," said Mrs. Ellsworth, kissing her fair brow, "you are so patient and grateful."

"I fear, my kind Mrs. Ellsworth, that you too have turned flatterer."

"She has," said Lizzie, playfully. "She has just been telling me she thought me dutiful and obedient, when, while you were so sick, I never did one thing as she told me to."

"If you did not do it," said Mrs. Ellsworth, "it arose not from lack of will, but because you could not, at the time!"

"You are very kind and good, Mrs. Ellsworth," said Lizzie, "always to look upon us young people, as if we had no faults. And those that are too palpable to be hidden, to try and make virtues of them! And just to show my gratitude, I will be obedient, and not weary Mary with my chat; but will leave the room to avoid the temptation!"

"Lay your head back and rest a little," said Mrs. Ellsworth, "before I comb your hair."

"Mary does not feel fatigued, but she will lay her head back and try to sleep; if you think she should," said she, laying her head quietly back upon the pillow.

"It will rest you," said Mrs. Ellsworth. And, as she

gazed upon the pure, beautiful being as she lay with closed lids; she longed to press her to her heart, and call her by the endearing name of Daughter! Though this devoted mother had been daily with this loved and lovely being,—though she had received her sweet caresses,—though her heart yearned so fondly towards her,—though she had felt that the *happiness* of her noble, her only son, her all, was here at stake; still, this delicate and high-souled woman had never breathed to her his *name*,—had never spoken of him in her presence, unless when necessity required it.

At length raising her head: "My kind Mrs. Ellsworth," the Lone Dove said, "will you now comb Mary's hair, and let her lay her head upon your breast? Perhaps, then, she may sleep. Mary feels sad, this morning."

"Mary must not be sad!" said Mrs. Ellsworth, fondly pillowing her head upon her heart, as she commenced untying her beautiful hair.

"Mary will speak to her kind friend of what makes her sad; she thinks it may make her feel better! She does not like to speak to the great American chief, or let him know that Mary is sad! He is so kind to her, it would be ungrateful. But Mary fears that the wicked men have her father! She dreamed that he went back, to find his Mary, and they took him! It presses on Mary's heart, and makes her sad!"

"My good child, don't think of what you dream! You have been sick, and your dreams will be distressed, and take the shade of whatever your mind dwells upon."

"But it seemed as if the voice of Heelehdee spoke to Mary," she persisted solemnly.

"It must have been Mary's sickness," said Mrs. Ellsworth, gently. "Our noble general is doing everything to find Mary's father! He thinks he knows him, and has sent for him, and thinks he will be here soon!"

"Then it was her sickness that made Mary dream such dreams. Though it seemed like the voice of Heelehdee!" she said, a smile lighting up her beautiful features. "Did the general say, he thought Mary's father would be here, in a few days perhaps?" she inquired.

"No—my son thought so."

"Then it was Mary's dreams," she said, "and she will

now try to sleep." After a few moments, looking up, she said : " Mary's brother, who was so kind to her, and saved her life, has forgotten her ! He never comes to see her !"

" No, my child, he has not forgotten you," said Mrs. Ellsworth. " No one could forget you ! But you have been so sick, the doctor would allow but very few to see you ! And besides, my son has not been well !"

" Not been well !" echoed the Lone Dove, " and you did not tell Mary of it ! And you have been staying with her so much, when he was sick !"

" Oh ! he has not been sick—only, not well !" was the reply. " Would Mary like to see him ?"

" Yes ; Mary would be very glad to see her brother. She has often thought of him ; but she thought he had forgotten her !"

" Mary shall see him to-morrow !" said Mrs. Ellsworth.

" Good Nathan Drew has gone to New Jersey ?" she inquired.

" Yes ;" answered Mrs. Ellsworth. " He returned thither immediately. But he will be back again, and then you can see him !"

" Mary will lay her head upon her pillow, and sleep now. She will fatigue you, if you stand and hold her head !"

" No, go to sleep here, my child !" said the old lady, tenderly, laying her hand upon her fair brow, " and then, when you are asleep, I will lay your head upon the pillow !"

" But won't Mary fatigue you ?"

" No, my child," she said, pressing her to her heart, and imprinting a kiss upon her brow.—A few moments, and she had fallen into a quiet slumber.

CHAPTER XLVII.

COL. ELLSWORTH'S FIRST VISIT TO THE LONE DOVE AFTER HER ILLNESS.

"My son," said Mrs. Ellsworth, as she bade him good night. "My son, would you not like to see Mary?"

"Not yet, mother," he said. "I fear myself!"

"Do as you think best, my son," was the reply. "She asked for you, as she would ask for a brother! I told her she should see you to-morrow. But if you do not feel prepared as yet, I will satisfy her."

"I will not go yet, mother—I dare not!"

"She asked also for Nathan Drew. Has he returned?"

"Not yet!" was the reply.

"And her father! Alfred?—Have they found the father of the Lone Dove?"

"Mother, there is every reason to believe that that ruffian has got him!" said the colonel.

"There remains not a doubt that a man, who has been in the army under the name of Coöper, is the father of whom she speaks. He left the army, it has been ascertained, about that time; and has not been heard of since. There is not a doubt but that the ruffian has caught him!"

"We must keep it from her, poor child!" murmured the old lady, as she turned away.

It was the fifth day after this, when Mary for the first time had left her chamber, and was reclining upon a couch, in an adjoining apartment, with Lizzie by her side, and Mrs. Malburne sitting near, when Colonel Ellsworth was announced.

"You are really quite a stranger!" said Mrs. Malburne, shaking him cordially by the hand.

Lizzie said "she should not shake hands with him—for she really did not think he deserved it!"

"But Miss Mary will!" he said, approaching the Lone Dove.

"Mary was fearful you had forgotten her!" said she, extending her almost transparent hand to him.

ould not forget you!" he said, pressing the hand
red.

en why has my brother stayed away so?" she asked.
avoidable duties," he replied.

! yes," said Mrs. Malburne, with a smile, "I think
erstand them! Been out of town!"

ooked thoughtful—then said:—"Mary wanted to
and good Nathan Drew, very much. She thought
h had forgotten her!"

u were surrounded by so many to love you, Mary,
uld scarcely have time to think of those that were
,"

ry's heart is large enough for them all," she said,
tfully.

elieve it is, my child," said Mrs. Malburne. "We
en striving, but without effect, to make her forget
ho have gone to England without taking the trouble
for her. They might have known she could not
en capable of wrong," she said, in honest indigna-

e writing was so like Mary's," said the poor child,
ully. "But Mary can never forget her dear papa
amma, who loved her so well, and good Doctor
!" and here the tears filled her eyes.

all, you shall not forget them, darling," said the
dy, soothingly, seeing her distress, "Your heart,
d, is large enough for all."

olonel made no reply.

m very glad it is so large," said Lizzie, "for then I
d a place in it."

Lone Dove looked at her, and a sweet smile passed
the two lovely beings.

onversation turned upon the all absorbing subject—
olic affairs, to which the Lone Dove listened with
ention. At last she said, a bright smile lighting
beautiful countenance, but which deepened immedi-
to sadness, "If Mary could see good Doctor Brown,
e would tell him why she is a rebel. He used to
was a rebel because the great American commander
. And that *was* the reason, I believe."

n the colonel rose to take his leave, raising her

beautiful eyes to his face, as he took her hand, she said—
“My kind protector will not remain away so long from Mary again!”

“Yes, colonel, give us more of your company,” said the old lady. “I am afraid that some of Mary’s cheerfulness is forced—and you must try and help us to make her forget the past! We can have but little of the good general’s company, and he is the only one that seems to possess that power.

“Mary does wrong to worry about her father, when she knows that the Great Spirit will protect him. When she gets strong, she will always be happy, to make those who love her happy.”

“My child, said Mrs. Malburne, we honor you for this remembrance of your father; but we would have you think less anxiously about him, while you are so weak. It retards your recovery; and it would make us all so happy to see you well.”

“Mary will try,” she said meekly; “she will ask the Great Spirit to help her.”

After the colonel had gone, “I always liked Colonel Ellsworth,” said Lizzie, “because he is so devoted to his mother. And beside, he is so good, and brave, and talented; and so handsome, withal! But I like him better still, since he has saved Mary’s life!”

“He is a superior young man,” said Mrs. Malburne. “A mother never had two nobler sons than the twin-brothers. But one died at Valley Forge!” She stopped as she thought of Lizzie. The smiles from that happy face fled. She rose and left the room.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE AT MRS. MALBURNE'S.

NOT a day passed after this that Colonel Ellsworth did not spend a portion of at Mrs. Malburne's.

Mary, according to her promise and sense of duty, strove to banish from her mind her anxiety about her father. Her health rapidly improved; and toward the close of the third week of her convalescence, she could go about the house; frequently joining Lizzie in her various duties, in which she seemed to take particular pleasure. She said that "her mamma had intended to teach her all those things; but that the Great Spirit had willed, that good Mrs. Malburne and sweet Lizzie should be her teachers. And when she found her father, she would be able to attend to all his comforts herself. And especially should he be poor, and unable to get servants. And it would be so sweet, after he had been in the wars so long, to have his Mary, when he should take her to a home of his own, to sew and knit, and cook his dinners for him. Heelehdee had said, that when her white father should come from the war-track, she must wash and sew for him. But now she would be able to do many more things for him!"

Sometimes she would read for Mrs. Malburne and Lizzie. Sometimes the general and colonel would be of the party. The depth and freshness of her thought, expressed with so much simplicity, and frequently clothed in the language of her spirit-world, was at times perfectly enchanting. One day when she had left the room for something, the general said:

"Independent of Mary's Indian style of language, in which she expresses herself, and which seems peculiarly adapted to her beautiful imaginings, her mind has been highly cultivated and carefully trained; and she possesses a fund of knowledge that would do honor to an older and more experienced head. The hand that labored here was no common hand! And I suppose the reason she has been

allowed to retain her Indian style of expression, is, because they wished to preserve the native purity of the mind unrobbed of its simplicity. She must have been reared in great seclusion and tenderness. The heart that guided the hand, in the training of this interesting being, must have loved her! And she must be an irreparable loss!

"I cannot think they would thus easily give her up. Nor can I believe that they have left New York! The story they told her to the contrary, I believe to have been a fabrication, to suit their own purposes. This Doctor Brown must be sought: as also the good English family! It were wrong thus to keep the fruits from the laborer!"

"My good general," said Mrs. Malburne, "If you cannot find her father, her friends seem to think so little of her, why not keep her yourself! We all think that she ought to be your child. And besides, she seems so fond of you; waits always so anxiously your coming, and seems to have had such a reverence for you from childhood!"

"Most gladly would I have it so, my dear Mrs. Malburne. And so attached have I become to the interesting child, that I frequently find myself, in my fond anticipations of a return to the quiet happiness of domestic life, mingling her sweet face in its scenes. They are exceedingly anxious to see her at home!"

"It seems a pity that she cannot be yours!" pursued Mrs. Malburne. "Beside, I have made up my mind to it, as a matter of course, ever since I knew you doubted of finding her father!"

"We must seek the laborers first. But, should the search prove vain, and the fruit become ours, greater would be our enjoyment of the blessing. I know of nothing that would add a greater charm to our domestic circle, than this sweet child. Her deep religious feeling, that forms one of her greatest charms, while it makes us love her better, would at the same time bring our hearts near heaven!"

"Well," said Mrs. Malburne, "I don't think that everybody is as conscientious about gathering the fruits they have not sown! For, if I mistake not, some one meditates a robbery!" glancing at Colonel Ellsworth, who sat absorbed in his own reflections.

"Such robberies are considered legal!" said the general,

with a smile, as he raised his eyes to the unconscious colonel.

"She seems to have such a sense of duty," continued Mrs. Malburne. "One day I was attending to some little domestic concerns, when she asked me very sweetly to let her see how I did it. She said, the more she knew, the more it would be in her power to impart happiness to others. The Great Spirit had been so good to Mary, she meant that she should speak of Him, as the flowers and the sun-beams did! General, she seems like an imaginary being; but I doubt not there could be many like her, if properly trained!"

"No doubt, whatever, my dear madam!" replied the general.

"She evidently received her religious impressions from the Indian princess!" continued the old lady. "She must, indeed, have been a lofty being!"

"Could you have seen her, Mrs. Malburne, as I did, you would indeed have thought so! I can never think of her but as the guardian angel of this Lone One's infancy!"

"She was very beautiful, was she not?" inquired Mrs. Malburne.

"She was, answered the general. But you were not particularly struck with it. It seemed but a part of the whole. It was more her lofty soul that seemed to strike you! Thus with the beauty of this child, like every other beauty, it delights and pleases as we gaze upon it. But without her soul, like a beautiful piece of statuary or painting, it would have the power to please and delight only while we gazed. It is the soul animating it, that gives the power over the heart!"

"We have yet much to learn," he continued, thoughtfully, "in the education of youth! And may our country, should heaven grant her the blessing of freedom, (which I have never for one moment doubted,) may she be the nursery of man as he was destined to be!"

Colonel Ellsworth here rose and left the room.

"Colonel Ellsworth," said Mrs. Malburne, "is evidently deeply attached to Mary!"

"I know not of a mother or son more worthy of her!" the general replied. "He has within him the principles of

all that is good and great: the teachings of his noble mother!"

"He seems to struggle very much to prevent any exhibition of his attachment," pursued Mrs. Malburne. "While she appears totally unconscious of anything more than the attachment of a brother. And she as frequently calls him brother, as anything else!"

Here the Lone Dove returned, accompanied by Lizzie.

Sometimes, while others were conversing or reading, she would amuse herself by sketching those around her, or some imaginary being, for the gratification of those who were kind to her; or would do some little fancy-work, the teaching of Mrs. Maitland, which kept her mind constantly employed in the study of other's happiness.

And thus she continued, not by the exhibition of any great virtue, but by little acts, to knit every heart in love to her own.

"What are you thinking of, aunt?" said Lizzie, one day, in the absence of the Lone Dove.

"My child, I was thinking of Mary. I was thinking that her heroism and courage, in not betraying her father, would have called forth our admiration; her loneliness and peculiar history, our sympathy:—But if, upon her introduction into the domestic circle, 'the world of woman,' she had possessed naught but these, our admiration would soon have been forgotten! For the human mind is not formed to gaze satisfied upon one object, or one act, how great soever! And the sympathy which bound our hearts to hers, by her loneliness, would be but a feeble unconnected link, compared with the close-knit chain which binds them now."

The return of the Lone Dove prevented a reply.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE DECLARATION.

COLONEL ELLSWORTH, while Mary was reading, frequently fell into fits of abstraction. One day he had become so much so, as not even to observe the departure of Mrs. Malburne from the room. Mary gazed at him a few minutes with a troubled expression, then approaching him, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, said :—

“What makes Mary’s brother so thoughtful and sad when she reads? Does it recall to his heart anything that grieves it? If it does, tell Mary, and she will not do it any more.”

He was silent, and seemed to struggle with his feelings. At length he said, taking the hand that was laid upon his shoulder gently within his own :—“Mary’s reading, as well as many other things that Mary does, recalls to her brother’s heart something that is very sad—the thought of how very soon, perhaps, he will see and hear her no more! Mary’s brother loves her so, he would not part with her!” he said, pressing the hand he held to his lips.

She was thoughtful, then said :—“How Mary wishes she could live with *all* who love her! Heaven must be a sweet place to be surrounded by all one loves. The Great Spirit there, too—and the Spirit of Love! Oh! must it not be a sweet place, brother?” she said, with increased animation, unheeding the hand he held. “There Mary will see the Spirit of Heelehdee and the Spirit of her mother—and my brother will see his dear brother!” Then, after a moment’s pause, she continued—“Mary loves her brother;—and if she cannot be with him, and those who love and have loved her on earth, she will be with them all in Heaven. Oh! Heaven is a sweet place! Is it not, brother?”

Gazing thoughtfully on the pure, beautiful being—he said, “Yes, Mary, Heaven must indeed be a sweet place! But I never comprehended the beings that inhabit it till now.” Then pressing the hand he held, tighter

within his own, he said, in trembling earnestness, "Mary does not understand her brother. He loves her so, that he is unhappy when he is absent from her. He would have her always with him, to speak to him of the spirit-world—to lead him to Heaven. He would have her with him to incite him to great, and noble actions; he would have her always with him!" lowering his voice. "He would have Mary to become his wife! Does Mary love her brother enough for this? Can Mary make her brother happy? He would love her so fondly!" he paused.

She seemed bewildered.

Starting from his seat, in great agitation, he said: "Mary's brother did not mean to tell her—how dearly he loves her! She will not be offended with him!"

"Mary is not offended with her brother for loving her!" she said, gazing earnestly at him.

"Will Mary," he asked, "think of what her brother has said?"

"She will think," was the reply, as the truth seemed to force itself upon her.

CHAPTER L.

THE DECISION.

THAT evening, when Lizzie entered the chamber of the Lone Dove, she found the latter gazing thoughtfully upon the moonbeams that sparkled on the bright waters—her beautiful countenance, as calm, as lovely and as pure, as the scene upon which she gazed.

"Oh! Mary," said Lizzie, "I have missed you so much! I thought my absence would scarcely be noticed, so I have left the company for aunt to entertain, and come to seek you. Come, let us sit and look out upon this lovely scene, and you talk to me of your spirit-world! There is something spiritual in this scene. Is there not, Mary?"

And the fair girl threw herself beside her loved compan-

ton: And long they sat and held sweet converse of the bright and beautiful!

The next day passed, and the next. On the third day, as the Lone Dove sat in the Library, deeply absorbed in a book, the door opened, and Colonel Ellsworth entered. She started on seeing him.

"Excuse me, Mary," he said. "They told me I should find you here. But, perhaps I have disturbed you!"

"Oh! no," she answered, thoughtfully—but observing his pale and agitated countenance, she rose, and approaching him, asked, as she lay her hand gently on his arm—"Is Mary's brother sick? He looks so pale!"

Pressing her hand, and gazing earnestly in her face, he answered:—"Mary's brother has not been well since he saw her; and he will not be, until he knows what Mary has thought!" He paused.

"Mary has thought," she said, a slight sadness in her tone—"and if her brother will sit down, she will tell him."

There was something lofty in her manner, as she led him towards a seat, which, while it puzzled, awed him. Seating herself by his side, and gazing full in his face she spoke.

"Does my brother know that Mary is nameless? that—" seeing him about to interrupt her—"Listen," she said, "till Mary has finished."

"Does my brother know that Mary is *nameless*; that no one knows who her parents were? Does he know that she has been a dependent from her birth, even for a name? Does he know that the world scoffs at her for it?"

"Scoffs at you!" interrupted the colonel; "you—pure, and beautiful, and talented!"

Without noticing the interruption, she continued: "The world calls Mary a foundling! That was why they dared to steal her!"

"Stop, for God's sake! Mary," cried the colonel, seizing her hands. "Do you think, for one moment, that it would have any weight with me!—could make me love you less! I would love you better, were it possible, to feel that you were alone, and had no one but myself to depend upon!"

"Mary did not think it would make any difference with

her brother. She knew it would not. But it makes a difference with Mary! The world would scoff at you for making a nameless-one your wife. They scoffed at Mary's papa and mamma, and they are among the great!"

"Only say, Mary, that you love me!" said the colonel, imploringly. "'Tis all I ask. I care not what the world says!"

"Mary does love her brother," she said, "more than Mary knew, till she asked her heart! She loves him more now."

"Bless you! Mary, for these words!" he said, kissing fervently the hand he held. "Say no more of the world; I would not give those words for the world itself! And is it true, Mary, that you love me? Can it be? And will you—"

"Will my brother listen to Mary?" she said calmly, almost solemnly, marked with the same loftiness of manner. "Mary never felt till now how much she loves her brother, though her heart told her, last night, that she loved him very much! But she never felt, till now, how good and great her brother is! Mary's brother seems to her like Heelehdee. He talks to her of the spirit-world and the Great Spirit, like Heelehdee. Mary feels that she can look up to her brother, like Heelehdee; she feels that she would be very happy in his home with his mother who loves, and whom Mary loves. She would be very happy with her brother;—but Mary must not be ungrateful! If Mary go to the home of her brother, she would be happy, and her brother and mother would be happy; but Mary's father would be lone. He would have no one to love him; no one to speak to him of the spirit-world; no one to care for him; no one to make him happy! And Mary feels that he is unhappy. He said he was not happy, when he gave Mary to Heelehdee. Mary feels that he is poor! And if Mary go to the home of her brother, her father will be poor, and lone, and unhappy, while the child he saved from perishing would be making the home of a stranger happy! Mary cannot go to the home of her brother, she must go with her father. But Mary will live with her brother in the spirit-world!"

"Oh! Mary, my own Mary!" said the colonel, gazing

almost in awe upon the lofty souled being before him. "Don't say that you will not come to my home! Your home will always be your father's home!"

"Mary's father would not be a dependent!" Still gazing earnestly in his face, she said: "But Mary would have her brother to know all! The one Mary calls father, was her preserver. But Mary feels that he is something more to her; she feels that perhaps he is her father. Captain Dunmore said that he is my father; he said—" she paused. "He said, that he is a *murderer*! Mary would know if she is the daughter of a murderer, before she go to the home of her brother. She loves her brother too well, to have him scoffed at. And Mary's name has been published in the papers as eloping with an unknown! No, Mary cannot go to the home of her brother!"

"Oh! Mary, do not talk so, if you would not drive me mad! What that scoundrel told you was false; and with regard to the elopement, it can very easily be proved to the contrary!"

"Thank you, so it can," she said. "I did not think of that. But Mary would know the truth of the other; and if she finds that her father, or adopted father, has been a murderer, she will go to him, in prison, if they will let her, and comfort him. She will talk to him of the Great Spirit, and the Spirit of Love! The Great God did not give Heelehdee to Mary to tell her of himself and all his beautiful spirits, that Mary alone might be happy; he meant that she should make others happy; he meant that the spirit that dwells in Mary should speak in its acts of himself! Mary will not be ungrateful to the Great God, who has been so good to her, by thinking only of her own happiness!" she said, rising. "Mary's brother has his noble and loved mother to make his home happy. Mary's father has no one! Mary must obey the will of the Great Spirit and go to her father; but she will live with her brother in the spirit-world!" she said, stooping and pressing her lips to his pale brow. "Mary's brother looks sick! Mary never knew how much she loved him, till now. She never knew how good he is, how like Heelehdee!"

Gazing for a-while silently upon the pure, beautiful being, he said: "Mary, you do indeed speak to us of heaven!"

knew not what I asked, when I asked the love of a being like you!" Then, seizing her hands, as she was about to retire, he said: "Mary, my own Mary, listen to your brother!" She paused.

"If Mary's father cannot be found?"—

"Mary must not be ungrateful to the great chief," she said. "She must go to the home of the chief."

"And after Mary has been to the home of the chief," implored the colonel, "will she not, then, gladden the home of her brother?"

"When Mary's *duty* will permit, then she will go to the home of her brother!"

"One thing more, my own Mary!" said the colonel, still retaining her hand: "Will Mary sometimes assure her brother that she still loves him? It will be so sweet, from her own lips!"

"She will!" was the reply, as she left the room.

CHAPTER LI.

NATHAN DREW.

ABOUT three weeks after the rescue of the Lone Dove, Lord Rochford was pacing to and fro his apartment. A storm lowered upon his brow. The unfortunate lackey who had happened to pass within the current of his lordship's rage, by asking the repetition of some command, was hurled headlong down the stairs.

"D——d scoundrel!" muttered he, between his clenched teeth. "So he has got off with his part of the prey, and left me with the whole pack at my back. I would challenge the scoundrel, but that would expose the whole affair. The girl has escaped—taken off by some raw Yankees, while he was in search of her father! Bah! I don't believe a word of it! A plan, with that she-devil at the bottom of it, to cheat me of my part of the booty! And yet I paid her more than Dunmore could. And Philip, too, the fawning

cur, he could have no motive in deceiving me. It must be true. Hear the d——d hypocrite, after he had danced attendance on the devil from his birth, don the parson, and, with a sanctimonious face, say 'that probably the old devil of a doctor was right. That *unseen powers* must guard his fair prisoner, for he had no power to injure her: and that, were he to continue long in the company of angels he might become one himself. Ha! ha! ha! And think I was going to believe him! I believe the d——d fool got frightened at his old hag himself. But what's to be done? I thought if I refused to fight with Captain Maitland, on account of his lameness, there was an end to that; as it was not to be expected I would fight the old Cerberus. But here must come that hot-headed Effingham. I can't refuse to fight with him, and he's a good shot, and devilish cool, too, when he pleases. A *caning*, too, from Cerberus, and *posted*! A devilish fine scrape! What will Lady Emily say? and what have I gained by it? Nothing, absolutely nothing! I would not have valued this, or ten times more, could I but have caught the bird. The affair would soon have blown over, and Lord Rochford would have been smiled upon and caressed by the fair ones more than ever. It would have added considerably to his popularity. The *mammas* would have received him more smilingly than ever, and told him of the numberless virtues and perfections of their marriageable daughters, visible to no one but themselves, with a greater zest. Things like this never injure a fellow in the eyes of the fair ones; and a *duel* in consequence will make me quite a hero. But to be foiled, to have my bird escape, there's the disgrace. What's to be done? I must fight, I suppose, though I wish it were anyone but Effingham. Nothing short of my life will satisfy him. A ball through one's brains is not a very comfortable idea, but its the smallest compliment I expect to receive. D—n me, if there's strength in this arm he shall fall; and if the devil favors me this time I'll have her yet, even should she be under the protection of the commander of these d——d rebels himself! that is, if money can have power; and I doubt not there are enough more to be found that love money as well as the old hag.

"What a devilish fool I was not to have gone myself,

instead of sending that cringing cur, Philip! His craftiness has served me many a time—that it should fail me now! I was afraid if I went, old Cerberus would fathom the plot. D——d useless precaution! He has fathomed it, and how, unless the devil helped him, I can't see!"

He paused. An obsequious lackey, who had been waiting some minutes, fearful that if he interrupted his lordship he might share the fate of his poor comrade, now approaching, informed him that a countryman wanted to see him.

"Send the d——d boor away!"

"But, my lord," he continued, "he insists upon seeing you. I have sent him away several times. He says that he has something for your lordship, and must see you. I can't get rid of him."

"Show him in, then."

In a few moments appeared the tall, bony form of Nathan Drew.

"Mister lord," he said, after the servant had disappeared, "be you the man what wanted the purty gal what Captain Dunmore kept locked up that he mought git her father? Cause if you be, I've got the gal. I took her away from that Captain Dunmore, cause as how I didn't want him to kill her jist cause she let her father go. But when I heern from the old woman that you had plenty o' money, and wanted the gal, I thought as how I'd come and see what you'd give."

"Wretch!" said Rochford, (despising his own vices in another,) "would you barter the beautiful being away like a dumb brute?"

"Then I s'pose as how you don't want the gal," said Nathan, coolly. "I s'pose as how you wouldn't gin nothing for her. No harm in axing you," turning away, as if to leave.

"Stop!" said Rochford, "where is she?"

"Over on the Jersey side," said Nathan, with great indifference.

"What became of the leader of you rebels who took her away? Did he give her up to a mercenary wretch like yourself?"

"Oh! I guess he's got other fish to fry besides looking arter gals. He's got to lick you red-coats agin. But I

mought's well be going, as you don't want the gal," turning to go.

"Stop!" said Rochford. "How much do you want for her?"

"Well, I'd like to make a purty good spec on her, as she's sech a purty gal."

"Will fifty guineas do?" said Rochford.

"That's rather a small price for sech a purty gal. I'd let you have my Poll for that."

"Wretch!" muttered Rochford again; "what does he take me for?"

"I takes you for one what 'od have no hobjections to buy a gal any time."

"The d——d rebel!" muttered Rochford.

"Then I s'pose as how as that's all you'll gin for the gal," said Nathan, in the same business-like tone.

"Will a hundred satisfy you, you scoundrel?"

"I think as how I might git you a right purty gal for that, what ain't got as much larning, nor sech quality airs about her," said Nathan.

"You d——d mercenary rascal!" shouted Rochford, in a passion at what he flattered himself was a gross misconception of his lordly character. "Will two hundred guineas do you?"

"You needn't git *wrathy* 'bout it," said Nathan, coolly. "You ain't obleeged to buy the gal. I bleeve I'll be going," laying his hand upon the latch of the door.

"Stop!" said Rochford, in a milder tone. "Will two hundred guineas satisfy you?"

Nathan deliberated a few moments, then said, slowly: "Well, you may have her, as I want to git out o' this ere place. But she's worth more!" (looking around the room). "It's a right nice snug place here though, aint it? But I hope you don't worship *idols*, nor nothing," said he, pointing to a statue of Venus.

"When will you bring my charming bird?" inquired Rochford, eagerly, without deigning to notice the remark.

"Why, I think as how you'll have to come arter her!" said Nathan. "You see as how, I'll not risk my head here agin, amongst these ere red coats. You see, I had to tell tho

sentinel that I had a *gal* to sell you, afore he'd let me pass!"

"The devil you did, you d—d fool!"

"You and me differ a leetle bout that are," said Nathan, in the same cool manner. "I don't think a man's a fool for telling his bizziness, if it's a going to save his head! But I'll be going. When 'ill you come for the *gal*? You must bring the guineas; you see as how, I don't let go the *gal* till I git um in my fists: I'll have the receipt all ready!"

"The d—d fool!" again muttered Rochford.

"You must come yourself; for you see as how, I wouldn't gin her into any other hands breathin; for I don't think much of these ere red coats anyhow; and they moughtn't gin you the *gal*, and you'd want your guineas agin. You see as I know a leetle sumpthing bout trading-bizziness!"

After vainly endeavoring to make some arrangement with the imperturbable Nathan to bring her, Rochford agreed at last to cross over to the Jersey side, about the middle of the afternoon, to receive his *purchase*.

"Was there ever anything so fortunate!" muttered Rochford to himself, after the door had closed upon Nathan. "I would not have missed it for a *thousand* guineas. This superb being will at last be mine, then. I shall receive her into my own hands. There will be no further danger of her slipping through them. I'll thank the d—d fool of a Yankee for that much, for I wouldn't trust any one else again with her. Ha! Effingham, could I but avoid this duel!"

"You mind, Mister Lord, you musn't forgit the guineas! I don't give you the *gal* without 'em!" drawled the voice of Nathan Drew, as his head and scrawny neck peered through the half-open door.

"Take yourself off, you devilish fool!" ejaculated Rochford. "You needn't fear for your guineas!"

When Nathan had again closed the door, and felt himself out of hearing:

"The all-fired, divilish, dirty varmint!" muttered he. "How my blood kept a biling up. He called Nathan Drew a fool! We'll see who's a fool, afore he's many hours older. Nathan Drew knows how to do it. He didn't make bleeve *tory*, cause he'd be mistrusted. He didn't appear

anxious to sell the gal, cause he warn't! Nathan Drew was just what he was. He knew the black, dirty varmint, 'ud give his eyes for the angel. But it 'ill not be what he'll git from the hands of Nathan Drew. She's a *bird*, is she! Well, *he* shall be a bird afore to-morrow morning; and one what warn't never hatched neither, I guess. The dirty varmint! Now, if I could only git hold on that tarnation divilish rascal of a captain! But 'tisin't cause Nathan Drew hasn't tried hard enough, this two weeks past, to ketch the divilish dirty varmint. But we'll have one on 'em pickled well, if Nathan Drew jist gits safe to the Jarsey shore!"

CHAPTER LII.

RESULT OF THE CHALLENGE.

TOWARD evening of the next day, Mrs. Maitland lay upon a couch in a darkened room, her eyes closed, apparently in slumber; while intense suffering marked her pallid features. Near by sat Captain Maitland. Grief had wrought upon his noble countenance the work of years. Nought was heard save the loud ticking of the old hall clock, which added solemnity to the deep silence pervading the apartment. A heavy sigh escaped from Mrs. Maitland.

"Amelia," said her husband, rising and approaching the bed: "My dear Amelia, let us try to think with Doctor Brown, that the powers above will not let harm befall our sweet innocent!"

"Oh! James," she said, "While I thought her father had the dear child, I was comparatively happy. But to know she is not with him. But oh! my God! James, the thought is madness!"

"Be calm, my Amelia; I feel that God will protect her! One who lived but in his love, who sees and adores himself in all his works, whether great or small, I feel that he will protect."

"I am so glad," said Mrs. Maitland, "that Doctor

Brown feels so confident that no harm can befall her! It is the only ray of comfort that has yet approached me. Oh! if she could only be restored to us once more, we never could be grateful enough!"

"I have often flattered myself, Amelia, that when we should have once more returned to our happy home in dear old England, this sweet and gentle being would have the power to win even my poor old heart-broken mother from her grief. But all I now ask is, to hear of her safety!"

"The doctor can hear nothing farther, than that Lord Rochford was concerned with this captain?" inquired Mrs. Maitland.

"Nothing; the servant that the doctor bribed knew nothing further."

"What motive do you think Captain Dunmore can possibly have had, James?"

Captain Maitland seemed not to have heard the inquiry of his wife, but bowing his head upon his hands, a shudder seemed to pass over him.

Mrs. Maitland was lost in her own painful thoughts, and did not observe it. At last she said, "James, do you not think you might find Captain Dunmore?"

"No, Amelia, he seems to know that we are looking for him, and keeps himself out of the way. But I wonder where the colonel is, that he does not return? And the doctor, too! But I think I hear some one in the hall now!"

Hastily rising and descending the stairs, he met Colonel Effingham. A smile was on his countenance, the first that had been seen there since the disappearance of the Lone Dove.

"What news?" cried the captain, grasping his hand. "Any?"

"None from Mary," said the colonel, hastily.

Captain Maitland looked inquiringly.

"I am smiling at the termination of my duel. It is really very amusing," said the colonel.

"Walk in, colonel, and tell me about it," said the captain, leading the way. "I sought you this morning, fearing you might have been injured, but could gain no information, further than that it had not taken place. How was it?"

"Why," said the colonel, "we went to the place of assignment, at the appointed time, but found no one there. After waiting awhile, Captain Rawder, his second, made his appearance, saying that his lordship was not to be found at his lodgings, and had been away all night. That there must have been foul-play somewhere; search was made, the results of which were as follows. His lordship was traced to the Jersey shore, where he was found, dressed in an entire suit of *tar and feathers*!"

"Tar and feathers!" said Captain Maitland, in astonishment. "The scoundrel! it served him right. But who did it?"

"Some of the rebels decoyed him thither, by stratagem. But that is not all. In what honourable company do you think he was found?"

"Indeed," said Captain Maitland, "from the beginning, I should consider it a difficult matter to guess."

"Tied in a *pig-sty*, with a goodly array of pigs around him. He was nearly dead when found. On the outside of the sty, was written—'*All the dirty varmint together*!'"

"What an outrage," said the captain, smiling. "But I doubt not the scoundrel deserved it. What was the cause?"

"Something about a lady, as far as I can learn. He has been insulting some honest man's daughter, no doubt," said Effingham, "and it serves him right. It is the only punishment mete for such loathsome pests, such *plague-spots* in society. Ha! ha! I would like to see him when he shows his head again. Though every one seems indignant that so daring an outrage should have been perpetrated on one of his *rank*, still it has caused no small degree of mirth, and especially with those who believe he had a hand in the abduction of your daughter."

The colonel's mirth fled at the mention of the lost one.

"It will deprive the doctor of the pleasure of *caring* him. Would that every villany of the kind could meet with as speedy retribution. But, colonel, what are the particulars?"

"Very few can be gained, as yet, it was done so quietly. The most that throws any light on the affair is, that yesterday morning, a countryman, wishing to pass the sentinel, gave as his business, that he had a '*gal*' to sell to Lord Rochford.' Thinking the fellow a fool, and that he'd have

some sport over it, the sentinel let him pass. About two hours after he returned saying that he'd sold his gal to Lord Rochford for *two hundred* guineas, though she was worth more, adding, that if he, the sentinel, heard of anybody else who wanted a gal, jist to send 'em to Nathan Drew, on the Jarsey side.

"Lord Rochford passed over about the middle of the afternoon, accompanied by his servant, and was found this morning, in the state described, by some old woman, who went to give the gentry their breakfast, who, by all appearances, had been by no means remiss in attentions to their distinguished guest."

"It was a daring act," said the captain, "but the villain deserved it. What became of the servant?"

"He has not yet been heard of," said the colonel.



CHAPTER LIII.

SAD FOREBODINGS REALIZED.—THE JOYFUL SURPRISE.

It was the custom of the Lone Dove to watch the coming of the general, and as he entered, lead him to the comfortable seat she had prepared for him, and drawing near to it a low ottoman, seat herself by his side, and listen reverently to his conversation. He took great pleasure in conversing with herself, as he observed to Mrs. Malburne, that "the freshness and beauty of her thought was a relief to a mind oppressed with care."

On the evening after her last conversation with Colonel Ellsworth, as usual, she had seated herself confidently beside her noble friend. The good general had been gazing on her some time in silence, when, laying his hand gently upon her head, he said, "How would my daughter like to accompany me to my home?"

"Mary would be very happy to be with the noble general," she said, thoughtfully.

"And if he cannot find Mary's father, and her other kind friends, will she then go with the chief to his home?"

"Can't the chief find Mary's father?" she asked, looking earnestly in his face.

Taking kindly her trembling hands within his own, he said: "Mary must not be too much grieved at what the chief will tell her, because it is the will of the Great God!"

"Mary will be calm," she said. "Only tell her all! Tell Mary if his enemies have got her father?"

"They have taken him prisoner," he said.

"Is he with them, or is he a prisoner in New York?"

"In New York," replied the general.

"Then he will die!" she said, despondingly. After a few moments of deep thought: "Mary felt it was so: but she did not wish to grieve the great chief who was so kind to her. But can't Mary go to her father?" she inquired, still looking him earnestly in the face. "Can't Mary go and try make her father happy?"

"My child," said the general, "they would not let you stay with him, did you go."

"Oh! Mary's poor father!" she said, in tones of deep distress. "Mary will never see her father more. When he parted with his Mary on the sea-shore, she was never to be with him more!"

"My good child, do not distress yourself thus!" said the general, kindly.

"Cannot the chief save Mary's father, by exchanging him?"

"No, my child," was the mild reply. "The English general is not willing to exchange him! I have tried."

A shudder passed over her. Then a deep painful expression settled upon her fair countenance, and she remained for some minutes silent. At length raising her face from which the color had fled, with a calmness which seemed to say that she had bidden every pulsation of the heart be still, she said: "Will the great chief tell Mary all? He need not fear her. She can bear the worst. Her heart is ready. Is Mary's father a *murderer*?"

The general gazed in silence on the sudden transformation of the confiding child, to the calm lofty being before him.

"Tell Mary all!" she repeated, seeing him hesitate. "Do not fear to tell her all. The Great Spirit will not let her heart break!"

"My good child," said the general, "I will tell you all; and I know you will bear it with fortitude. Your adopted father is accused of having committed murder some years ago in England. And he will be detained a prisoner until it can be proved false. There is no doubt but that the accusation is a false one, as Captain Dunmore is his only accuser!"

"Will they send my father to England?" she inquired, in the same calm tone.

"As the crime is said to have been committed in England, there is no doubt but that he will be sent there!" said the general. "But you need fear nothing my child! I do not believe him guilty of wrong!"

"Does the chief know my father?" she asked.

"I have known him ever since the army was stationed in Cambridge; and I have always known him to be good and brave. Therefore I believe this accusation false!"

"Thank you! Mary always knew that her father was brave and good. But it makes her heart glad to hear the great chief say it. But do you not think, kind general, that Mary can go to her father, to talk to him and comfort him? He must be so lone!"

"My good child," he said, "it would be impossible. Did they let you see him, (which I very much doubt,) you could not remain with him; and you would be without a protector and without a home. To go, would only prove an injury to yourself, without benefitting your father."

"Then all that Mary can do, is to ask the Great God to protect and comfort her father!" she said, solemnly.

"And will Mary, if her other friends be not found, will she go with the chief to his home, and be happy with him till her father be acquitted and return for her?"

"Mary will go to his home with the chief, and she will be very happy with him. For she feels that all the great and good spirits talk with the chief, and that the Spirit of Love dwells with him. Mary likes to be near the chief, because she feels the presence of the Spirit of Love. But Mary's heart will be sad for her father. And it will make

a cloud to rest on her face; but she will try not to be ungrateful!"

"Mary has turned flatterer!" he said, smiling fondly on her.

The entrance of others interrupted their conversation. When Colonel Ellsworth entered, Mary met his happy glance with a sweet smile. But the same thoughtful calmness returned. He gazed anxiously as if he would read her heart, but the expression remained.

The conversation had become general, when a stranger's voice was heard in the hall. Mary started. The door opened, and Doctor Brown was announced.

With a cry of joy that startled all around, the Lone Dove sprang forward, and the next moment she was strained to the stranger's heart!

Then holding her at arm's length, and examining her as if he would be still further assured of her identity, he exclaimed, (while the tears ran down his cheeks), "Is it indeed our own lost Mary! Our precious child! And did the Great God protect the innocent, and guard her from harm! I knew He would!" And again clasping her to his heart, he raised his eyes to heaven in silent gratitude. Then again stooping and kissing fondly the brow of the fair being, he said: "Oh! Mary, that the Great God you so loved, and saw in everything, would shield our loved one from harm, is all that has supported the hearts that were breaking for you!"

"Then they do not believe Mary unworthy!" she said, earnestly.

"Think you unworthy, Mary! As soon would we have thought an angel in heaven unworthy!"

Not an eye was dry as they gazed upon that happy meeting.

"Dear mamma and papa!" she murmured, as he still held her to his heart.

"Mamma has been sick since Mary has been gone. Very sick! But she will soon be well, now that she knows her child is safe, and will be with her soon. Papa also has not been well. But to know our loved one is safe, will act as a charm upon us all!"

After the delirious joy of thus suddenly meeting her be-

loved instructor had somewhat subsided, she led him to General Washington, saying: "This is the father that the Great Spirit gave to Mary, when he let her be taken from those who loved her! The Great American Chief!"

Approaching with reverence, he said: "We have always sir, admired and respected your public character; but never, until we received from General Clinton, your letter informing us of the safety of our dear child, did we feel its worth. Many men can be great in great convulsions, and surrounded by grand and stirring events; but few, very few, carry that greatness into the quiet scenes of private life!"

"It gives me unfeigned pleasure," said the general, shaking the old gentleman cordially by the hand, "to meet one whom I have learned to esteem and venerate, in the formation of the mind of this sweet child. And my only regret is, that the pleasure is purchased by a conviction that we must so soon part with her!"

"Would that we had two," said the doctor, (his eyes resting fondly upon the Lone Dove,) "that we might share with you the blessing!"

"My brother, who saved Mary's life!" said she, leading him to Colonel Ellsworth.

"The most that I can say," said the doctor, pressing the hands of the young man warmly, "is, that you are a worthy follower of your noble commander!"

"And here is my mother, who nursed Mary so kindly!" leading him to the old Lady Malburne. "And sweet sister Lizzie!" presenting the fair girl. "And where is good Betsy?" In a moment she was gone, but soon returned, leading the hump-backed girl.

"Why, my little Spirit Girl!" said the Doctor, patting her cheek, "You have surrounded yourself with such a circle of friends and relations, that I fear you have scarcely missed your absent ones!"

"Mary's new friends would not let her miss the attentions of her dear lost ones! But her heart missed their love: though she loved her new friends very much. And when she thought that her Lost Ones believed her unworthy of their love, it seemed that her heart would break!"

"Mary's heart is large enough for us all!" said Mrs. Malburne, the tears filling her eyes.

"That is true. Very true!" replied the Doctor. "When we get back in our little study," continued he, "how much Mary will have to tell her old friends of the whisperings of the strange spirits!"

Throwing her arms around his neck, and gazing fondly in his face, she said—"Oh! Mary is so happy, to have her dear, good doctor back again."

Toward the close of the evening, the Doctor, who had been attentively regarding Lizzie for some time, said:—"My child," (for if you are Mary's sister, you must be my child,) "your name, and features remind me of a sister long since dead. Her name was Lizzie, and she married Henry Ingols. She died, leaving one son, Henry, who afterwards married and died, leaving two children, whom their grandfather could not be persuaded to part with."

"That was my grandfather," said Lizzie, with emotion.

"And where is the good old man, and your brother?" Poor Lizzie's tears told him the sad truth.

"And this, your aunt!" he said, turning inquiringly to Mrs. Malburne.

"No, doctor, she is not really my niece, though I love her equally as well as if she were," said the good lady. "She was sent here for protection, by my brother, whom she calls uncle, and with whom she was left, by her grandfather, when he went to Valley Forge to see his poor boy."

The recollections of the past were too painful to poor Lizzie. She rose and left the room, after which Mrs. Malburne gave the doctor a minute account of her grandfather and brother's death.

"The good genii must surely dwell in this house," said the doctor, "since I find it the refuge of not only one, but two of my children!"

"But you cannot, surely, doctor have the heart to rob us of both of our dear children!"

"No, my dear madam, though my heart, I feel will prompt the theft, I cannot prove so ungrateful to your kindness."

CHAPTER LIV.

JEALOUSY.

THE precarious state of Mrs. Maitland's health, admitted of but little delay in the doctor's return to New York with his precious charge.

All felt the approaching separation deeply. Mrs. Malburne and poor Lizzie could not speak of it without tears, especially when they viewed it in the light of perhaps never seeing her again, (in the event of her going to England,) although Mrs. Malburne had promised the doctor that Lizzie should visit her in New York, previous to her departure.

Lizzie had become quite attached to her good uncle, who was no less pleased with his sweet niece; and nothing but his simple sense of right, could have satisfied the good old man to have left her behind. He said that he began to think the picture incomplete without the two.

Lizzie said: "She thought she should be very happy with her uncle; their minds were so congenial, particularly with regard to loving Mary, and he never scolded when she flattered Mary." Nor was Mary less distressed. But that she should be united with them all in the "spirit world," seemed to lessen the poignancy of her grief.

None, however, felt it more deeply than did Colonel Ellsworth; though, with the inconsistency of human nature, he seemed to avoid her society. This seemed to grieve the Lone Dove very much.

Entering the library, one morning, a few days before their departure, she found him alone, in deep thought, and totally unconscious of her presence. She turned to retire; but noting the painful expression of his countenance, she approached, and, laying her hand gently upon his shoulder—"Well, my brother, ———"

Starting at the sound of her voice, and pushing her from him, he arose and strode the apartment.

Regarding him, for a moment, with a look of mingled

surprise, sorrow, and indignation, while a deep blush mantled her cheek and brow, she turned to leave the room. But starting forward and seizing her hand ere she had reached the door, he said, "Mary, why did you tell me that you loved me?"

"Because Mary's heart told her so; and her brother asked her to tell him!" was the almost proud reply.

"But, Mary, you do not love me!" he said; "or why leave me? Why go to New York? Why to England?"

"Mary has tried to tell her brother, since the good doctor came, that her father is imprisoned as a murderer! That they will send him to England, and that she must follow him. She wished to tell him how sick her dear mamma and papa have been. She wished to tell him that she must go to them. She wished to tell him how sore her heart would be to leave him. But he avoided Mary; he turned his head from her in anger."

"But, Mary, my own Mary!" he said. "If you love me as you say you do, why not be willing to make some sacrifice for me, too? Why, if I am willing to make you my wife, even as the daughter of a murderer,—why are you not willing to make the heart that loves you so fondly, so devotedly,—who would sacrifice life itself for you,—why are you not willing to make that heart happy? Why not willing to make some sacrifice for its happiness? Why persist in returning to England? Why persist in following the fortunes of one who simply saved your life, when a babe, and whom you have scarcely seen since early childhood? No, Mary; you do not, cannot love me!"

Raising herself, proudly and calmly, she said; "If, to make her brother know that she loves him, she must disobey the will of the Great Spirit; she must be ungrateful; must be a cheat! Mary does not love her brother! Mary's brother cannot love her! His heart has deceived him! If he loved Mary, he would want to see her great and good! Heelehdee loved Mary—Heelehdee died for Mary! But Heelehdee would not have her Mary a cheat! No! Mary no longer loves her brother! Nor does her brother love Mary!"

She turned to leave the room. He attempted to detain her; but she waived him proudly from her, and retired.

Colonel Ellsworth stood like one thunder-struck. At length, as the full reality seemed to rush upon him, he groaned: "My God! what have I done? My selfishness has deprived me, as it were, of a new existence—her love—her spiritual love! What could have made me so mad? Had I not seen enough of her lofty soul; enough of her spiritual mind; enough of her truth and simplicity, to know that when she told me, she loved me? Oh! sweet assurance? Lost, lost forever, through my folly, my selfishness! Did I not know enough of her pure heart, to feel that, when she told me she loved me, it was as sure as if an angel had spoken it. Oh! what have I done? She may forgive me. She will forgive me! It is her nature. But a mind as pure and lofty as hers can never *love* again one as *selfish* and grovelling as mine. She must shrink from it." He strode heavily through the apartment. "I must see her again, if it be but to ask her forgiveness. I dare not ask her love. But we must not part in anger." Writing upon a piece of paper, "Will Mary see her brother once more?" he gave it to the servant.

In a few moments, the same paper was returned, with these words written on the back of it. "Mary cannot see her brother now."

"My God!" he cried, striking his forehead, "I see how it is,—she despises me! To doubt her love, when she had so sweetly assured me. To avoid her when her sad countenance told me she would speak to me. To fling her from me, when she came so confidingly to me. She must despise me." And, seizing his hat, he rushed from the house.

CHAPTER LV.

THE LONE DOVE IN THE SOLITUDE OF HER CHAMBER.

ON leaving the library, the Lone Dove had sought her apartment. Throwing herself upon her couch, she buried her face in her hands, and wept long and bitterly. The shock had been too great for her gentle and confiding na-

ture: though her high-toned feelings and self-command had prevented any exhibition of how deeply she was wounded.

Meanwhile, the servant had rapped at the door and delivered the note from Colonel Ellsworth, upon which she wrote with a pencil the hasty reply, and handed it back, with the refinement of a delicate mind, not wishing to have in the servant an observant of her grief.

After her feelings had become somewhat composed, she rose, and bathing her fevered brow and temples, seated herself by the table, and was soon lost in deep thought. At last, she said:—"Mary's brother does not love her. He never did, or he could not have so wounded her heart. The heart that he taught to love him so much, by making Mary think that he was great and noble." Here her tears began to flow. Rising and hastily brushing them aside. "No, no," she said, "Mary will not weep any more. It is weakness. It is wrong for her to weep for one who would have her forget her duty, to prove to him her love; when she had told him how much she loved him." She was silent, and again the tears began to fall. "But Mary can't stop her tears, when she thinks how her brother saved her life! How gentle and kind he was to Mary when he traveled with her. How he talked with her of the spirit-world. How he scorned the opinions of the world for Mary's sake—for Mary's love. But Mary cannot think now, her heart aches, and her brow burns too much. She will try to think of something else, till the Great Spirit speaks to her heart that it may be still. Then she will think."

Taking a book, and trying to read, after a few moments she lay it down, and pressing her hand upon her heart, rose, saying, "Mary will ask the Great Spirit to whisper to her heart, and make it still." Kneeling, she remained some time in prayer; then rising, said: "Now Mary will go to her kind friends. They will think that she is sick. When she returns to-night, the fever will have left her brow, and she can then think. Mary will not grieve the kind hearts of her friends, if they see traces of tears. They know she is about to leave many that she loves, and she must weep sometimes."

Once more bathing her face, and arranging her beautiful hair, she descended to the sitting-room, where she met Mrs.

Ellsworth, who, taking her by the hand, while she pressed her tenderly to her heart, said: "Mary, we shall miss you very much when you are gone."

The tears started. But hastily brushing them away, "Mary's heart will ache much," she said, "for the kind friends she will leave behind."

"There is one thing," said the sweet Lizzie, "that Mary has brought here she cannot take away again, and that is her spirit-world."

CHAPTER LVI.

AGAIN, THE MOTHER AND HER SON.

THAT evening Colonel Ellsworth sat with his mother. His handsome and noble features were pale and haggard. His tender mother observed it, but said nothing, only anticipating every little comfort. She felt that her son's unhappiness arose from the thought of the approaching separation from the sweet being who had won all hearts to hers, and who had blessed that son with her pure, devoted love.

The mother strove, by every little kindness, to win him from his sorrowful reflections. At last, finding her efforts fruitless, she said, her mother's heart no longer able to bear his silent grief:

"Alfred, my son, why look thus gloomily upon this separation? You once had a bolder heart. But, surely, love is making my boy a coward, that he cannot face the frowns of fate more manfully."

He made no reply.

"You recollect, Alfred," she said, smiling, "all you asked was this fair being's *love*."

"Oh! mother, stop!" he cried, "if you would not drive me mad. Her love! I have driven it from me by my selfishness."

"What does my boy mean?" she said, soothingly.

"My detestable jealousy has driven me to treat this no-

ble, tender, and gentle being in a manner that must make her forever despise me."

"Surely, my son has done nothing unworthy of himself," said the mother, earnestly.

"'Tis but too true, my mother; your son has acted unworthy of his name." And in a few words, he related to her all the circumstances of the morning.

There was a pause. Deep anguish was pictured on the countenance of the mother. "My son," she said, at length, "you do, indeed, distress me. Not so much from this circumstance, though its consequences may prove most unhappy to yourself and consequently to your mother.

"But what distresses me beyond measure is, that I can trace the cause to my own neglect, in early childhood, to correct you of this fault."

"Oh! my mother, don't say so! It is my own fault, dear mother! Don't accuse yourself of neglect!"

"It has become your own fault, my son, now that you know its baneful effects. But it is no less your mother's fault! She has suffered this noxious weed to grow, till it has shaded all the noble virtues of her son, and fostered in his heart a thorn, that all, approaching it too near, must feel. And on none, my son, could you have inflicted a deeper or more deadly wound, than on this gentle, devoted being. Herself all tenderness and truth, she cannot understand aught else in others. And though she may have treated you proudly, and even with scorn, while your fault stood before her in all its deep repulsiveness, still will she feel it deeply. The gentler and purer the nature, the greater the shock; and though her lofty and discerning mind may drive far from her heart the love that she has fostered there, as now unworthy, still will the pang be no less poignant."

He groaned.

"My son, I would not lacerate your wounded heart, though I would have you see your sin in all its black deformity. Jealousy is but another name for *selfishness*! And when it holds possession of the heart, virtues that but an hour before it held in awe and reverence, are construed into crimes; as for instance with this gentle, gifted one. Her lofty conceptions of duty, the sacrifice of her own feelings, won, but a few days since, your highest admiration. To-day

you have deformed them into vices, and treated herself as if she were the being your imagination formed !”

“ Oh ! mother, in pity, say no more !” he groaned.

“ I will say no more now, my son,” she answered ; “ though there is much, very much, that might be said ; and your mother must say it, but another time. And though your mother’s heart must feel your anguish, still she would not have it otherwise.

“ That I love my son, ’twere useless to repeat. And yet, I love this pure and gentle being all too well to see her the wife even of my son, while he is thus the sport of feeling. I could not bear to see her gentle heart laid open to such wounds, or have her soul lose confidence in the breast upon which it leaned.

“ My son, I tell you this, lest in her gentle, grateful nature, she might overlook the fault, and you yourself forget it, though it is what I scarce expect from her discerning mind. Forgive you, she certainly will ; because it is her nature ; but the vision of beauty with which she has surrounded you must be destroyed. ’Twere better thus, my son. The faults of the lover will grow no less in the husband.”

The son was silent, and the mother turned away to hide her tears. At last he said, calmly :

“ Mother, it is but now, I feel my unworthiness, and thank you, mother, for making me feel it. I fear that before, the anguish I felt arose more from the loss of her love, than a proper sense of my own unworthiness. I would not have her to become my wife, while this monster, that has power at will to change an angel to a demon, lives within my heart. No, mother ; it were sacrilege ! I would even love her less, would feel less confidence in her, could she love a heart thus subject to this spirit of darkness !” Raising himself calmly and firmly, he said : “ Your son will banish from his heart this destroyer of his peace, and strive to render himself worthy to dwell wirth her in the bright spirit-world !”

“ My noble boy !” she said, pressing him to her heart, while the tears ran down her cheeks. “ To think that the mother’s fondness has ruined the happiness of her son !”

"Dear mother, do not blame yourself. Your other teachings should have pointed out this fault, and your son had manliness enough to have corrected it."

CHAPTER LVII.

LOVE AND DUTY.

'Twas night. The Lone Dove was seated in her room. Her fair brow rested on her hand, as she leaned upon the table. Her beautiful countenance was calm, but deeply sad.

"Mary will think now," she said. "Mary's heart is very sore, but it no longer throbs. Her brow no longer burns. Mary's mind is no longer the sport of her feelings. She can think now. Shall Mary listen to the love of her heart, when the being she loves would have her do wrong; would have her forget her duty; would make her forgetful of the Great Spirit? No, no; Mary must not listen. It will make her forget, and the beautiful spirits would no longer whisper to her heart. Mary must drive the love of her brother from her heart. But how can Mary drive it from her heart when it seems to breathe with it, like the love of Heelehdee?"

She remained silent some minutes; then murmured:

"How came Mary to love her brother so much?" She paused again; then replied: "Because he was kind to her; because he spoke to her of all the beautiful spirits that dwell in everything; because when Mary spoke, he seemed to understand her heart; because she thought that all the great and noble spirits talked to him. Mary feels that she was deceived, and will not listen to her love for her brother, and it will leave her. And if Mary tries, the Great Spirit will help her banish it. Mary's brother said 'he loved her so fondly.' Heelehdee loved her so, that she went without food, and died for her Dove."

Here the tears began to flow. Brushing them aside, she said:

"Mary must not weep now; she must think. She must not be ungrateful to the teachings of good Doctor Brown. Before Mary can act rightly, she must think calmly. Oh! how she wishes that good Doctor Brown were here to think for her. Shall she go to him?" pausing and thinking. "Mary cannot always have her good doctor with her, to think for her. She must learn to think herself. She must think first, then she will go to him, and tell to him her thoughts."

Resuming the train of her thoughts, she murmured :

"Doctor Brown loves Mary; he would not have her do wrong. Her papa and mamma love her; they would not have her do wrong. The noble chief, who would make Mary his daughter, he sought her friends for her, and loves her the better for doing her duty. Oh! the chief is very great. Mary has always loved the chief, because she felt him great and good. The Great Spirit of Love came on earth and died, that the world he loved might not do wrong. No, Mary's brother does not love her, if he would have her forget her duty to her father, her friends, her God, to prove her love to him; would have her selfishly seek only his, and her own happiness. And yet it would not be happiness, for God is the source of love. Mary and her brother would not be as happy if they loved God less; because, having less love, they could not love each other as well. No, no; Mary's brother has deceived her. He is no longer good and great. She can love him no more!"

A painful expression crossed her beautiful, thoughtful face.

"Will the Great Spirit help Mary to think rightly of her brother?" raising her eyes in supplication to heaven. "Did Mary's brother mean to deceive her? or did he deceive himself. Did some wicked spirit speak to his heart, and he listened to it?"

She was silent for some time. Her beautiful brow was contracted, as if her mind's eye were intently fixed upon the past. At length, a sweet smile illumined her face, and cradled about her beautiful mouth, as she murmured, "'Tis true; Mary's brother was great and good till these few days past; because all that he said, or did, the Great Spirit of Love would have smiled upon. He must have listened to

some wicked spirit this morning. But the love of a heart that listens to wicked spirits could not satisfy Mary.

"Mary's poor brother, how his heart must ache when he thinks that he has listened to the voice of wicked spirits! But Mary cannot be angry with her brother, who saved her life, because he wounded her heart. Mary wounds the heart of the Great Spirit when she forgets he can protect her father. But shall she see the wicked spirits talk to her brother and not tell him? Perhaps he may throw her from him again, and wound her heart. But, if Mary neglects her duty, her brother may never see the Spirit of Love; and her brother would be so great and noble if he listened to its voice. Perhaps Mary's brother will listen to her when he remembers he may never see her more. The beautiful spirits do not talk with Mary for her own happiness alone. She will speak to her brother."

She folded her arms upon the table, and laying her head upon them, soon fell into a quiet slumber; while the spirits of light, as they gazed upon the Lone Dove, saw o'ershadowing her the Spirit of Love; while the happy Guardian whispered sweet dreamings to her wearied heart.

Not long after Lizzie entered, and seeing the position of her friend, approached her cautiously. A happy smile was on the sleeper's face. The fair girl stooped, and pressing a kiss upon her cheek, gazed fondly on her.

At length a mischievous smile lit up her eye, and seizing a piece of paper she amused herself by playing with her nose and mouth.

The sleeper started. "Ah, Lizzie," she said, "I was going to seek you when I fell asleep! But how long has her mischievous friend amused herself at Mary's expense?"

"Not long," said Lizzie. "I sought you here and found you sleeping sweetly, but felt quite too selfish to award to sleep one moment of the precious time I had allotted to myself."

"Well, come and sit beside your Mary," said the Lone Dove, tenderly twining her arm around the waist of her companion, and drawing her gently on the seat beside her, "and let us make some pleasant arrangements for the future. When shall we think of each other? Shall it be when we gaze upon the *sweet evening star*?"

"Oh, Mary, I am so delighted to find you so cheerful!" said Lizzie. "I feared that Colonel Ellsworth had said something to injure your feelings, from your appearance after you had met with him this morning in the library."

"Oh, Colonel Ellsworth, Lizzie, would not willingly injure any one's feelings!" said the Lone Dove, a slight blush mantling her cheek; "and if my feelings should be injured by any unintentional remark, 'tis because every one has been so kind to Mary, it makes her all too sensitive."



CHAPTER LVIII.

THE RESULT.

COLONEL ELLSWORTH having made an engagement with Doctor Brown for the next day, was obliged to call at Mrs. Malburne's. At dinner he met the Lone Dove. She appeared as gentle and as kind as ever—if anything, more so. She called him brother, as usual; and to a common observer there was no change. But when he met her eye, he felt that the power over her heart was gone; and though it fell heavily and bitterly upon his heart, yet he strove to receive it calmly, and loved her the better; for he felt that she was all his fond heart had imagined her.

The Lone Dove would have spoken to him, but every time she thought of the repulse, her heart seemed to shrink back. Thus it continued till the day before her departure, when she found herself alone with him. Seeing that he struggled with his feelings as if he would speak, she approached, and laying her hand gently upon his shoulder, said: "Will Mary's brother listen to her before she goes away, perhaps never to return?"

"Oh, Mary, do not speak to me thus!" he cried, rising, and walking the room in great agitation.

"Mary is sorry if she has said aught to injure the feelings of one who saved her life," she said, mournfully.

"Mary," he said, returning and taking her hands within

his own, "Mary, I have longed to speak to you, to ask your forgiveness since that fatal morning; but I felt that I no longer possessed your love, and I feared I had forever lost your esteem. But I would speak to you, Mary, alone, free from interruption; will you come to the library?"

"I will come," she replied, "for Mary would speak to her brother."

When they had reached the library, Colonel Ellsworth walked to the window, and stood for some moments in deep emotion. The Lone Dove gazed on him in silence, till, seeing the tears dropping from his lashes, while he seemed struggling to conquer his feelings, she rose, and approaching him, took his hand silently within her own.

"Oh, Mary!" he said, "How every word and act teaches me what I have lost in your love!"

A painful expression was upon her fair face, as she said, "It grieves Mary's heart to see her brother weep, and she would not grieve it more; but Mary would meet her brother in the spirit-world."

"That is why I would speak with you, Mary," he said, drawing her to a seat. "But I would first ask your forgiveness for—"

"Don't think of it, brother," she said. "Mary knows that it has wounded your heart more than it has her own; though it wounded Mary's very much."

"Mary," he continued, "I would explain my conduct, that, though you may not love me, you will not despise, should you ever think of me, when far away with hearts that love you."

"Mary will always think of her brother, her protector!" she answered.

"Mary," he continued, "I have always, since my boyhood, been *selfish* in my love. But I was never made fully sensible of this till I loved you. I never knew how unworthy that selfishness made me of you—how unworthy of heaven—till within the past few days. 'Twas this selfishness, Mary, that made me doubt your love—made me wish you to forget your duty to contribute to my happiness; though my heart had loved and revered a few days before the virtues that my selfishness would have had you to forget."

"Then it was my brother's selfishness, not his love, that would have Mary to forget her duty!" she said, earnestly.

"Yes, Mary," he replied, sadly. "It was my *selfishness*! My *love* would have you do what you conceive to be your duty, because it would thereby be augmented!"

"Then my brother did love Mary!" she said, the tears starting to her eyes.

"Oh! Mary, my own Mary!" he said, grasping her hand, and gazing intently in her face. "You did not, you could not, doubt my *love*!"

"How could Mary help thinking her brother did not love her!" she said, forcing back her tears, "when he told her, it was because he loved her he would have her forsake her poor lone father. Mary knew that the Spirit of Love would not have her to forsake ——" here the tears choked her.

Pressing her tenderly to his heart, while he lay his cheek upon her pure brow, he said: "Oh! my simple, but wise Mary! How little did your brother understand you. How little did he know what he was seeking, when he asked your love! How unworthy of it!"

At length, raising her eyes earnestly to his face, she said: "Will my brother ever again listen to the spirit of selfishness?"

"No, Mary, I would not suffer again what I have suffered the few days past, in a sense of my own unworthiness in the sight of heaven, and all that is great and good; not even for your love, Mary."

"Then Mary can love her brother now!" she said. "She need not drive from her heart the love that made her so happy. The Great Spirit will not care if Mary does love her brother, when he is great and good. And Mary will live with her brother in the spirit-world!"

He pressed her silently to his heart. The tears fell upon her fair brow. At length he murmured, "Oh! my noble, my Christian mother! Your prayer is granted. Oh! how unworthy is your son of this!"

CHAPTER LIX.

THE LAST EVENING.

FROM no one did the Lone Dove part with more real sorrow than the Commander-in-Chief; who, in turn, looked upon the departure of this interesting being, with much regret; and whom, Mrs. Malburne said, seemed wandering alone in the world, to show one what they would be, were they but what God intended.

Anxiously did she watch his coming the night before her departure. Seeing her earnestness, the doctor said, "I think I must be jealous of my spirit girl! Here she has left her old friend alone, and is watching for the general."

"Not alone, good doctor," she said. "You have dear Lizzie by your side. And beside, Mary will have her good doctor soon, all alone to herself, in her own little study. And now, Mary is about to bid farewell to kind and noble friends!"

Hearing the steps of the general, she ran into the hall to meet him, and taking him affectionately by the hand, she drew him into the library, saying: "Mary would speak alone with her kind, her noble protector! She would tell him how grateful her heart is for his kindness, his care. She would tell him how much it is grieved to part from him. But though the Great Spirit has willed that Mary go far from him in this world, it makes her heart glad to think that she will dwell with him in the world of spirits!"

"My good, my gentle child!" he said, with much emotion: "Had heaven willed that you should have remained under my care, my protection, I should have viewed it as one of its choicest blessings. But He, who knows what is for the best, has ordered it otherwise, and I must not complain; though it is with feelings of the deepest regret we part with you, my sweet child! And now, when I think of the probable fate of the Lone One, mingled with those thoughts, will be the associations of the happy hours when, as my little daughter, she so sweetly beguiled my mind from its

weight of care; making me forget, for the time being, all save the bright and beautiful. And if it did not make me believe myself in fairy land, it was something better, nearer to the bright world, where, I trust, we shall one day meet!"

"Go on, steadily, my child, in the performance of duty; dispensing love and happiness around. And heaven will, as it ever has done, guard and protect you!"

The fast flowing tears choked her utterance. Imprinting a kiss upon her fair forehead, and pressing her to his heart, he said: "Mary must not be sad the last night she spends with her friends! She must be herself; we cannot afford to lose her smiles. And now she must return to her other friends, or they will chide me for keeping her away too long!" And he led her gently back to the drawing-room.

That evening, as she moved from friend to friend, each appearing a particular object of affection, while the love for one seemed not to withdraw one ray from that of another, each one felt, that she was indeed a being of love.



CHAPTER LX.

THE LONE DOVE IN ENGLAND.

A YEAR had passed. It was the spring of 1783, and everything looked bright and beautiful. In an apartment of a fine old English mansion, in the county of Yorkshire, surrounded by its lawns and wooded parks, sat the Lone Dove. Though the traces of early womanhood had deepened in their characters, and though her peculiar and rare beauty, her cultivation and intellect, had won her much attention and admiration, still she was the same simple, innocent and pure being, that we saw her when the lone prisoner on the shore of New Jersey.

She was seated on an elegant ottoman at the side of Captain Maitland, holding in her hand an open letter. Near by sat Mrs. Maitland. A mingled expression of pleasure and pain marked the beautiful features of the Lone Dove, as

she lay her hand upon his arm, saying: "Oh! papa, how sweet to hear from dear America, and all the friends whom Mary loved so well! Good, dear old doctor! Don't you wish, papa, that he were here to-night? Oh! would not Mary's heart be glad! Poor, dear Mrs. Malburne is dead! It is sad to think that she is gone, though she must be happy now. And the great general; he is so beloved by his country! But even the enemies of his country must love Washington, must they not, papa?"

"Yes, darling!" said Captain Maitland. "And no one can respect and admire him more than your papa!"

"But, dear Lizzie, will now be with the good doctor all the time; and he will not be so lonesome. Are you not glad, papa? And he says he will come to England, and bring dear Lizzie. Can you believe it, papa? Mamma, do you think he means it?" said she, turning to Mrs. Maitland. "You know, he used to say things to tease me sometimes."

"Let me see," said Mrs. Maitland laughingly, holding her hand out for the letter. "Let me see if it looks serious!"

Mary handed her the letter.

"I think he means it," said Mrs. Maitland with a smile. "But here are others, Mary; Colonel Effingham will return soon!"

A slight blush tinged the cheek of the Lone Dove, as she replied: "Mary will be very glad to see him. He always seems to her like a brother!"

"Another brother is mentioned here!" said Mrs. Maitland, mischievously.

"Yes, Mary is so glad to hear that he and his mother are well!" said the Lone Dove, the blush deepening upon her cheek.

"Well, I don't know that I am so very glad to hear it," said Mrs. Maitland, half in sport, half earnest. "I fear that *he* will be crossing the Atlantic soon, to carry off our child!"

"Oh! no, mamma; Mary cannot leave you. And beside, she has not found her father! But she has been so delighted to hear from all her dear friends," said she, rising, "that she has forgotten her promise to grandma. She will go now, but will return soon."

"The dear, devoted child!" said Captain Maitland, his

eyes following her as she left the room. "She loves this Colonel Ellsworth with all the truth and depth of her pure heart. And yet she cheerfully sacrifices her feelings to a noble sense of duty,—her gratitude to us and to her father."

"She is always so cheerful and happy, I have sometimes almost thought that she did not think so much of him!" said Mrs. Maitland.

"That arises from her gratitude, her affection for us, Amelia," replied the captain. "She knows how devoted we are to her, and *self* is forgotten! Beside, she never thinks of her protector, but as a being she is to meet in another world!"

"One could hardly understand this, as the world looks upon things. Could they, James?" said his wife, seating herself beside him. "But we do, the dear pet!"

"According to the principles, upon which the generality of the world act, it could not be understood," said her husband. "But Mary is not a being guided by what the world says is right; but what she feels is right. Dear child! How she strives to win my poor broken-hearted mother from her grief! And seems never happier than when she has succeeded in winning from poor mother a smile, or induced her to listen to some of her sweet imaginings."

"And, James, to-day she has succeeded so far, as to persuade mother to have part of one of the shutters unclosed, to let in the light of the sun."

"Oh! Amelia, can it be true?" said her husband earnestly. "For more than twenty years, mother has never gazed upon the light of the sun! The sweet child! She is, indeed, a being of love. Amelia, how did it happen? My poor, broken-hearted mother!" He rose and walked the room. After a-while, he continued:

"Though my heart yearned towards this child from the moment I found her beside her Indian protector, I little dreamed the blessing that Heaven was bestowing! But tell me, Amelia, how did she succeed in persuading mother to gaze once more upon the sun?"

"I did not ask her, and she has not spoken of it," said Mrs. Maitland. "I suppose she does not wish too soon to bid us hope. I sought her in your mother's room, and as I approached the door, it being a-jar, I heard her, in her own

sweet manner, say : ' Dear grandma, do let Mary open the shutter a little way, and see if God does not speak beautiful things in the sun-beams to the heart ! Won't you, grandma ? It will make Mary so happy to see the light of the sun in the room ! ' A silence followed. I seemed riveted to the spot, when mother said : ' My child, you seem an angel, sent to rebuke, while you bless me ! Open the shutter ; I will try to bear it ! '—I was so overcome that I turned away."

Captain Maitland was silent. His heart was too full for utterance.

CHAPTER LXI.

STORY OF THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

MEANTIME the Lone Dove had entered a large room upon the ground-floor, with gothic windows and gothic furniture. In this apartment was seated an old lady, bowed with age and grief. The outline of her features, and the expression of her dark eye, though dimmed, seemed to bespeak that a proud spirit had once dwelt in that stricken form.

" Grandma," said the Lone Dove, approaching her, " Mary did not mean to stay away so long, but has received letters from her far-off home and friends. Shall she take a seat by your side, and tell you what they say ? " she asked, drawing a low seat beside the old lady.

" Grandma will listen some other time, my child," said the old lady, solemnly. " I would speak of the past. Will you listen to the sorrows of a rebellious heart ? "

" It will give grandma pain to speak of the past," said she, affectionately laying her hand upon the arm of the old lady ; " it will give Mary pain also."

" I feel that it will relieve my heart to speak of the grief that has bowed and crushed it to the earth, until every pulse, every feeling within me, seemed dead to all, save the one intense, corroding grief. I would have died ; but God, in mercy, let me live. I feel it now ; though I had felt, it

was his curse! But now, I feel that he withheld his hand, till he had sent you, my child, an angel, to me!

"Oh! grandma," said the Lone Dove, imploringly, "don't accuse yourself, grandma! Mary knows that your heart has been broken by your grief. But do not speak of it now, grandma; though Mary will be very happy, if aught she has done has lessened your sorrows!"

"My child, you have recalled me from the grave of sorrow, ere it had closed over me; and I would speak to you of the past. To-day, for the first time, for more than twenty years, have I looked upon the light of the sun. It has seemed to wake me from my living death!"

"Grandma, then speak to Mary, and let her help to bear your sorrows. They will not be as heavy. And you will leave this dark room, and look upon the beautiful world with Mary; and the sweet spirits will drive away your sorrow!"

"Stop, my child," said the old lady, laying her bony hand upon the head of the beautiful being who thus rapidly anticipated the future. "Of the *past*, the dark past, first."

"When I was young as you, I, too, was fair and beautiful. But not like you, did I trace the hand of God in that beauty. I was proud of it, as if it had been of my own creating. I too, loved, nay, worshipped all that was great and noble. Not because, like you, I saw in them the attributes of Deity; but because I seemed formed to love them. My affections, too, were deep, but they flowed for myself. At an early age, I married one of soul as noble as my proud heart could wish; but soon after the birth of my boy, my noble, my first-born—"

Here the aged sufferer paused, and bowed her withered form in agony.

"Dear grandma, do not speak of it now,—another time," said the Lone Dove, soothingly; the tears filling her eyes. "Not now, grandma, it pains you."

"Yes, my child, I would speak of it now. Soon after my boy was born, my husband died. At first, so great was the shock, I even forgot my child. But when my grief had somewhat subsided, and I could bear the presence of my boy—(whose every feature, every look, reminded me of his

father)—all my heart's devotion was lavished on him : and, as he grew older, his expanding intellect, of high order, aroused within my breast the mother's pride ; the mother's ambition ! So great was my fondness, I could never correct a fault in my child. And, though Nature had blessed him with a noble and generous disposition—deep, warm affections as ever flowed within a heart—yet, when roused, his passions were violent. Still I fondly imagined, that with youth, he would out-grow this fault ; and I never strove to point it out, or curb him.

“A second time I married. And though I loved my younger boy, my hopes, my pride, were centered in my first-born. And as he grew to manhood, though he inherited from his father princely wealth, inactivity suited not his mind. He joined the army.”

The sufferer here paused, as if her mind would linger on this period. The Lone Dove was silent. At length the old lady continued :—

“When a boy, my son, from circumstances over which I had no control, was thrown much in contact with a companion,—the younger son of a noble family,—in everything the opposite of my boy. He seemed to envy him the love and admiration he enjoyed, and even his successes, in their youthful sports. And when at college, the rapid advancement of my boy, so far beyond his own, served not to lessen the envy and hatred he bore him. Indeed, he seemed born to be his *evil star*.

“Soon after leaving college, both met, and loved the same being. She was beautiful, exquisitely so. And, Mary, my child, there was a something, at first, in your beauty, which recalled her to my mind. But it was only at first. For your mind and heart are so different from hers, that after you had spoken, I never again saw the resemblance. But I see my son ! Sometimes, it seems to my fervent brain that he breathes again in you, my child ! It is only in my fevered brain, which so long has dwelt on him, and him alone ! But I've wandered from my story.

“They both loved this being. But she had no mind, no heart, no soul to understand, or appreciate my son. She seemed totally selfish, incapable of any of the finer feelings of the heart, so necessary to his happiness. But fascinated

by her beauty, he clothed her with every imaginable virtue; while she, attracted by his wealth, gave him her hand, and they were married. But too soon did he discover, not only that she was incapable of making him happy, but that she did not love him. I strove all in a mother's power to remedy the evil. I told him, that though wealth might have attracted her, kindness would secure her love. But vain the effort. His devotion seemed irksome to her. And sometimes, when she turned with indifference and coldness from some act of love, his passions were aroused, and bitter words would follow; which met, in her, a spirit of aggravation. Whatever he loved, she hated; and seemed to take delight in goading him to madness! Until, at last, losing all ambition, for years he became a wanderer; while she spent her time in all the gaieties of fashionable life.

"At length he returned. The little Ella he had left a child of some two years, he found a promising girl of ten. She possessed more of her father's disposition and mind; and, though she had been taught to hate that father, yet, after his return, she soon evinced a fondness for him. And he, in return, loved her with all a father's devotion.

"During his absence, Laura, his wife, had resumed her acquaintance with her old admirer, and my boy's deadly enemy, Dunmore!"

The Lone Dove started. "Dunmore!" she said, and a shudder crept over her.

"Yes, Dunmore," said the old lady, not heeding her emotion. "He was some connection; and though she cared naught for him, still, to aggravate my son, she permitted his visits, on the plea of his relationship. And thus, for the sake of his child, he struggled on, in rayless misery, for three years more. And, oh! my child, could I but tell you what a life of anguish has been mine since that fatal marriage! Thus to see an object, upon which the wealth of a mother's heart had been lavished; around which every fibre of that heart had twined; clustering whose brow, was every bright vision of the soul—thus to see him slowly stung to death. The powers of his mind weakened and prostrated; and that by a wound so small that the heartless and busy world might scoff at! But to a heart as sensitive and devoted as his, a wound in his domestic

peace was death. Had he been suddenly plucked from that heart by the rude grasp of death, time, though it might not have healed, would have soothed the wound. Or, had misfortune, or sickness overtaken him, then would the mother have pressed him closer to her heart, and in her love, forgotten *pride* and *ambition*. But to see him die thus. The *world*, my child, has no power to imagine the sufferings of his mother's heart. Had I, when he was an infant, been obliged to stand powerless, and gaze upon the slow, but sure approach of a deadly viper, to bury in the breast of my babe its poisonous fangs,—my feelings, though fiery torture, had been bliss to what they were those black and dreary years. Then, it would have been but the death of the sweet innocent I feared. Now there hung over me some constant dread of *crime*, in the moment of desperation."

Here the aged sufferer again paused, and bowed in agony, while her listener, the color fled from her face, sat motionless. No sign of life marked her rigid features, save now and then a shudder that seemed to pass over her statue-like figure. The heavy silence of death for some moments pervaded the room, when the aged sufferer with a sudden effort, raised her head, and thus continued:—

"At first I humbled my proud spirit to the being I despised, imploring her to spare my son! Her mind, too grovelling to comprehend my feelings, and urged on by friends as heartless as herself, she seemed to exult in the humility of the proud mother who had opposed her marriage, because she foresaw that she was incapable of making her son happy.

"Finding every effort useless, I waited in silent anguish the fearful result; too soon it came. Having been stung to desperation by some remark of Dunmore's, made in public, he returned home; I shall never forget the morn. I was sitting alone with her, which seldom happened, in her elegant boudoir, when he entered, appearing much excited, and abruptly asked of her the meaning of what he had heard, to which she gave some taunting reply. He seized the first thing that presented itself, which happened to be a small, elegantly wrought ebony box. With a shriek I sprang forward to arrest his arm—too late—the missile had sped and she lay senseless on the floor! This calmed

him. He sprang towards her and raised her in his arms; but life had fled.

"'Oh! God!' he groaned, as he gazed upon the lifeless form. 'The work is done, and all that is left for me is to be hung like a felon.'

"He would have given himself up at once, and confessed the crime, but I implored him to flee. I went on my knees to him, but it was useless; I then calmly told him, that if he fled not, the blood of his mother, too, must be upon his hands. I would not live to see my son tried as a *felon*! He knew me too well to hesitate, and he once more became a wanderer.

"Too soon it became known that her death was occasioned by violence; and Dunmore, returning soon after, repeated the tale, with redoubled horrors, pretending to have been an eye-witness of the tragic scene, until the name of my son was held in execration!

"I knew where my poor boy was, and aided by a faithful friend who now is dead, I sent to him the means of subsistence. His stricken heart yearned for his child, who had been taken by her mother's relations to a distant part of the country; and after three years of wandering wretchedness, he sought her in disguise; but from the misrepresentations of Dunmore and her friends, her mind had been poisoned against him, and though she had too much nobleness to betray her father, she turned in coldness from the murderer of her mother.

"This was the last bitter drop in the cup of his misery, and he bade adieu to the old world forever, and fled to the wilds of America. The world believed him dead; there was even a report that he was executed in Paris for some other crime, and that before he suffered, he had confessed the wilful murder of his innocent wife. But his mother and this faithful friend alone knew where he was. It is now some years since I have heard from him; he must be dead.

"When the uplifted blow which I so long had feared, had fallen on my heart, I no longer wished to gaze upon the world, or on my fellow-beings. The brightness of the sun I could no longer bear, or even the presence of my second
born.

"From the time of his departure I shut myself within this room, and years of dark, black misery have followed. I thought not of a God; I had no power to think; or if I did, 'twas but to doubt his being, to suffer thus the ruin of my boy! I prayed for death, it was not granted me. But God, in mercy, sent me you, my child!"

"His child—his daughter! What became of her?" inquired the Lone Dove, earnestly.

"She married, and was soon after lost with her husband, going to Spain. The vessel was never heard of afterwards. But, my child," said the old lady, now, for the first time noticing the marble death-like features of her companion, "you are sick!"

"Grandma, the tale of your sufferings has grieved Mary's heart very much."

"Go then, my child," said the old lady, tenderly. "It was too much for your sensitive heart, but return to-morrow; grandma will again look with you upon the light of the sun!"

When the Lone Dove had reached her chamber, overcome by her emotion, she sank into the nearest seat, "My poor, poor father! she gasped, your Mary does at last know all! And her father is indeed a murderer! But Mary will never forsake him. Poor, lone father! Where can he be! It is now more than a year since they started to bring him to England. Perhaps he is dead; perhaps he is a prisoner, somewhere; and after the treaty of peace shall have been ratified, perhaps they will bring him home to his poor broken-hearted mother! Mary will pray that the great God may avert the blow! 'tis all that she can do now." She was for some minutes silent. "Can it be that Mary is the daughter of his child! She was lost going to Spain; a vessel bound to Spain, could not be wrecked on the shores of America! no, it could not be! How wonderful that the Great Spirit should lead the child he saved from perishing and loved to the home of his brother, when she had no home! The Great Spirit has indeed been good to Mary! But shall she tell her papa, that her lone father is his poor lost brother, whom he thinks dead! Shall she tell him that she thinks—no, no, it cannot be! What makes the thought to haunt me! If it were true, they could not love

me more ; and even if they could, Mary would not thus selfishly tear open the wounds of their hearts, and make them bleed afresh, at the anticipation that their loved and lost one must return only to die a felon's death ! No, no, Mary will not tell them ; she will bear alone !"

A servant here interrupted her, sent by her anxious friends to see if she was sick, as she had not returned to them. On entering the room where she had left the captain and Mrs. Maitland, she found the former alone.

"Your mamma has retired to her room, and bade me lead you thither," he said, extending his hand. "But Mary, my child, you are sick !" seeing her pale countenance.

"I am not quite well, papa," she answered, "but I shall be better on the morrow."

He looked at her in silence. Her eye, for the first time, fell beneath his gaze.

"Mary," he said, leading her to a seat. "Mary, my daughter, you must be candid with your papa. I know you will ; you always have been. My child, you know our love. Were you indeed our own we could not love you better."

"I know it, papa," she said, throwing her arms around his neck, and laying her head fondly on his shoulder. "I know it well, papa."

"We would not be selfish in our love, my child : tell me, then, Mary, does not your heart sometimes sigh after America ? Would you not like to see Colonel Ellsworth ?"

"Papa," said she, raising her head, while a blush mantled her cheek ; "Papa, do you wish to ask Mary if she would not be happier in the home of her brother ?"

"Yes, Mary," he said, smiling at her earnest simplicity ; "yes, Mary, that is what your papa would know."

"Oh ! no, dear papa. Colonel Ellsworth knows that Mary could not be happy in his home, until she has fulfilled her duty to those who love her. Mary expects not to live in her brother's home on earth."

"But, my child, you owe us no duty," said Captain Maitland. "You have doubly repaid our little kindness by your love."

"Then, papa, let Mary stay with you and mamma for her own happiness," she said, kissing him affectionately.

He pressed her silently to his heart. There was no reply.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE LONE MAN.

"OH! how happy I am," said Mrs. Maitland to her husband, one balmy evening, about a fortnight after the last conversation, as they sat looking through the open casement upon the beautiful scenery that surrounded them; "Oh! how happy I am to think that mother is so changed! Who would have thought that we should ever have seen her out again? She seemed to enjoy her short ride, did she not, James?"

"There has been naught for years that has given me so much happiness," replied her husband, "save the assurance of the safety of our child."

"Oh! I shall never forget it," said Mrs. Maitland, "when we were told she was under the protection of the noble American general. From that moment I became a rebel out and out. And how it exasperates me when I think of those—"

"Don't speak of it, Amelia, before Mary," said her husband, interrupting her; "and here she is coming. It recalls to mind her father, and I fear she worries about him," he said, while a painful expression crossed his own countenance.

The Lone Dove entered.

"Mary, my love," said Mrs. Maitland, "come and sit by my side, and let us hear some of your wild Indian music. It is long since I have heard any. Some of the wildest, my child."

The Lone Dove seated herself as desired, and sang after the style of the Indian princess, which she had continued to practise for her own gratification and the happiness of her dear friends. For some time she continued to chant the rich wild melody, until, at last, her voice died away, and all was silent. Captain and Mrs. Maitland spoke not. They seemed fearful of breaking the sweet spell thrown round them by that music.

A form darkened the door. Before them stood the Lone

Man. "Oh, father!" shrieked the Lone Dove, as she sprang towards him.

He held her from him for one moment while he gazed upon her; then, clasping her to his heart, cried, "It is indeed my own long lost, my loved, my noble child! The same who would have saved my worthless life at the risk of her own! The one whom I would have travelled the world over again to have pressed to my heart ere I lay my weary head to rest! And to have found you here!" and the tears fell thick and fast upon her beautiful face as she lay locked in his arms.

Captain Maitland gazed upon the scene like one paralyzed. At length, rising and approaching the Lone Man, he stammered:

"My brother! my long lost brother!"

"Yes," said the Lone Man, "behold in me your long lost brother! and here, your brother's child! By a mysterious and merciful dispensation of Providence, she was sent to me—an angel to recall my deadened soul to life! And the same beneficent, overruling Power has guided her to you, my brother!"

"And am I, indeed, your child?" inquired the Lone Dove.

"You are my daughter's child," he said, again straining her to his heart. "But my mother, my poor, dear mother, is she—"

"She lives," said Captain Maitland; "and by the love and soothing tenderness of this dear child, our mother lives again to happiness."

"It were indeed repayment for a life of suffering to press to the heart a child like this!" said the Lone Man, as he gazed with tears of tenderness upon the loved being he held to his heart.

"But, Captain Dunmore!" she murmured, as a shudder crept over her.

"Is dead," was the reply.

"Thank God!" was the echo of every heart.

CHAPTER LXIII.

A GLIMPSE AT OUR OLD FRIENDS.

HOSTILITIES had ceased. Articles of peace had been signed in Paris, and though not yet ratified in London, still every heart felt that the long and bloody struggle was over; and the common soldiers, who had so bravely and manfully borne up under every suffering, privation and hardship, were now about to return to their homes from the banners of their impoverished country, poor and destitute.

In a tent together sat some half dozen old friends.

"To think we shall so soon return to our quiet homes, carrying with us the blessing of liberty," said Jones.

"Yes; and to think that we've taught them braggin' red-coats that we're not the mean, cowardly gang they took us for. I guess another time they'll think what they're about afore they stick sech taxes on any more o' their colonies."

"But," said Jenks, "it seems rather hard, after spending so many years a fighting for our country, to go home so poor as hardly to be able to git a meal's vittles for our families."

"It would seem hard," said Jones, "if our country was able to reward us, but she is not; and we have the satisfaction of knowing that we all suffered together in the common cause, and that we've gained what we fought for—our liberty!"

"Yes, that's the thing we wanted, and we've got it," said Higgins, rubbing his hands.

"I never thought of these things, while I was fighting," continued Jenks, "but somehow, now I'm going home to my family, I can't help thinking of it."

"I'm glad that I've been suffered to live," said Morse, "to go home to 'em. I suppose they'll be glad to see me, anyhow. And then, our country is our own; and when my children grew up, no one can grind 'em down, and take away their hard earnings by unjust taxes."

"Jones, you've had your share of losses," said Higgins.

"When you came away, you had a fine house, and a store well filled; but them d—d red coats burnt everything."

"I shall commence again with a right good heart," answered Jones.

"Well," said Nathan Drew, drawing from his pocket an old leather purse, "I don't know as how as I've anything to complain on, but the 'scapement of that tarnation divilish varmint of a captain. Anyhow, we got tother dirty rascal. And didn't we sell him a gal he wouldn't care about buying every day? The dirty varmint!"

Here, all burst into a hearty laugh. "Wasn't that fun?" said several voices.

"But that wasn't what I was going to say," said Nathan. "I was going to speak of these 'ere guineas. But I never feels like taking monéy for doing what any honest man would do. And when that nice old doctor, and the good Englishman, wanted me to take money for taking care 'o that sweet angel, they thought so much on, I told 'em as how Nathan Drew never took no pay for what he orter do. But when the dear creter put it right into my hands, herself, and begged me to take it, so like an angel, for *her* sake, as she was going clear to England, and mightn't never see me again, somehow, I couldn't refuse it any longer, though I didn't think there was so much in the purty wallet she giv it to me in. And now, I think as how it's but right, that them what had the labor together should share the profits."

"No, no, Nathan," said they all, seeing him about distributing his money, "We had nothing to do with protecting the girl. We wasn't there."

"You helped me tar and feather the rascal, and that I guess as how I couldn't ov done alone. I wouldn't ov missed it for all the guineas I ever seed. True, Nathan Drew never seed many afore these. Anyhow, he's not to be thorted, when he makes up his mind for a thing. Another thing, he doesn't need 'em as much as the rest on you. He's got a snug little farm in New Hampshire, his wife and gals ov taken care on, while he's been fighting the wars."

And here Nathan proceeded, determinedly, on the dividing of his guineas among his companions, notwithstanding all their remonstrances.

"There's ten guineas a-piece for you," said he. "And

now Nathan Drew's got enough left to stock the farm right snug, and buy all the women folks gowns. But he won't part with the purty wallet to no one. He'll keep that to show the young folks."

CHAPTER LXIV.

MISERABLE DEATH-SCENE.

ABOUT the same time, as some travellers were passing the old stone house, once the prison of the Lone Dove, being attracted by its wild appearance, they stopped to examine it.

As they entered, hearing groans, they ascended to the room above. In the corner, upon a low bed, lay the dying form of Mrs. Higgins. Near her was a bag of gold, which, at sight of the travellers, she grasped, saying: "You shan't have it. 'Tis mine—my hard earnings."

They assured her that they did not want her money, but wished to relieve her sufferings.

"You lie! you lie!" she shrieked. "You want my money. You don't care about me, Nobody cares about me. They hate me. You want my gold."

The next moment she would throw it from her. "There, there; take the gold that I've sold my soul for. But oh! save me from them devils that are gnashing their teeth at me. See! see! They're arter me. Oh! oh! save me. Won't no one pray for me? They'll have me. See! they'll have hold, o' me. Oh! save! save! Oh! why did that wretch that left me here to starve and die, when I couldn't help him on no longer in his divilish plans, oh! why did he tempt me with gold to betray the stranger under my own roof? Oh! why did they tempt me to sell his child? Oh! if *she* would pray for me, heaven would hear her. Oh! where is she? Save! save! What haven't I done for gold? And now, oh! won't no one pray for me?"

The travellers tried to soothe her; but in vain. *At one moment, she would throw them from her, screaming that*

they wanted her money. At another, beg them to take it, and save her from the devils that were pursuing her. Thus, she continued, horrifying them till towards morning ; when, with a shriek of despair, that froze the blood in their veins, she fell back and expired.

CHAPTER LXV.

THE LONE MAN'S STORY.

A FEW days after the meeting of the Lone Dove with her grandfather, as she sat by his side in the elegant drawing-room, he said :

" My dear child, you ask me to give you some of the particulars of my wanderings, and of the death of Captain Dunmore. I cannot give you the particulars now, my child. Some other time. I will only speak of the few leading events now.

" My poor mother has told you my sad story till I went to America. When I arrived there, I forsook the haunts of men, and wandered alone amid the scenes of nature. There was something, as I gazed from her lofty mountains, as I stood in her deep valleys, reclined upon the banks of her noble streams, or wandered through her trackless forests, that seemed to quell the fiery and bitter spirits that were hurrying me from place to place.

" Thus had I wandered for two years, when I reached the lonely point where dwelt the family of Higgins. It was during a storm, that I first stood upon those ledges. The contending elements, the mountain billows, the boiling flood, seemed to speak forcibly to my heart of the Great Power that governs all things. There was something in the combination of the beauty and grandeur of the scenery of this place, that had the power to fascinate me, and chase away the dark images that gathered round my heart.

" I had gazed upon grand, wild, beautiful and sublime scenery. Each in its turn had spoken to my heart: but in

this small spot they seemed all to speak at once. And when it stormed, I felt as it were in the presence of Deity!

"I lingered to witness another and another storm, until finally I took up my abode there. Though frequently I travelled to different parts of the country.

"This was the state of my mind, when your mother, my child, was wrecked. When first I saw that it was my daughter, whom I recognised not only from her features, but from two peculiar marks; the one on the side of her brow, the other her arm—at the sight of her who had turned coldly from my yearning, aching heart, the demon was roused within me, and for the moment, I exulted in the misfortunes of my child. But soon better feelings took possession of me, and nought was left untried, which the place and situation afforded, to save her life. But in vain.

"Before dying, she informed me in a few words that she had married Sir John Effingham, whose brother, James tells me, you have frequently met in New York."

"Colonel Effingham! father, can it be possible?" said the Lone Dove in surprise. "And is he my uncle? He frequently told me there was a something in my voice and manner, that reminded him of a very dear brother, long since dead. And can that have been my father!"

"Did he say, my child, that you reminded him of his brother! I am glad to hear that. But," he continued, "soon after your mother's marriage, she, with her husband, sailed for Spain. But the vessel in which they had taken passage, was dismantled in a storm, and driven far out to sea. Many of the passengers died, and all were in a state of starvation, when a ship bound for America took them from the wreck, but to prolong their lives for another scene of horror. Her husband had bound her to a broken spar, which the waves, as if directed by the hand of God, threw upon the rocks, within the reach of her exiled and unhappy father!

"There is no proof that you are the daughter of Sir John, save in my simple word. Which, in itself, is insufficient to establish your claims to your inheritance, now in possession of another brother, a very different man from either your father or the colonel.

"The loss of this inheritance, my child, will not I feel,

affect your happiness, and without it you inherit princely wealth!"

"Oh! no, my father, I would not wish it otherwise, save that your Mary might hold her name by right of birth. But even that she will not think of, now that she knows she is your own Mary, and the niece of her dear papa!"

"You are indeed my own Mary!" he said, pressing her to his heart. "From whom I would not part for all the wealth and titles earth can give!"

"But to continue. While you were a babe, though my heart yearned towards you, still with those yearnings came the bitter remembrance of her who had ruined all my earthly hopes of happiness. And thus it was, when the noble Indian girl recalled me to a sense of my own selfishness, and woke in me my better feelings.

"Mrs. Higgins had ever appeared particularly kind before me; and I was so wrapped in my own thoughts, that I penetrated not the disguise, until aroused by the words of the Indian. Meantime, I had become acquainted with the noble chief Tawahquenah.

"When I heard *him* speak of the wrongs of his people; when I saw him with a mind and heart that would have done honor to any crown; when I saw this lofty souled being despised, and simply tolerated upon the lands of his forefathers: when I saw him amid all these wrongs, never forget the Great Spirit he worshipped, I felt my own littleness in comparison with this son of Nature. I hunted, I fished with him. I spent many an hour with him in his wigwam. In his presence the wrongs which I had dwelt upon, sank into insignificance. And while I admired his lofty character, I felt the wasted, misspent energies of my own mind, thus sacrificed at the shrine of my feelings. And thus it seemed that God had led me among the scenes of Nature, and Nature's children, to open my heart to my own inspection.

"This was the state of my mind and feelings when the war broke out, and I again met with Captain Dunmore. For a few hours he recalled all my bitterness. But nature, and an address of the noble chief to a small remnant of his people, as they were about to bid adieu forever to the lands and the graves of their fathers, banished it from my mind.

"I gave you, my child, to the chief and his noble daughter, not only because you loved them and they loved you, and would protect you with their lives, (as has been but too fatally proved,) but because I knew, that though you would possess naught of worldly knowledge, yet under the guidance of that pure and lofty-souled princess, your mind would be imbued with the presence of Deity, as reflected in his works.

"I obtained leave of absence in 1778, and sought you at the spot pointed out by Tawahquenah. But I found naught save the deserted village. I saw, too, that it had been the scene of warfare. Torn with doubt and anguish, I sought information from the different tribes, and at last met with an Indian, who informed me of the particulars of the battle and its cause. I supposed that you were dead, until I received the letter sent by Dunmore. So artfully was it contrived, that I never dreamed of a snare. You know the result.

"After my escape from my pursuers, fearing for you, I could not leave the spot, but returned the next day and was taken prisoner; but had the happiness to hear of your escape. I was confined some time after I was taken to New York, in a private house. And that is the reason my brother's efforts to discover me proved unavailing.

"After we started for England, we had not been long at sea, when we were overtaken by a French man-of-war, and in the action that followed Dunmore was killed, and the vessel captured.

"After cruising about for some time, we anchored at Brest. Unable to resist the desire of beholding once again my boyhood's home; and as it had been so many years since the fatal occurrence, and Dunmore my accuser dead, I came hither before I should return to America to seek my child, little dreaming the blessing heaven had in store for me. And while without I listened to your chant, so much did it resemble that of the Indian girl, that I thought perhaps my poor brain wandered."

"I had often been struck," said Captain Maitland, who had entered during the latter part of the relation, "especially as she grew older, with the resemblance my little daughter bore to my long-lost brother. Frequently would the

thought obtrude, that perhaps he had married in America. Perhaps he had been lost on board that vessel. Perhaps this was his child. But I never dreamed that her preserver was he; until I found that Dunmore had stolen our child, as a snare, whereby to get possession of her father. And it was this conviction, added to the uncertainty of the dear child's fate, that weighed so heavily upon my mind, and, prostrating my health, prevented me from hastening to Philadelphia myself, to meet her."

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE TWO FRIENDS IN THE GAY METROPOLIS.

SPRING and summer had passed, and winter had come. The troops had returned from America: and with his regiment, Colonel Effingham. Doctor Brown, according to promise, had arrived; bringing with him sweet Lizzie Ingols.

The Lone Dove and her friend had passed part of the winter in the gay Metropolis; and the fashionable world had opened to their view all its fairy treasures. Seldom, or never, had there appeared amid its brilliant circles two more beautiful beings. Differing so entirely in their style: and each, apparently, unconscious of her beauty.

Colonel Effingham was their constant companion. His attentions to his beautiful niece were those of a devoted brother. He seemed unwilling she should leave his side, unless under the protection of Captain Maitland, or the good doctor. For, as he said to her one day, "If any of her despairing lovers should attempt to elope with her, whether she would or not, the fortunate knight was not near to come to the rescue. And, consequently, he should give up his right of protection, only when that fortunate knight should reappear. At which time, he must, as a matter of course, settle down a disconsolate bachelor."

"I do not think you would remain so, long," said the Lone Dove, laughingly. "For, according to appearances,

I think you would try to console yourself with the smiles of my sweet friend."

"That I should try," said the colonel, with a smile, "there is no doubt. I should be very insensible to remain unmoved with so much sweetness and beauty. Especially as no small share of my romance about living and dying in *single blessedness*, has evaporated, since my first love, on whom I had lavished so much useless dreaming, turns out to be none other than my *niece*. And even now, when within the sound of that sweet voice, I unconsciously fall into my old habit, I am aroused by '*Uncle*,' or something else equally unromantic! But," continued he, more seriously, "Do you think, Mary, I should have any success with your sweet friend! She knows all; and will she be willing to receive a heart which has been so entirely another's? You see, I would have some encouragement, Mary; for you know I cannot well bear a rejection of my suit, no matter how gently given."

"I think, dear uncle," she replied, a deep blush mantling her cheek,—"I think you would have little to fear, with any one who can understand and appreciate your character, unless the heart be already given to another. With regard to the latter, as far as my knowledge extends, she is innocent; and as to the former, no one has a greater respect for my kind uncle! And could you succeed in winning her affections, Mary would be very happy. Because she would feel that the happiness of her dear uncle was secure."

"Mary," he said, taking her hand, after a moment's pause, while an expression of serious earnestness overshadowed his countenance, "Mary, I requested you to address me as *uncle*, for two reasons:—First, because I would have the world know that I considered you as my niece; and, secondly, that by making me feel my relationship towards you, it would help me change the current of my dreams. And still it gives me pain. For it constantly brings before my mind that the child of my beloved father, has withheld from her, her name and her inheritance."

"Do not think of it, dear uncle," she said, "I would not have it otherwise. Your brother being childless, you and yours must fall heir to his estates, while the possession of

them could add naught to my happiness. And you know that the happiness of my father, after his mother's death, will be in returning to the land of his adoption. Beside," she continued, a blush tinging her cheek, while a smile lit up her eye, "you know, Alfred is a Republican; and, therefore, titles for me, to say the least, would be very inconvenient. While, with you, it would be different, though they might not add to your happiness."

"My noble, my loved Mary," he said, fervently kissing the hand he held. "Would that I were Alfred, I would not give the wealth of such a heart for all the world beside. Or could I have offered——"

"Uncle!" said the Lone Dove, interrupting him, while an arch smile lit up her countenance, but which was immediately succeeded by an expression of sadness.

"Excuse me, Mary," he said, "I had forgotten.—But one thing more, Mary. Should your uncle be so fortunate as to gain the affections of your sweet friend; and, should he, forgetful, fall into rhapsodies about his niece, would she be jealous?"

"Oh! no," said the Lone Dove. "Because, I know that my dear uncle is too thoughtful, too noble, to say or do ought to wound the heart that leant on him for happiness; and Lizzie is too generous, too unselfish to be jealous of your affections for your niece."

"Well, then, Mary," he said, "if her heart be not mine, it will be my *fate*, not, my fault. And your uncle will be as careful of it as his sweet niece could wish."

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE LONE DOVE ON HER BRIDAL EVE.

Two years since our last. In an elegant boudoir, surrounded by everything that affection could devise, and wealth procure, for ease or luxury, was seated the Lone Dove. Her elegant figure, now perfectly developed, was

arrayed in a rich robe of delicate blue silk, her luxuriant hair, combed from her brow, though arranged somewhat in the fashion of the day, still presented much of its original simplicity, and was ornamented with a band of diamonds, which gave a queenly air to her dazzling beauty. Though in her fair countenance we could no longer trace the simple confiding innocence of expression, which marked her girl and early womanhood; still, the purity, the commingling of thought and feeling was there, which, while it fascinated, seemed to strike the beholder with awe.

There was now sadness on her countenance, and the traces of tears upon her cheeks.

"Betsy," she said, as the hump-backed girl entered, now so much altered, that were it not for the mark of nature, one could hardly have recognized in the easy, softened toned being before them, the companion of Mrs. Higgins, as first presented to our view: "Betsy my good girl, do you know where Doctor Brown is?"

"He was in the library, miss, conversing with Captain Maitland and Mr. Stonebrige; shall I seek him, miss?"

"No Betsy, thank you;" replied the Lone Dove, "but I think I hear him or papa coming now," rising and opening the door. Doctor Brown entered, but little changed since last we met him.

"I am glad doctor, you have come," she said, leading him towards a seat; "there, take that easy chair, and let me draw a seat beside you, as of yore. I feel that I would talk with you, my kind friend, as then," seating herself upon a low ottoman at his side.

"What!" he said, laying his hand gently upon her fair brow; "What! would my Mary play the school girl, when to-morrow she is to become a bride?"

She remained thoughtful and silent, her fair cheek resting upon her hand, as she leant upon the doctor's knee.

"What! my child, sad, and in tears, too!" as he noticed their traces upon her cheeks. Then taking her fair hand within his own, he said:—"Is there aught that distresses my child, that she cannot, with all her usual confidence, tell her old friend, who has ever loved her with all the pride and affection of a fond parent!"

"Doctor," she said, gazing in his face, with one of her

own sweet earnest looks; "doctor, it is that you have always been a dear kind friend, and every thought and feeling has been laid bare for your inspection, your counsel, your approval, that I would come to you now, and speak with all the simplicity of old; forgetting that I am aught but your little lone Mary, who used to come to you with the whisper of every strange spirit, and ask you what it was! Those were sweet days, were they not, good doctor?"

"Very sweet my child," said the old man, "but they are past; and henceforth I must see my Mary moving in a new sphere of action: may she prove as she has ever done, true to herself!" and the tears that filled his eyes fell upon her brow.

Rising, and throwing her arms around his neck, and laying her soft cheek upon his brow, she said:—"My dear, kind, old friend, you, who, with Heelehdee, have made me what I am, I cannot part with you; I shall so often need your counsel. You must make your home with us, in dear America. Lizzie, after her tour, must return with Colonel Effingham to England. And you, in your old age, will repose beneath the roof of the child you have so cared for, and who loves you so well."

"Why, what will you do with all of us old people,—father, Mrs. Ellsworth, myself? Beside, papa and mamma will hardly be persuaded to stay away from their pet long. What will you do with us all when we get childish and fretful?"

"Should my love fail me," she said, "I will strive to remember past kindness. And should that fail me also, I'll throw myself upon my selfishness, and bear in mind that I, too, must be old one day."

"There is no doubt but that you will act rightly," the doctor said, gently reseating her. "We'll talk of that some other time, and there is no doubt you'll see enough of me. But first tell me why so sad, upon your bridal eve? Why so thoughtful?"

"I am sad and thoughtful, doctor, because I feel there's something so solemn, so holy, in matrimony; its duties so complicated, its responsibilities so great; that I fear my abilities for their performance."

"Mary, my child," said the doctor, "to any, but your-

self, it *should* be a subject of deep thought; and I am glad that you, as I knew you would, look upon it in its true light. But, to one like you, my child, who have been the courted, the admired, nay, almost idolized, in the gay scenes of fashion, for the past three years, and passed unscathed; who have resisted admiration, wealth, rank, for the true love and unostentatious home of the untitled republican, whose bride she is about to become, and who has even stifled that love, deep and true as it must be, to make the home of her parents happy, to smooth the path of an aged grandmother to the grave, has nought to fear but that she will make her *home* happy—will faithfully discharge her duty in any situation of life.”

“Oh! doctor, I fear in your partiality for your Mary, you are losing sight of your vigilance. But I was going to say, my kind friend, that hitherto my duties have been simple; I was but a small part of a *whole*. Or, to speak more plainly, I have been but a member of a happy family, a petted and caressed member, who was ever loved and smiled on, with nought to do, in return, but love, and smile, and be happy, and make others happy around me, by these simple means, because naught else was required of me.

“But now, the case is different. I now must form the centre of a whole, and to that whole, duty bids that I be the dispenser of happiness. Hitherto, I have leaned on others; but now I must be leaned upon. Hitherto, I have been guided; but now I must guide. If not by word, at least by example. Hitherto, I have been the object of sympathy; now I must sympathise, even when my own heart needs it most. Hitherto, my tastes and preferences have been studied; now I must study those of others. These, and a thousand other things, my kind, good doctor. And if the performance or neglect of these duties were to end with myself, or with those within my own immediate circle, or, even in this world, the subject might not be as deeply solemn. But, springing from as insignificant a source as *myself*, it might affect the happiness of millions, and that eternally.

“I once thought differently of these things, doctor; or rather, I did not think at all. I once thought to be the wife of one I loved, was to breathe continually an atmosphere of love. But, my kind friend, you taught me to re-

flect when yet a child ; and since I have mixed with the world, I have found abundance of food for my thoughts !”

“ My child,” said the doctor, “ now, since you look upon the duties of life as they are, do you shrink from giving your hand to Colonel Ellsworth ?”

“ Oh ! no, my good kind doctor, I would not even wish to do otherwise. Each of these duties, though arduous in its performance, may be rendered a sweet spirit, to whisper love and happiness to the heart, as bright and beautiful as those which gladden it in the sun-beams. But I fear myself ——” She paused.

The doctor gazed upon the young and lovely being before him, as he thought within himself : “ Would that the world contained many such !”

The door opened, Mrs. Maitland entered.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE TWO BRIDALS.

THE next morning, as the rising sun shed his cheering beams through the stained windows of the old Gothic church, throwing a mellow light of purple and gold across the dusky aisles, surrounded by happy though tearful faces, Colonel Ellsworth led to the altar the Lone Dove, his lovely bride ; while Colonel Effingham received from Doctor Brown the hand of sweet Lizzie Ingols.

A few hours afterwards, the happy party, accompanied by Captain and Mrs. Maitland, the Lone Man and good Doctor Brown, started on a tour through the south of Europe, previous to their return to America.

CHAPTER LXIX.

THE HOME ON THE HUDSON.

It was a lovely evening in June, when our travellers approached a beautiful cottage on the banks of the Hudson, not far from the Highlands.

It seemed cradled in the hollow of a rising hill, whence it looked in perfect security far down upon the noble river, whose mirrored surface reflected the steep and cragged banks, covered with lofty forest trees, and the white villages that nestled in the hollows beneath; while above rose a chain of mountainous hills covered with woods, now clothed in the rich deep green of that delightful season.

Art, directed by the hand of love, seemed to have combined with Nature, to make this spot a fairy residence of some loved one. In front were falling gardens ornamented with arbors, over which twined the jasmine and honeysuckle, while the rose and sweet-brier mingled their sweets below. Beyond, the natural course of the stream had been turned toward a projecting cliff, over which it flowed, forming a waterfall that reflected every ray of the setting sun.

"What an enchanting spot!" burst from several of the party; while Lizzie declared "it must be an entrance to fairy-land!"

"And how does my Mary like it?" asked Colonel Ellsworth, as he gazed anxiously on the countenance of his lovely bride. "She was silent."

"I was thinking how I would like to live there!" she answered, with a smile. "Because all the sweet spirits must dwell there!"

"It is not late;" said the colonel, "and as an old friend of mine lives here, suppose we stop a few moments and enjoy the prospect."

All seemed quite willing, and soon they were winding slowly up the hill; and as they stopped before the broad porch Mrs. Ellsworth stood there to meet them. In a moment Mary was in her arms; and as she clasped her to her heart, she whispered, "My daughter, welcome to your home!"

CHAPTER LXX.

THE GRAVE OF HEELEHDEE.

A FEW days after their arrival, as the Lone Dove was walking through the grounds of her new home, accompanied only by her husband and father, the former led them into a path winding along at the foot of a hill.

Upon the side of that hill, deeply embowered in trees, was the family burying-ground.

As he led them within the enclosure, along a side path, beneath the branches of a weeping elm, rose two white marble slabs; the one bearing the simple inscription, *Heelehdee*, the other, *My Mother*.

As the eyes of the Lone Dove fell upon those loved names, they sought inquiringly the countenance of her husband. Meeting his answering glance, a look of deep affection spoke her gratitude; and as the tears flowed on the grave of her much-loved, her noble guardian, he pressed her soothingly and silently to his heart.

At length, raising her tearful eyes to his face, she said, "The Great Spirit has indeed been good to Mary; and should she ever forget her duty, and all the bright spirits leave her, lead her to the grave of this noble being! It will recall her!"

The Lone Man grasped silently the hand of his noble son.

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE WEDDING.

A GLIMPSE at some of our old friends ere we close. It was a bright, beautiful day, the *Thanksgiving* of New England.

Mrs. Jones was in her new house. True, but one room as yet was finished, but that one was arranged with the greatest regard to neatness and comfort, while taste was not wanting.

In this apartment sat Mrs. Jones. Near by was her son, now quite a boy, deeply absorbed in explaining to his uncle the book he had just finished reading, while the mother seemed busily engaged with some article of finery, and looking as cheerful and happy as a contented mind, and an inward consciousness of having performed well her part, could make her.

As her husband entered, she said: "Thomas, do not go away far. You know that Mr. Higgins is to be married early, and I do not wish to be among the last."

"Never fear me, Jane," answered her husband. "I would not miss seeing this wedding for considerable. I intend to dance as long as I can get a partner, and then I'll dance without one; for if ever a man deserved a good wife it is Higgins, if for nothing more than bearing so patiently with the devil he had. The two best pieces of news I ever heard were, the news of *peace*, and the death of that old *hypocrite*.

"Higgins is going to get one as good as she was evil. Young and handsome, too, comparatively speaking. Long life and happiness to them!"

FINIS.







